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Another Dr. Cronin Story in This Issue



WHAT WILL become of Spain's homeless people? Here a French soldier is helping a mother and her baby into a train bound for a refugee camp.



UTTER MISERY is suggested by this pitiful glimpse of Spanish refugees at Hendaye Plage, to which they escaped from blazing Iran with a few possessions.



A BRITISH war-ship carrying refugees to immediate haven. There must be many foreign colonies in odd parts of the world as a result of such temporary measures.

World's Four Million Wanderers

Outcasts from Many Lands Roam the Globe in Search of Peace

By C. A. LYON

Since the end of the war, four million people—men, women, and children of many nationalities—have had to flee from the lands they call home.

Where can they find refuge? In Australia, as in most other countries, immigration is strictly limited.

Can they ever find sanctuary?

THE extraordinary craze that impels nations to cast out the people they don't happen to like has sent these four millions wandering over the face of the globe.

Every week their ranks are swelled through the pressure of intolerant totalitarian government or civil strife.

The outlook for these new bands of homeless is not a very cheerful one, in view of the simple fact that thousands of Russians cast from Russia twenty years ago have not yet found permanent homes.

The unfortunates who have been

forced to flee from their homelands include:

1,500,000 Russians from Russia.

1,500,000 Greeks from Turkey.

350,000 Armenians from Asia Minor.

120,000 Bulgarians from Greece.

25,000 Syrians from Iraq.

135,000 Jews from Germany.

Add to this thousands more Italians, Spaniards and Austrians.

These movements will be a unique and sorrowful page in the world's history.

There has been no forced displacement of peoples such as we have had in the last twenty years since the Huns and the Tartars swept into Europe one and a half thousand years ago.



LABELLED with their names and destination, these Spanish children were landed at La Rochelle, France, from Bilbao.

No one as yet has adequately told the tragic story of these 4,000,000 people.

The story might begin with the one and a half million fleeing Russians.

When the Soviets rose to power in 1918 hordes of soldiers and peasants and their families fled north, south, east and west. Amazing things happened.

There was the epic march of General Tolstoy's 14,000 men along the shores of the Caspian Sea.

Disease-ridden, hunger-tortured, ragged, they retreated hundreds of miles across the bare steppes to Fort Alexandrovsk.

Four-fifths of them died on the way. Then there were the Siberian death trains. Thousands died of disease and hunger on these trains as they crawled across the steppes, bearing their packed loads of refugees to China.

Those Russians who did reach China—there numbered more than 100,000—were, and are, among the most wretched of all who quitted their homelands.

TOILING beside coolies, and living like them, many of the women fallen to almost inconceivable degradations, they just eke out enough to keep alive.

There were 135,000 Russians who fled by the south, across the Black Sea from the Crimea.

They crowded into Constantinople in 1920, sleeping in barracks, in cellars, in the streets.

They died of hunger on the pavements.

Some settled in Corsica, some in South America. Some, as might have been expected from the crazy crowded tubs in which they sailed, were shipwrecked.

The Russians who wandered to France are a story in themselves. Four hundred thousand of them live there.

There are Russians farming in Gascony. There are a Russian peasant and a Russian general who never handled a plough in his life before who are partners in a farm.

There are, or were, French small holders who are primitive Kalmucks from wild Mongolia, who worship Buddha and are efficient milkers.



EUROPEAN REFUGEES crossing a snow-clad mountain ridge. Three babies were born on this trek; two mothers and babies died.

In three districts of Paris there are whole streets where none but Russians live. They are poor, and their average earnings might be only £6 a month.

And all that is only the story of the Russians.

THERE were the Armenians in Asia Minor. The Turkish soldiery rounded up armies of them in their villages and drove them like cattle into the desert.

Anything from 50 per cent to 90 per cent of the long stumbling columns died on the way.

There were the Greeks who poured out of Asia Minor when the Turks took Smyrna.

They were shot and bayoneted as they waited in wailing masses on the quays.

All the world hoped that when the first rush of post-war refugees had subsided the cruel custom of turning people out of their homes would never be practised again.

But it was not to be. Rather did the custom spread from country to country, each decade bringing its new instalment of miseries.

After a little pause Spaniards began to troop out of Spain before the wrath of Primo de Rivera.

Now they are fleeing from the opposing factors in the world's most horrible outbreak of civil strife.

And then Italians were trooping out of Italy before the wrath of Mussolini.

And in 1933 Hitler began to persecute the Jews.

Austria is the latest. Where will it all end?

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Blodwen Thomas.

Lawyer and Musician

MR. ERIC McLAUGHLIN, Adelaide solicitor, is also an accomplished musician. He is a viola player in the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra.

As a member of the Adelaide Recorded Music Society, Mr. McLaughlin has been arranging and annotating broadcasts of the society's records for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.



—Cruden.

Pioneer Family

MISS JANET MEREWETHER,

who has been appointed honorary secretary of the National Council of Women, New South Wales, comes of a pioneer family. She is a descendant of James Mitchell, father of David Scott Mitchell, after whom the Mitchell Library was named. The late Miss Rose Scott, pioneer of women's movements in Australia, was also a relation.

During the war Miss Merewether did Red Cross work. In South Africa last year she did official publicity work for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.



Won Newdigate Prize

MR. MICHAEL THWAITES,

Victorian Rhodes Scholar, is the first Australian to win the most coveted literary award made at Oxford University—the Newdigate Prize for English verse.

Mr. Thwaites is a graduate of Melbourne University. He is reading modern history at Oxford, where he has just completed his first year.

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Pick of Paris Autumn Fashions



MOIRE is a fabric that is shown again and again, and it is used here for one of Alix's wonderful frocks which practically will stand alone. Alternately banded in red and black it shows the new low waistline and her favorite brassiere top.



RIBBON effects are too important to be overlooked, for they appear both in afternoon and evening models. Mainbocher here uses black and white tulle to give such an illusion, trimming the corsage and waist and making the gloves of ribbons brocaded with white daisies on a yellow background.



Of an utterly different type, but equally fashionable, this dress shows Maggy Rouff's flair for subtly beautiful draping. The folds of the halter neckline are held by a large jewelled clip.

WHAT FAMOUS DESIGNERS ARE SHOWING FOR NEW SEASON

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from Paris.

Paris is in a party mood. Her thoughts are firmly fixed on the naughty 'nineties and the stateliness of Courts, on the romantic right through the ages, and in contrast on the freedom and the swiftness of youth.

Her evening clothes blaze with jewelled fabrics and glow with the softness of rich velvets, while her day clothes have a gay simplicity and are full of movement.

EACH designer has made a large and infinitely varied collection, but here is the final crystallisation of the autumn mode.

The daytime line is neatly casual, with skirts that swing outwards in pleats or flares from a slender hip-line.

Waists are small, curved, and emphasised in every possible way. Shoulders are trim and unexaggerated, though there is a good deal of sleeve interest. The correct length is about fourteen inches from the floor, and the only way to carry these clothes is with an easy stride.

In the evening there are at least three main lines. One that has a very wide-spreading skirt and nothing much at the top.

Another that is moulded to the figure with subtle draperies at the front or side. And a third that is purely Edwardian, with back fullness, ruffles, and well-curved hips.

To particularise:

FABRICS are mostly soft, with a bloom like a peach. By day there are a number of velvety woollens and angora fabrics, jerseys, checks and plaids, and, for the afternoon, heavy satins, chiffon, and velvet.

By night there is velvet well to the fore, with slipper satin, lace, molten lames, damask lames, and moire lames, brocades, moire, cloque, and crepes closely patterned with sequin embroideries.

COLORS show the predominance of black right through the day and evening, though it is mostly allied with bright shades.

Day favorites are sepia and coral-red tones, jenna, amber, fuchsia-reds and pinks, amethyst and soft violets, raisin, claret, purple, and brown and green for sports. At night, white, cerise, fuchsia-pinks, roses, Picasso-blue and dream-mauves.

FURS are used lavishly, with Schiaparelli's zorinos, pekan, walaby, guanaco, and renardine. Paquin's freak fox and panther, Mainbocher's platinum, blue-grey, and beige fox, and Maggy Rouff's mongolie (which is the moufflon of

our childhood) among the new ones and seal, broadtail, beaver, and lamb heading the old favorites.

SUITS have hip-hugging jackets and nipped-in waists, usually with centre buttons, small collars, and high revers, and almost invariably with skirts that are box-pleated, knife-pleated, rayed, gored, or flared.

Schiaparelli, Chanel, and Molyneux are the only people who still do short jackets that just reach the top of the hipbone, and of these Schiaparelli does an almost straight skirt, Chanel does a flared one, and Molyneux's vary from a gentle flare to a kilt.

Two color effects, or plaids and plaids, are more popular than ever; Maggy Rouff provides an entirely different line with her straight reffer coats, seven-nights in length, worn over full skirts.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK:

A SERIES of five Australian short stories by Elizabeth Powell, illustrated in color by Wep, begins in next week's issue.

Miss Powell has turned to various aspects of country life to provide backgrounds for her sincere, human stories of people who are typical of a modern age.

Coats sway from the hips and are very slender-waisted. Some are loose and straight, with flared backs, and are worn open to show vivid linings; some have back fullness only.

The severely tailored ones are elaborately seamed always to draw attention to the waist. More formal ones have fluted collars of fox, and belted models often have bloused backs.

Flat fur collars and pockets are shown on simple schoolgirl coats, and fox collars are arranged so that



EVENING headdresses and evening hats are shown in every collection, and Schiaparelli, in particular, likes bows beneath the chin. Here is a charming collection of pink tulle with pink camellias and green leaves, tied with a deeper toned velvet bow.

they can be worn to give either a square collared or a stole effect, while fur ties with many tails form cravats.

DAY DRESSES have pleated skirts set on to hip bands, with shirt waist tops and bishop's sleeves, or they are slender with backs that are bloused and waists that are draped across the front.

Chanel uses lingerie collars, vests, and cuffs and three-quarter length pushed up sleeves. Alix likes unpressed front fullness which springs away from a skirt that is wrapped closely round the body. Patou creates an almost triangular effect with two centre box-pleats that widen at the hem, and Molyneux favors wide moire bands which tie at the back of the waist.

AFTERNOON DRESSES have box-pleated skirts, often with the under side of each pleat in a transparent chiffon, so that they have a ribboned appearance, or they are made in dull and shiny satin with emphasis on the waist, hips, and diaphragm.

Paquin and Patou both do boleros, embroidered jewelled necklaces are noteworthy; jewelled belt buckles and buttons add sparkle to nearly every model, and there is a feeling for V-necks draped across one side.

Continued on Page 4

CHOOSE YOUR CRUISE

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TRAVEL INTERSTATE BY SEA

Kaiser's Grandson May Visit Australia

Hohenzollern Heart Throb With Romanoff Bride

From Our Special Representative at Honolulu

Descendants of the last Czar of all the Russias and Kaiser Wilhelm, last Emperor of Germany, may visit Australia shortly in the course of their world honeymoon.

They are Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern and the former Grand Duchess Kyra, of Russia.

At present they are here in Honolulu, spellbound by the romantic tropics and delaying their departure week after week.

They spend most of the time in swim suits, informally knocking about with a group of friends on the beach.

Trying to find them in the sun-tanning horde sprawled at all angles along the famed Waikiki Beach is like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

Peeled off in their suits, they look like anybody else.

But when he is dressed the Prince is a heart-throb: a typical Hohenzollern, six feet tall, and slender, and the Princess is a knock-out.

The Prince is an air pilot with 1000 hours to his credit. He flies for Luft-hansa, the official German company that is methodically networking the world with commercial services.

His grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm, an exile in Holland, is footing the honeymoon bill. He saw them off.

The Princess took American hostesses by storm. She is one of the

WHO CARES FOR CROWNS?

PRINCE LOUIS of Hohenzollern and his Russian bride at present occupy a honeymoon suite overlooking Waikiki Beach. At night the tropic moon turns the lagoon inside the reef into a vast magic mirror.

Europe, the natural background of these two young descendants of crowns and coronets, of Court intrigue and Imperial perils, seems far, far away, incredibly remote.

Uneasy lay the crowned heads of their ancestors. Carefree lie the sun-tanned heads of these two.

few living members of the ill-fated Romanoff family, her father being a cousin of the late Czar Nicholas of Russia.

She has curly light brown hair worn in a rather long bob. There's so much life in it that the waves stand out in a frame around her face. There is a lot of life, too, in her bright blue eyes.

She uses American cosmetics: one shade of powder, a cleansing cream, and paste rouge.

The powder gives her skin a faintly



PRINCE LOUIS OF HOHENZOLLERN, the Kaiser's grandson, with his bride, the former Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia. A honeymoon snapshot on the famous Waikiki Beach at Honolulu. They hope to include a visit to Australia in the honeymoon trip.

tanned effect. The rouge she uses for her lips and cheeks, because she finds it holds better.

THE Prince is widely-known in America. A few years ago he worked in the Ford factory at Detroit. He called in there to show off his bride.

When he was at the assembly line with her a former workmate called out:

"Hello, Louey, I see you finally got hooked!"

"Yeah," laughed back the Prince. "I finally got taken down the line."

That's the sort of fellow he is: "Call me Louey," is what he asks when he sees a reporter hesitant.

In Washington the couple stayed with President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House.

One Sunday they went to Church with the Presidential family. The rector gave a homely sermon which made front-page news throughout the nation because at a passage in it the President and the Prince could scarcely hide their mirth.

As a matter of fact, the President had the rector repeat the section. Here it is:

In trying to illustrate what he meant by real greatness, the rector told how a woman once hung up such a heavy lot of washing that the line broke.

Thereupon she rinsed out all the clothes, then spread them on a lawn. But that night a dog ran over the lot with muddy feet. When the woman saw the mess the next morning she didn't cry a bit, as lots of women would have.

Instead she simply said: "Isn't it queer that he didn't miss a thing."

The rector said that was true greatness, but only people who have done washing and hung it out would appreciate it.

COMING back to the possibility of the young couple visiting Australia, this is the latest position: They first planned to leave here on July 9 for the Orient.

The Prince wants to see the Luft-hansa services in the East. Then they plan to go down to the East Indies, so to Australia by air.

Since they arrived here, however, Doris Duke Cromwell, sometimes called the wealthiest girl in the world, who is heiress to the great Duke tobacco fortune, has taken the couple under her wing.

Mrs. Cromwell has a palatial home here, a million-dollar palace that is almost completed.

It is built in a private bay overlooking the Pacific. It is furnished with priceless pieces from most corners of the world, collected by Mrs. Cromwell.

There's a magnificent swimming-pool, a private aquarium in which the fish are kept behind "transparent" glass that gives an illusion that they are swimming in air, a super-bar, and private beach. What more does a young couple want?

Prince "Louey" can't think of anything. That's why he's delaying departure from here.

But he's "nuts" about seeing Australia!

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Pick of Paris Autumn Fashions

Continued from Page 3

DINNER DRESSES and **EVENING SUITS** are graceful, usually with uncomplicated lines. Mainbocher's new dolman sleeve, which he uses throughout his collection, gives a new loosely-bloused effect to the top of the body; his long-fitting sleeves with bat-like tops give height and are rather like a flattened leg-o'-mutton.

A long-sleeved completely off-the-shoulder line is lovely, and cowl, bloused backs, low waists, soft folds about the waist and hips, and an Egyptian front fullness give variety without ostentation.

EVENING DRESSES stress the romantic. Chanel attaches tremendously full skirts to built-up bodices, like old-fashioned corset covers. Alix puts the corset outside, complete with busks.

There is a strong Renaissance influence, and satin, velvet, damask, vertical ribbons, and a new sheer tulle called Angel's Breath are used for the differing interpretations.

The Edwardian feeling is most pronounced. There are the high dog-collars continuing from crossed

straps at the throat, and fastening at the back of the neck; the lace-edged frills that cascade down the side of frocks that have curved hips and slight trains; the oprey and velvet headresses, and the black velvet gowns trimmed with frilled lace sleeves and scarves.

EVENING COATS spread grandly from small waists, and are made in velvets and brocades. Molyneux does them with enormous sleeves, and he also makes half-length coats with pouched hems.

There are some quilted capes and straight half-jackets. And Paquin does a magnificent mink coat with a curved bolero front that shows the dull gold body.

OUTSTANDING NOVELTIES—Schiaparelli's and Paquin's evening boots. Schiaparelli's lighted lapel ornaments. Mainbocher's flowered coat-fastenings made in bright-colored stones. Maggy Rouff's Burmese ornaments, and ostrich-leather tips at the neck of a coat, ostrich muffs, bobbies, and Hussar helmets.

OBLIGATIONS

A Complete Short Story



Dick rose and crossed to their table.

Cupid—and a chance meeting neatly solved the dilemma that confronted an irresponsible young man-about-town

Illustrated by FISCHER

RICHARD HARCOURT listened to his uncle's words of wisdom and advice because he was fond of him, because he had come to him for assistance, and because Harry Cowan was an urbane and stately old gentleman who seldom said things that were not worth listening to. Also because he was well supplied with this world's goods; and Dick Harcourt was not.

He had only come to realise that sober fact quite recently. He had never bothered about money. His father had brought him up in a religion that made financial considerations insignificant. Cricket—with, of course, a capital. There had been plenty of money, and Richard Harcourt senior had been more concerned in coaching his son into a first-class bowler than in making a good business man of him; with the result that when Richard Harcourt senior died suddenly young Dick was a first-class performer at cricket and a first-class ignoramus at finance.

So the business, which had been declining in any case, developed galloping consumption and expired momentarily; and young Dick was left to make the best of it.

A well-meaning but injudicious executor allowed him all he required during the lengthy process of straightening out the tangle, and he came finally into possession of limited capital affording meagre returns which seemed enough to live on, but was not for first-class cricket. However, Uncle Harry had always been delighted to come to the rescue at the right moment, having a great affection for his only sister's only boy, and a large share of the father's pride in his prowess.

But this time he went into affairs, discovered the real state of things—and offered advice.

"Listen to me, my boy," he said earnestly. "Cricket is all very well. Nothing wrong with cricket. But

there are other things in life besides cricket, although your father didn't think so. You can't go on playing ducks and drakes with your life indefinitely. Grow up, man! You're no longer a child. You're in debt. Well, if you start realising your capital, do you know what will happen? It will all be gone before you know where you are. Some day you'll meet a girl and want to get married—and then where'll you be? No money, no prospects, no position. Degenerating into a professional coach or sports instructor in a boys' school, or starting a shop!"

Harsh words; but perfectly true. Hitherto, Dick had given no particular thought to marriage. It was something that you left to the future—something that just happened of its own accord. But Uncle Harry's words made him begin to think. A fellow wanted cash to be able to marry.

"You might get a job in the City,"

months at a stretch, with only black boys, grandsons of cannibals, for company, and an occasional probably gin-sodden trader. How does it strike you? And prospects," he added gently, "of a transfer to the London office and a good billet, and early promotion. If you work hard enough."

Dick was stunned. This was the last sort of thing he had been expecting. It meant a clean break. And Uncle Harry made it clear that he was issuing an ultimatum. This was a last chance.

"O F course," Mr. Cowan went on shrewdly, "you might marry money. I believe it's been done. Then you could go on playing cricket. With a rich wife to support you, and give you plenty of pocket money, and pay your expenses."

Dick scowled. This was a little below the belt.

"So it's either matrimony or Nigeria, my boy. Take your choice. And tell me in five weeks' time. I can't give you any longer than that. Good-night. Thanks very much for coming to see me."

Dick went home. He scowled

sudden shock banished all thought. Two people appeared and were ushered to a table not far from his own.

He stared. Uncle Harry—immaculate, erect in spite of his sixty years, his face glowing with benevolence and naive pride beneath its wavy white hair. But Dick had only a cursory glance for the well-known figure. His eyes travelled to his uncle's companion, and remained fixed.

She had seated herself in profile towards him, and he could not repress a little start of surprise. For Mr. Cowan had a habit, when he dined out with a lady, of taking someone of his own generation, some old friend of his early days who took pity on his bachelorhood and with whom he could indulge mildly in elderly flirtatious reminiscences and in those gentle courtesies of which his own generation considered it held the monopoly in this casual modern world.

But the lady who chatted to him so animatedly, and who looked round her with such delighted interest, was not of that greying and anecdotal generation. She was younger than Dick. Her hair was raven black and drawn back from her ears and bunched on the nape of her neck, which was ivory smooth and slender. The smooth curve of white shoulder and arm resting on the table were deliciously young. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes, when Dick caught a glimpse of them, starry, and she made little vivacious gestures as she chatted.

Mr. Cowan's white-haired gravity was relaxed, he smiled and nodded and spoke now and again, his old-

look. For a long second Dick found himself looking into her eyes, then she turned away to ask her companion a question.

Dick rose and crossed to their table.

"Good evening, sir," he said, with a bow, and Uncle Harry glanced up. Dick could not quite fathom the look in his eyes. Was it hostile, or mocking, or annoyed, or merely amused?

"Hello, Richard. Miss Betty, may I present my nephew, Mr. Harcourt? Miss Andrews."

"Not the Dick Harcourt?" Betty exclaimed eagerly.

"Well, that depends on who the Dick Harcourt is, doesn't it?"

"I mean the cricketer, of course."

"Golly."

"How lovely!" She turned accusing eyes on Mr. Cowan. "You never told me!" she cried. Uncle Harry smiled.

PERHAPS everyone doesn't get so excited about a youth whose only claim to notoriety is the ability to project a ball violently over a strip of worn grass," he explained gently. Betty laughed indulgently, but she was obviously not impressed by his wit.

"May I join you?" Dick asked quickly, his eyes on the girl. "I've reached coffee. I'll wait until you overtake me."

"How nice of you," she murmured, giving him a swift upward glance that was very friendly and frank, and he saw that her eyes were deep, glowing brown.

A hovering waiter juggled a chair into place, and he sat down.

"Richard," Mr. Cowan went on to explain, "is a young spendthrift of a nephew of mine whom I have to rescue from disaster at irregular intervals of a month or so."

Betty Andrews merely smiled again, as who should say: "Can any eccentricity be too great to be forgiven a famous bowler?"

They began to talk.

They were going on to a theatre, so there was not much time. Mr. Cowan explained urbanely that as the show was much run upon, there would be no chance of securing an extra seat, or of course he should have been delighted to ask Dick to accompany them. Dick felt a queer little pang when Betty prepared to rise. She was obviously delighted with his uncle's company, with the prospect of the theatre. But he found one happy moment while his uncle was engaged with the waiter.

"May I see you some time?" he whispered eagerly, and she nodded, smiling into his eyes.

Please turn to Page 14

By . . . D. WILSON MACARTHUR

Mr. Cowan went on smoothly. "Quite simply arranged, that sort of thing. But it would only be a stop-gap. You couldn't go on living as you do on the salary you'd get. It would lead to nowhere."

"I'd rather not take a job on the strength of my play, sir," Dick told him, with some spirit. "Hang it all, it's not good enough! I can do other things besides play cricket."

"That," said Mr. Cowan, with an air of triumph, "is precisely what I am going to give you the opportunity of demonstrating. A job in Nigeria, with prospects."

He had the air of conferring a favor.

"Friends of mine," he explained. "But you would have to work. No one would be interested in cricket. Much too strenuous a game. Too hot. Four hundred and fifty pounds a year for sweating and stewing in a backwater in the bush for eighteen

round at the trophies and team photographs that adorned his sitting-room. Confound cricket! To the dickens with money! Hang Uncle Harry! Damn everything!"

Nigeria! He thought of the next season's cricket, the plans he had made, and the hopes he entertained. He thought of himself in a White Cargo setting, trying to teach little nigger boys to bat. It was not a diverting prospect.

He decided to dismiss it from his mind, and the obvious course was dinner. He dressed and took a taxi to his favorite restaurant, where he might run across some friends who would cheer him up. It was a pleasant place, which he could not afford, and had never been able to afford. But he saw no familiar faces there, and settled down to a lonely meal. His thoughts became gloomy again.

Halfway through the meal, a

world courtesy very much to the fore. They made a charming picture. Dick, with an effort, forced himself to go on with his dinner, but kept a watchful eye on them.

"Good heavens," he thought with a swift twinge of dismay at a devastating idea that suddenly occurred to him. "Can the old chap be going off the deep end? I wonder. . ."

That homily on marriage—was there something behind it? Was the old rascal actually contemplating wedding bells himself? And with that exquisite child?

"My lad," Dick said to himself grimly, "this is where you step off the carpet. If Uncle Harry goes the way of all old bachelors, it's Nigeria for you."

Just then Mr. Cowan glanced round, and saw him, apparently for the first time. He gave him an off-hand nod, and the girl turned to

Third Instalment of Our Grand New Serial

By ...
**I. A. R.
WYLIE**

Illustrated by
FISCHER

THE ROAD to RENO

Things happen with dramatic
suddenness in this absorbing story
of sophisticated moderns

BECAUSE of the grave financial difficulties of GILLIAN MEREDITH, an aristocratic English beauty, and her adored brother PETER, an ambitious young politician, she marries CHARLES CRAWSHAY, a wealthy American art collector, to save their ancestral home.

Charles is aware of her motive, and shortly after their marriage is guilty of mental cruelty. Gillian realises her mistake, and recognises a sadistic strain in her husband's character, and in her loneliness becomes friendly with FRANCIS BELMONT, a charming though weak young artist.

Through a forged painting which he had sold as an original, and which later Charles detects, he is placed in a humiliating position.

While flying from Canada to visit his sister in New York, Peter is killed. In her distress, Gillian leaves Charles because of his callous attitude towards the tragedy, and begs Francis to take her to Reno, where she can secure her divorce and later marry him. When they arrive in Reno, Gillian is advised by her lawyer to stay at a dude ranch, the largest in the State, which is run on the lines of a country club.

The embittered owner, JON FORTNESS, has been forced against his will by the mortgagees to run the ranch on the present lines, and only consents in the hope of recovering his financial losses, which he contracted when most of his cattle were destroyed during torrential rains. He has so far withheld knowledge of the change-over in the ranch from his great-aunt MINERVA, half-paralysed and blind, whose dynamic personality has dominated the ranch during her long life.

Shortly after Gillian's arrival she

receives an urgent message to go to Francis, who has retired to Virginia City, and is desperately ill. Although he dislikes her, Jon Fortness agrees to take Gillian to visit Francis.

NOW READ ON—

THEY found the place at last—a rambling derelict farm on the hillside. A slatternly woman opened the door in response to Gill's knock.

"Yes—he's here. We ain't got a phone. My man had to drive him to the city to reach you and afterwards he was real sick."

Her tone was aggrieved and disapproving.

Gill went through the squalid passage up narrow stairs to the door which the woman had indicated with a sullen jerk of the head. She heard Francis' voice answer her and went in. The room was wretched, too. There was nothing to add friendliness or hope to its bleak utilitarianism. A bed, a washstand with a chipped jug, a chair, a strip of dirty carpet. The greyness of the pillows seemed to have invaded the face that tried to grin at her. He looked, she thought, almost old. At least she could see what age would do to him—if he should grow old.

"It was mean of me, sending for you. But I'd had one of my attacks and I felt scared and lonely like a little boy. I wanted to see a real human face—no, I wanted to see your face."

She kissed him. It seemed easy and natural now as though he had really been a sick and a lonely little boy.

"Why did you come to a place like this? You've got your own people. You said you were going to them."

"That was just to keep you quiet.

I couldn't go to them—not till I knew what our dear Charles is up to. If he really puts you and me together and makes two, first thing he'll stick the hounds of justice on poor Pa and Ma. That would just about finish them. They mayn't know much about van Bruegel. But they know what forgery means. And they wouldn't protect a forger if he was their only son. They'd say he'd got to be a man and take his punishment. You don't know their sort."

"I think I do," she said grimly.

"And I had to keep clear of you. So I dug up this joint. I said I was prospecting round—that I'd got a hunch about a new vein. They're used to nuts. Nobody thinks a thing about me—"

She sat down on the edge of his bed and held his hand.

"It's only for a little while. Six weeks and I'll be free. We can run away to the ends of the earth. I'll have money enough for both of us—for a time anyway—" She tried to smile. "It seems that Charles knew his onions when it came to emeralds."

"When it comes to most things. He won't forgive you, Gill—or me, either. A man like Charles has a long arm—"

"It won't reach us."

"It won't reach me," he said. He put her hand to his lips.

Jon Fortness turned the car round in the narrow road and waited for her. He had stipulated for half an hour. And that was long enough. It was cold and desolate up there in the mountains. Snow might come down any time and they had miles of rough driving.

When she came out at last he relaxed as though he had had his shoulders set to a door holding it against some dangerous invader. And now the danger had withdrawn

and he could breathe freely. But the idea didn't make sense. He wasn't afraid of anyone. He was just angry and sick of the whole business.

"That woman thinks of me as you do," Gill said. "She thinks I'm a hussy. But that's nothing new to you and you don't have to look so cross."

"I said half an hour."

"It is half an hour. I'm awfully punctual. It's my one virtue."

"I guess one's better than none."

Even the sight of her face, pinched and white with anxiety and weariness, hadn't stopped him. Her answer had an edge of anger to it.

"You can be very rude in your quiet way, Mr Fortness."

"I was just being honest."

"And you're very proud of being honest, aren't you? I'm not sure I wouldn't rather be punctual. It's less anti-social. At least it doesn't hurt people."

"You're not hurt," he said.

"Not specially," she admitted wearily.

He wanted to hurt her. And if he had the power to hurt her he wouldn't want to. He didn't know what was wrong with him. It was as though in that half-hour the unknown enemy had undermined him and now the mine had been touched off, blowing his normal self into a thousand pieces.

At least he had to keep his mind on the road. They alid down from the high lands back into the dimly-lit main street of the dying city. The hotel bar threw a flag of brave defiant light on to the pavement.

"Want a drink?" he asked.

"No—that's very thoughtful of you, knowing my weakness. But oddly enough I don't. Perhaps it's the altitude. Or the influence of a good man. You may have a lot to answer for before you're through,

Mr. Fortness." She leaned forward, looking up the mountain side at the scattered lights that peered forlornly down at them. "Who lives up there?" she asked with a sudden simplicity.

"A few wild-cat prospectors. Some of the mines are still worked in a small way. It's a lonely sort of life."

"Yes—it is," she said, "awfully lonely."

He guessed she wasn't thinking only of those castaways on the mountain side, but also of the man she'd left behind in that miserable shack, maybe of everyone.

JESSE LAWSON

looked thoughtfully at Gill Crawshaw on the other side of his office table. Though he was seventy, and didn't care whether he died tomorrow—hadn't cared since that morning when Jon's father had driven himself and Elizabeth Fortness over that corner coming down the Donner Pass into Auburn—his clients still amused him. And what did this girl care about pictures or the law regarding them? Hers had been a queer question. And there had been something unusual about her, too, apart from that unfamiliar accent. He'd seen plenty of lovely women. But in his experience great beauty went usually with an empty heart and head as though nature were afraid of disturbing the line and color of her creation with too much thought and feeling.

"I'm afraid art isn't in my line, Mrs. Crawshaw. We don't see many masters, old or new, in these parts and I'd have to dust off my Law books to find out exactly how our courts feel about a van Bruegel that isn't a van Bruegel. Nevertheless, I can say generally that a forgery is a forgery. And that when a man deliberately sells goods under false pretences he is liable for trouble in relation to the amount involved."

"Four thousand dollars should stand him any time from two to ten years. Of course, if you've been up to anything of that sort and the crime was committed out of the State you'd have to be extradited, and that takes time—if time matters to you—"

She smiled back at him, a funny, crooked little smile.

"It matters a great deal."

"I thought," he said, "that Mr. Charles Crawshaw was your trouble."

"He is. I was just interested—I've had an argument about it—"

He didn't believe her. But it was none of his business. And he was used to clients who would tell the truth to everyone except their lawyer.

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LOST and FOUND

Another thrilling story
from "The Adventures
of a Little Black
Bag" series

—By—

A. J. Cronin

(Author of "The Citadel")

IF that Friday evening had not been so fine and inviting for a walk, Dr. Finlay Hyslop might easily have postponed his call on the Robertsons, of Barloan Toll, until the morning.

He suspected something trivial for Sarah Robertson was such a fussy. A large, full-bosomed, heavy-footed woman with a plain flat face and a heart of gold, she fussed over her big daughter, Margaret, and her small husband, Robert, until Robert at last could hardly call his soul his own.

She aired his flannels, knitted his socks, escorted him to church, selected his neckties at the sale, religiously superintended his diet.

Among her bosom friends of the Toll she was rightly known as a paragon.

Ours is the happiest marriage that ever was! she would frequently exclaim with an indrawing of her lips and ecstatic upcasting of the whites of her eyes.

She was the best kind of devoted wife. Or the worst.

But, however much her proprietary fondness redounded to Sarah's credit, the unkind of tongue in Levenford found mild amusement in Robert's submission to the wifely yoke.

"He's a hen-pecked little devil," Gordon had once declared in the Club, and Paxton had acquiesced with a snigger—"Ay, it's her that wears the breeks all right."

ALTHOUGH a master at the Academy, Robert did not belong to the club—it had been laid down kindly that smoking and drinking were "not the thing" for him, at all.

It was extraordinary, in fact, the number of things that were not the thing for Robert. He seemed to go to so few places; never to the football matches, or to the bowling green, or to Glasgow with the other masters to visit the theatre.

He was a small, mild, unassuming man of about forty-four, rather round-shouldered, with a habit of saying very little out of school. He had dog-like, rather harassed brown eyes, a fine tenor voice, and was known affectionately to his class as "Wee Robison."

His voice apparently was useful, for Sarah, the lady wife, always pressed him to sing when they had company, and through Sarah's more influential pressing he secured year after year the signal honor—for it could be nothing else—of preparing the children of the parish church for the cantatas, sacred or otherwise, which they regularly gave about Christmas.

Such was "Wee Robison," and all this passed through Finlay's mind as he strolled towards the Toll through the balmy evening air, already sweet with the breath of early summer.

He rang the bell of Robertson's house, and he was not kept waiting long, for Mrs. Robertson, in a flurry, pranced to the door and showed him in.

"I do declare, doctor, I'm awful glad you've come," she cried in the parlor, where supported by the big

gawky Margaret—nineteen years old and almost the image of her mother—she stood in devoted concern over Robertson.

He was wearing a discomfited look, and moved restlessly in his chair under the chandelier and the inquisition of their united stares.

"Nothing serious, I hope, Mrs. Robertson?" said Finlay cheerily.

"It's nothing at all," protested Robertson uncomfortably. "Nothing, nothing! I don't know what in all the world they fetched you out for."

"Now, you be quiet, father," said Margaret warningly, "and let mother speak."

Robertson subduded, and Finlay looked interrogatively at Mrs. Robertson, who drew a long, sibilant breath of wifely concern.

"Well, it's like this, Dr. Hyslop. I don't say it's serious, mind you, far from it, but still I'm worried about my Robert. He's been fair overdoing it lately! Mr. Douglas, the master of the class above his, has been away for some reason or another, and Robert's been taking the two classes together. It's an absolute put upon, if you ask me; he's been working himself to death."

"And, forbye, there's the cantata. They're going to give a special performance of 'The Lady of the Lake' come Saturday week, on account of the church jubilee. It's just one thing after another that's come on the poor man, and you

know I'm the most devoted wife in the whole world, and—"

"Yes, yes, but what's all this got to do with fetching me out here?" interposed Finlay, smiling.

"Why, everything, doctor!" expostulated Mrs. Robertson with an air of supreme concern. "It's got Robert into such a state of nerves that the man doesn't know what he's doing. I'll swear he's losing his memory."

"For Heaven's sake, woman," muttered Robertson, "it's nothing at all. You know I was aye absent-minded."

"Now, father," cut in Margaret, again, reprovingly.

"It's not just as if it was the once," went on Mrs. Robertson, bending forward towards Hyslop in another spasm of wifely anxiety.

HE never knows where he puts a thing now. He forgot my wool I asked him to buy this afternoon. He forgot Margaret's music yesterday. It's one thing after another, forgetting this and forgetting that. He's in such a state he'll be forgetting where he lives next.

"And so, doctor," continued Mrs. Robertson, "Will you take the poor man in hand, for goodness sake, and tell him not to work so hard and what to do and everything, for I am fair worried. I wouldn't have him miss the cantata for worlds."



Towards the end
of the promenade
he passed a young
lady with dark eyes
and wind-blown hair.

"You know," he said, "real overstrain does throw the memory out—aphasia, we call it. And it happens quite suddenly. I remember when I was at the Royal I saw a case. It was a business man. He had forgotten who he was, or, rather, he thought himself somebody else. He had come all the way from Birmingham, and he had been living for a fortnight in Glasgow before his people got in touch with him."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Robertson with an almost startled look in his eyes. He sat up in his chair. "Is that a fact, doctor?"

"It's a fact," Finlay reaffirmed. "So you see now," put in Margaret, "you'd better be careful, father, and do as mother says."

"I wouldn't have believed it," gasped Robertson in that same queer tone, staring in front of him like a man distracted.

"Well, maybe you will now," said Mrs. Robertson in a pleased, justified voice.

As she showed Finlay to the door, she thanked him for having spoken so plainly.

Next morning Robert awoke early after a night which had been singularly troubled.

It was Saturday, a beautiful day. Through the open window the air blew sweetly down from the Winton Hills. He lay quietly in bed with his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

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JUNGLE MADNESS

Dramatic story of primitive emotions, and of a man's triumph against big odds...

By...
HILTON BROWN

WHEN Cray and Fearman set out together for a shikar camp in the Khoris Hills, Deakin—a ladies' man and a tattler—said in the bar of the Planters' Club that only one of them would return alive.

When Moir—who asked obvious questions—said, "Why?" Deakin answered laconically, "Mrs. Cray."

Some told him not to be a fool, and some told him not to be something else; but the malicious nodded sagaciously and hoped, as was their custom, for the worst. That Madge Cray was tired of Cray was understood; that Fearman was in love with her was generally accepted; the only moot point was whether either of these males would think Madge worth going to extremes for.

Cray's attitude over the whole thing had been puzzling. Everyone speculated, as the affair between his wife and Fearman developed, as to what stand he would take in the matter.

Known as a man with a rigid code of his own, and demanding the same forthright honesty from those who served under him, there could be no doubt, said gossip, that Cray would not tolerate the increasing friendship between his wife and his friend.

But it had apparently continued without interruption despite that night when a tense situation developed and there were witnesses to the scene.

Cray had walked out to the side verandah of the club and there, against the railings for all the world to see, was his wife in Fearman's embrace, too absorbed to be conscious of her husband's approach.

"Are you ready for home, Madge?" Cray had asked in quiet tones. "Better come along for a final night-cap, Fearman," he had added.

Without the slightest evidence of embarrassment Cray had waited until the other two joined him, and the trio, after saying farewells, had departed for home, leaving a buzz of tongues behind them.

But the following night, and on subsequent occasions the three were together at the club. There had been no apparent break.

Things were at this stage when the projected shikar camp became known. Whatever ending the story was to have, it was not to be witnessed by the devotees of the Planters' Club.

So why in these circumstances were Cray and Fearman departing from Kil-Khoris together?

Well, each knew the other as a reliable shikari; there is no reason, is there, why two good fellows tangled because of a woman should not take their troubles to the great jungles and forget them? There is no reason, is there, why two men, tangled because of the same woman, should not remain friends?

THEORETICALLY, no. But the Planters' Club hoped for a better—and blacker—outcome. Deakin said again—this time in the Ladies' Lounge, which he greatly frequented—that only one of them, if as many, would come back.

The camp was certainly no success. It was monsoon weather—good for shooting, but for little else; the jungles were heavy with water, the days dark with cloud, the nights loud with rain. The luck and the sport were as poor as the weather, but on the third day a curious little incident occurred.

For once the two had gone out together, and Cray had wounded a bull bison. As they followed it up, it broke cover suddenly and charged Cray, who was leading. Fearman—coolly, neatly and courageously—stepped in and shot it dead. Except for Cray's sudden pal'or and the bison coughing out its life within two yards of Cray's feet, no open comment was made; but Fearman thought, "Now why did I go and do that? Why not have left well enough alone?"

In the evenings, sitting outside their small tents before an ill-burning fire of damp branches, both thought a great deal. Cray thought, "At least I've got you under my eye; I know you aren't up to any games with Madge." Fearman thought, "Shooting accidents often happen on these trips. Now, how do shooting accidents happen?"

Disaster came at Gimia, a place forgotten of God and desolate of man. Its hut village

covered on the bank of the flooded Gaurahadi River that swept endlessly by in long washes of striving coffee-colored water. Gimia was the turning point of the expedition; there was no road, no track practicable for even a country cart, within forty miles. The monsoon rain soaked down; through the bamboo and lantana jungles the monsoon mists went wandering about like wraiths; the sleek river hurried itself past, dismal as Styx.

At the regulation half-mile from the village (fever-mosquito limit) stood Gimia's pretence at a Forest Resthouse, a two-roomed hovel of mud and thatch, leaking everywhere. In it sat Cray and Fearman, thinking their long, long thoughts.

IN the early night of their second day at Gimia, as they sat on the verandah listening to the roaring frogs along the river bank and the fluting chital deer in the sodden jungles, the voice of a lunatic began to call to them from the outer dark, and not only a lunatic, but a demon-lunatic at that, and not only calling but howling and wailing in the last despair of the damned.

Cray had his dog with him—a mongrel creature, a "pl," but he loved it. He said to Fearman:

"Hyena?"

Fearman had heard these dreadful noises once before, he said:

"No, jackal."

"I'll bet you it's a hyena; they get like that."

"No, it's a jack."

"Jackal or hyena," said Cray, "I'm going to put an end to it. I don't want it coming after Dinky. You stay and look after him."

He took his rifle and went out into the soaking night. Fearman filled a fresh pipe with one hand, and with the other held Dinky's collar. The little dog sat whimpering and shivering, his ears laid back. Fearman thought,

"I don't like the sound of that jackal. I don't like it at all."

And as he thought, there came a shot from the darkness and a sort

of protesting shout, and a second shot; and Cray came back into the lamplight, his hand to his face and blood running through his fingers. He said slowly:

"I got him. But he got me, too."

Fearman said, as slowly, "Fred, that jack was mad." And Cray, without speaking, poured himself an enormous whisky, and without speaking drank it; and then at the end said:

"I know, I'm done for."

Fearman also took a whisky. The Devil said in his ear: "He's done for—Cray's done for; isn't that what you wanted? Done for without your lifting a finger. Aren't I a clever Devil?"

But Fearman said:

"Don't be a fool. We'll get you to Coonoor, The Institute."

Cray said bitterly, "Coonoor? Forty-eight hours? From here? Forty-eight hours—with a bite as near the brain as this. If they don't get the stuff into me within that time, I'm a goner. Hydrophobia... It's a nasty death, Stephen. And, believe me, for all the hope I've got, you might just as well say forty-eight minutes."

Fearman took some more whisky and filled another pipe. The Devil said in his ear: "Now here it is: all nicely settled. Cray's finished. He believes himself dead now; he is dead now. Unless you work a miracle he'll never get halfway to Coonoor. All you have to do is to leave things

alone as I, your obliging Devil, have arranged them. Think of Madge, Madge. All you have to do is to sit tight; start for Coonoor—oh, by all means start for Coonoor—but don't unduly hurry, and the thing's done. In fact, do your damndest and the thing's still done. What about it?"

But Fearman did not hear his Devil; he did not for the moment see his Madge. He saw instead—illogically and, from the Devil's point of view, ungratefully—a man Cray holding out his hand to a newly-joined planter and saying, "Hallo! Jolly glad to see you."

He saw a man Cray teaching that newly-joined planter all he knew about coffee and all he knew about shikar, a good sort of man who gave this newcomer the best tips and the best shots. He saw what had been—until the shadow of Madge fell between them—his friend, Fred Cray, Hydrophobia? You tied yourself in knots and barked like—like that jackal. A poor end for a fellow like Fred Cray. And he saw a cad called Fearman, who sat



Illustrated by
**WYNNE
W. DAVIES**

Fearman aimed, by the aid of a paddle, to keep the canoe from the rocks.



"Are you ready for home, Madge?" Cray had asked in quiet tones.

by a campfire and looked across it at Cray out of the corners of his eyes, and thought about shooting accidents. Well, anyway, a shot was one thing, but death from hydrophobia—no! it mustn't be!

Cray said suddenly, "Coonoor be damned! We'll stay here and finish the whisky, and I'll put a shot in myself when I feel it starting." But Fearman reached out and took the whisky away from him, and said, very roughly: "Cut that, Fred. We're going to Coonoor."

Cray's eyes glazed, then cleared. He laughed long and loudly.

In the dark night, thick with rain and daunting with the south-west gale that rocked the forest, they started for Coonoor, hundreds and hundreds of miles away. It was, as Cray pointed out at intervals, absurd; it was impossible. It was a farce. Cray wouldn't try, he lagged and jeered, saying, "Oh, forget it. Let's sit down and have a drink."

Cray was determined to hold back. Perhaps he felt he could settle Fearman's problem for him—perhaps it was only the deadly poison growing more virulent in his veins. But whatever it was he made the task of Fearman sheerly superhuman.

Yet Fearman progressed. He pulled savagely at Cray, spurring him to action.

They ran first the half-mile to the village of Gimla, a dripping coolie leading them with a bamboo torch. Fearman had his plan ready; the river, such as it was, was their only

hope; any other route meant fatal days of travel. At Gimla there was only one serviceable dugout; Fearman swore till it was produced. There was only one man who could manage it, a certain Bodiappa; Fearman beat Bodiappa till he consented to go. Still in the dark night Cray, Fearman and Bodiappa started down the sleek, swirling Gaurahadi.

Their small craft twisted madly in the rapids. Cray sat hunched on the seat while Fearman, aimed by the aid of a paddle to keep it from being dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The geography of the Gaurahadi for present purposes is simple. For untold miles its upper waters run through the inland jungles of sal and teak, poon and cotton-wood, and the everlasting bamboo, passing at intervals such miserable warrens as Gimla.

At last, at Alayadam, it touches the outpost of civilisation. But Alayadam is an outpost only; again for countless miles the river struggles through gorges and shoals and rapids till at very long last it emerges into paddy-growing country and is crossed by the girder bridge of the main south-going railway. By that railway—eventually and after many weary hours—Coonoor is reached. At the north end of the railway bridge stands Indole; at the south an inconsiderable place called Damaram.

With luck, Fearman thought, the dugout would reach Alayadam by dawn; but an ugly

day broke red and savage, while they were still deep in the jungles.

Cray laughed at it, and said, "One of my last!" Fearman said nothing, but hounded on Bodiappa—hounded him on too fiercely, for a clear mile above Alayadam the dugout crashed on the Swami Rocks and overturned. Fearman pulled Cray ashore while Bodiappa swam for it—with a wide eye open for crocodiles. Cray said, "You ass; why worry? It's all up, anyway."

BUT Fearman did not hear him; he had ceased even to hear himself asking, "Why am I doing this?" He was thinking only, "Now, is the Government launch at Alayadam?"

The launch was there, but its Telugu engineer was said to be at Indole: this seemed fatal till Fearman forced his way into the engineer's house, and—the engineer wasn't at Indole. He said he had fever, but Fearman told him that was a matter of no consequence. "How long to get down to the railway?" "Sixteen hours." But—the night mail left Indole for the south at seven. The engineer spread out his hands: "Too much water is coming. What I can do?" Sulking he got up steam.

Late, but eventually, the launch headed downstream, and there began what was for Cray and Fearman a long day. They spent it in silence, giving each other stealthy side-long looks, each wondering, "What is he thinking about all this?"

By early afternoon it became manifest that they would never make the railway station

INSOMNIA

Here in the long night, dim with
formless fears
Are shadows clambering a-
pe-wise to my mind,
Clutching and tongueless things,
drenched with the sweat
Of their obscene energy, deaf
and blind—
Held in the long confinement of
the night,
The noise, the crushing din of
solitude
And battle-grounds more bloody
and more torn
Than mortal conflict, fleshly
fortitude.

The past, the long to-morrows
meet and break
In a dark foam about the
shadowy horde
Invading room and brain and
weary thought
With hopes destroyed, broken
and unrestored.
What of the end, what of the
thankful day?
But a nerve-torn pause, a
harrowing respite.
Behind pressed lips the silent
scream of fear—
I CANNOT face the shadows
of to-night.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

at Indole in time for the train; not till after six did the railway bridge come in sight, and then it was but a minute cobweb structure miles ahead down an interminable straight reach of galloping water. The current, ever stronger and faster, pulled them away towards the south bank, away from Indole; it was hopeless.

Fearman said to the engineer, "Run her in to Damaram." But the engineer demurred again.

"How to do? There is no jetty?"

"Then run her aground."

"I cannot."

FEARMAN chased the engineer into his cabin and locked him there. Then, mainly by dint of standing over the serang with his revolver, he navigated the launch—a species of craft of which he had no knowledge whatever—towards Damaram. In the dusk he ran her crashing aground in the soft mudbank a hundred yards above the south abutment of the bridge. Fan-like in the sky to the north showed the headlights of the night mail.

Cray was done and Fearman was near it; but somehow he dragged Cray up the steep embankment. There Cray fell in a heap, still saying sleepily, "Don't worry, you ass; let's sit down."

The Eurasian driver of the mail, looking down the long pencil of his headlights, saw in the tunnel-like gullet of the bridge some object jumping about between the metals. At first he thought it was a goat, then he thought it was a devil, then he thought it was perhaps a European. And then he thought it was time to apply his brakes, and he did so sharply—just as he was within an ace of running Fearman down.

Fearman and Cray got into the train. For the first time Cray began to show some interest and excitement, but Fearman fell instantly asleep. He knew it was all right now; the miracle was accomplished, thanks to his (Stephen Fearman's) exertions. Cray would reach Coonoor in time to be saved.

As to why all this had been done, as to whether it should have been done, as to Madge and all that—these were questions that could wait a less weary moment.

At the Pasteur Institute Fearman watched conscientiously the first life-saving injection jabbed into Cray's thin stomach, then, thinking he had earned it, he went round to the Coonoor Club for a drink.

He was still half dazed. Things and people did not seem real. His mind held but one thought, and that was of Cray, his friend, now safe from the fate that seemed to have been inevitable but a few hours before.

In the club who should be leaning at the bar but Moir from Kil-Khorla, Fearman was astonished to see Moir; but the astonishment it seemed, was at least reciprocated. Moir said, "I didn't expect to see you."

"I didn't expect to be here."

Said Moir, looking odd, "Where's Cray?"

"At the Pasteur Institute."

"At the—oh! But does he know?"

"Know what?" queried Fearman.

"Well . . . you see . . . There's been a bit of a scandal at Kil-Khorla."

"A scandal?"

"Yes. And it's Mrs. Cray. As a matter of fact she—well, she bolted two days ago with Deakin. They've gone to Ceylon. They say—"

But Fearman's glass had fallen crashing to the floor.

(Copyright)

Lost and Found

Continued from Page 7

HE was faced with the rehearsal of the cantata at the Rechabites' Hall, where the fifty-odd children—big and small, wet and dry-nosed, of both sexes, the same whom he taught wearily every day of the week—would be waiting for him to appear with his tuning fork and little pointer.

He rose, dressed, and had his breakfast. Sarah accompanied him to the door to give her parting instructions.

"Now be careful, dear. You'll come straight back, and you'll sit in the garden with me this afternoon. Then we'll both maybe take a walk together. There's a hat in the window we might look at for Margaret."

Robertson nodded in meek acquiescence, then turned and went down the road, across the Common and towards the Rechabites' Hall.

But at the end of the Common a strange thing happened. All at once a change came over his face. He lifted his gaze from the ground where it habitually rested, and fixed it upon infinity, as if hypnotised. Instinctively his pace quickened, and, swinging round from the direction of the Rechabites' Hall, he started off towards Church Street.

In Church Street, with the same queer hypnotic absorption, he entered the bank. Here he drew out the sum of thirty pounds.

When he came out of the bank he turned and walked straight off towards the station. Two people standing about Douglas Todd, the sign painter, and old Lennox, the butcher, called out to him in greeting, but no recognition came upon his face.

He marched stiffly up the station steps on to the platform, and without a trace of hesitation he entered a train which had just drawn up.

IN an empty first class compartment, surrounded by unusual luxury, he sat with impassive face. Presently he took off his hat, the dingy bowler hat which he had worn for some ten years, and laid it on the seat beside him.

He stared out of the window at the flashing panorama of green fields and woods and the opening estuary of the lovely Firth.

Half an hour later the train drew to a stop. It was Craigendoron Pier. He got out of the train and walked straight on the pier as if he meant to walk right off the end of it. Fortunately, however, a steamer lay at the end of it. It was the Lord of the Glens, and with complete composure he walked aboard.

A moment later the ropes were cast off, the paddles flashed, and the boat put off. A band broke gaily into music. The breeze blew soft and fresh, the sun shone, and the prow of the steamer was set towards the Kyle of Bute.

Bare-headed, for he had left his hat in the train, the little man paced the deck with his hair blowing in the wind, and some time later he went downstairs and ate a large meal—soup, cold salmon and cucumber, roast beef, pudding, biscuits and cheese. Then he came up, faintly flushed, but still queerly automatic, and began to pace the deck again.

"Tickets, please, tickets, please." The young purser appeared, and the little man put his hand to his head as though bewildered. He had no ticket.

"Kiln, Dunoon, or Rothesay?" asked the purser, pulling out a book of counterfoils.

"Rothesay." Mechanically—like that!

The purser wrote out a slip. He looked up casually, then his expression changed.

"Why, it's Mr. Robertson, isn't it? I was in your class ten years ago."

"What?" asked the bare-headed passenger, "in all the world are ye talkin' about?"

The purser flushed in confusion. "Sorry," he said awkwardly. "My mistake."

At Rothesay the little man stepped ashore briskly, mechanically, and opposite the pier his eyes took in a large boarding-house decorated with a gilded sign—Cowal Cliff. He went straight in.

"I'd like a nice room," he said. The manageress looked up cheerfully from behind the little window.

"Yes," she said. "Have you booked?"

"No, I've just come off the boat."

"Oh, I see. Your luggage will be along later?"

"Yes."

"I can give you a nice front room."

What name, sir?" She offered him the pen.

He hesitated. Since he was not Robertson he must be somebody else. His face clouded, then cleared, as if remembering something.

"Walter Scott," he said, almost to himself. And he wrote it down.

When he had been shown to his bedroom and had washed his face and hands he went out and strolled along the front.

He went into a draper's shop, where he bought himself a small portmanteau, nightshirt, various odds and ends, and finally a yachting cap.

Perching the yachting cap jauntily on his head, he ordered the other purchases to be sent up to the Cowal Cliff, and went into an adjoining tobacconist's.

In the tobacconist's, with a strange intentness in his eyes, he bought himself some cigars—large cigars, cigars each circled by a beautiful band.

With one of these smoking in the corner of his mouth, the yachting cap set rakishly on his head, and an expression at once blank and complacent, he strolled along the promenade, as though enjoying the sunshine and fresh air.

Although he seemed so curiously detached and hypnotised, it seemed that everything was an entertainment to him.

Towards the end of the promenade he passed a young lady with dark eyes and wind-blown hair tucked under a red tam-o'-shanter. She walked with her hands in the pockets of her short jacket, and there was something soft and roguish and solitary about her.

In the same absent-minded fashion, he swung round and began to stroll behind her. When she stopped to look at a sailing boat which lay close inshore in the bay, he stopped to look at it, too. In the same absent fashion he remarked—

"A bonny boat, isn't it?"

She agreed.

"And it's a bonny day," he said, his voice expressionless and innocent.

Again she agreed, smiling.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"At the Cowal Cliff," she replied.

"Fine!" he said. "I'm there, too. Isn't it time we were back for tea?"

She burst out laughing.

"Don't think I didn't see you at the end of the promenade. You're a wicked one, picking up decent girls. I saw there was a wicked look about you."

"Oh, no," he said, "not at all."

"Come on," she teased him, "I'm waiting for you to say we've met before."

"Maybe we have," he replied strangely. "I don't remember."

As they walked along towards the boarding-house she told him about herself.

Her name was Nancy Begg, and she worked in a big store in Sauchiehall Street. She had drawn her holidays a little earlier than usual in the ballet, and she admitted that she had been very lonely since her arrival at Cowal Cliff. She liked Rothesay better in August.

She seemed to him to be about twenty-seven, and was lively and self-possessed.

"But you haven't told me anything about yourself," she said. "What do you do?" Envisaging the yachting cap, she remarked archly, "Something to do with the sea. I should think."

He turned his blank eye upon her, remembering the purser on the boat. "That's right," he said. "A purser on a ship."

"You can always tell," she agreed, smiling again. "There's something—I don't know what. Something dashing, I think."

At the high tea they sat next to each other, and he helped her to everything. After tea he said—

"What are you doing this evening?"

"Well, what do you suggest? There's the entertainers—they're awful good."

They went to the entertainers. He took the best front seats, and bought her a box of chocolates. By the time they came out a soft darkness had come down upon the bay. The end of his cigar glowed brightly and on the way home, in that absent-minded fashion, he slipped his arm round her waist.

"You're a nice chap, Walter," she whispered.

The next few days were fine and sunny. The time passed quickly.

while Walter and Nancy enjoyed each other's company. They walked together, took drives together, and a cruise round the Kyle. They even danced together, for on the eve of her return to Glasgow, as they passed beside the Cowal Hall they saw a placard displayed—

GALA ASSEMBLY TO-NIGHT
ALL WELCOME
GLOVES OPTIONAL: SLIPPERS
ESSENTIAL.

Nancy sighed wistfully, hanging on his arm, and asked—

"Do you dance, Walter?"

"I think I might dance," he said with the odd, non-committal caution with which Nancy was now familiar.

He had changed visibly; his shoulders were more erect; he was slightly sunburned; his eye, though still, was extremely distant, was bright and daring.

She was to leave by the five o'clock boat, and that afternoon they took a final walk up past the golf course beyond the Skerach Wood.

NANCY was very silent. Presently she complained that she was tired, and they sat down. They were enclosed by a sea of young bracken, above which the tree trunks and feathery bushes framed a strip of blue sky.

Far away they heard the throb of a steamer going down the Kyle, and then a deep stillness fell.

"You won't forget me will you, Walter?" Nancy whispered, afraid to break this quietness.

"I don't know," he said queerly. "I'm not very good at remembering."

At that she gave a little sigh and her arms went round him. Absent-mindedly his went round her.

Then it was time to return for Nancy's boat. She took Walter's arm, and in silence walked very close to him.

They had reached the promenade leading to the pier, when suddenly a large and portly figure blocked the way.

"Hello, hello!" he exclaimed in a tone of wonder. "It's you, Robertson! Well, I'll be hanged!"

"I beg your pardon," said Walter in a stiff voice. "You're making a mistake."

"What!" gasped the other. "Don't you know me—Bailie Nichol, of Levenford? Hang it all, Robertson!"

"I beg your pardon," said Walter again. "My name's Scott. Kindly let us pass."

"But hang it all," protested Nichol. "Hang it all, Robertson, the whole town has been ringing with you. They've turned the place upside down looking for you. Every paper—"

"This young lady has to catch her boat," remarked Walter, and, pushing past the dumbfounded Nichol, he drew Nancy to the pier and towards the boat.

"What was it, Walter?" she asked in astonishment.

"How should I know?" he answered. "I never saw him in my life before."

The bell on the boat clanged. She gave him a big, hurried hug.

"You've got my address," she said. "You won't forget me, dear? Please!"

When he returned to Cowal Cliff he had an idea that the manageress looked at him with a strange interest, but he took no notice.

After tea he went out for a solitary walk along the promenade and the stars came out and looked at his small figure, strolling along with an air of vague triumph. It was impossible to tell what his thoughts might be, but that night he slept dreamlessly.

Next morning he lay late. It was about ten o'clock before he came down briskly, and found the manageress waiting for him in the hall.

"Somebody wants to see you," she declared with an air of purpose, and took him aside into a little room.

There he stared blankly at Bailie Nichol, accompanied by two women. One of the women was tall, large of hip, and flat of face. There were tears in her eyes, and her hands trembled. Beside her stood obviously her daughter.

"Now, Robertson," said Nichol carefully, "here we are. Ye're glad to see us, aren't you, old fellow?"

"What d'ye mean?" said Walter coldly. "You are a damned nuisance, sir. And what are these women doing here?"

At this a groan broke from the elder female. She pushed forward and flung her arms round Walter's neck.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she moaned.

"Please turn to Page 14"



Yours for the
whisper of a price

Someone who knows what it is to be young . . . and want pretty things on a limited income . . . designed this glamorous little nightie. Styled from a fancy warp loom fabric in Peachglo, Sky, Apricot and Lettuce . . . lovely with lace . . . with darling short sleeves and a skirt as full as your evening dress.

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The CLOCK-WINDER

Complete Short Story

By
**Marigold
WATNEY**

CL.D. Zacharias Honeybun was a man of secrets. He knew all the most intimate secrets of his customers just as he knew the inner workings of their clocks.

He had lived so long in Quendon Ambo that he was an object of historical interest and was classed in the same category as the Norman church and Queen Victoria's jubilee pump and the bomb dropped by the Germans during the Great War.

He really ranked higher than the bomb because from that the glory had departed, owing to visitors taking away fragments and placing them on their window-sills as souvenirs.

Mr. Honeybun knew all about Mrs. Tremlett, who lived at Greenleaves and who was altogether more sprightly than a widow had any right to be. And, although he never seemed to listen, he heard all the gossip that poured from the lips of Mrs. Crump, the innkeeper's wife. The clacking of her tongue was as persistent as the ticking of his clocks.

With the row of new cottages that had sprung up along the high road in a brazen, cocksure sort of way, he had no dealings, feeling that if he ignored them long enough they would cease to exist.

From the proud pinnacle of his great age he looked down on his neighbors with omnipotent aloofness, not troubling himself over their trivial doings. Only with Betsy Ann and Martin did he deign to unbend.

Betsy Ann lived in the pink cottage called Gypsy Parlor, with her grandmother, old Mrs. Carmichael, who had beautiful clocks, but hardly any money. Mr. Honeybun loved Betsy Ann for two reasons. One because in his eyes she was like the lithograph of the angel that hung in his parlor, only dressed differently, of course, and the other because she was engaged to Martin, and Martin was his friend.

The friendship had started long ago when Martin brought his first watch to be mended; a deplorable specimen that he had bought from a school friend for sixpence. Even Zacharias Honeybun, with all his skill, couldn't entice that watch into going properly—it spent as much time in his shop as it did in the owner's pocket. After a time it seemed almost communal property and was a great bond between the two of them.

Only Mr. Honeybun knew of Martin's secret ambition to work in a laboratory and to experiment with germs for the good of humanity. "It would be a splendid thing to do, wouldn't it," Martin had confided to him at the age of ten. He had stood with his elbows on the counter while he fingered the watch, temperately restored to working order.

"Don't hold with germs," Mr. Honeybun remarked loftily. "Never seed one, not in all my born days and what I don't see I don't believe."

"Don't be such an old stick-in-the-mud," Martin had retorted, sore from the half-hearted reception of his scheme.

"Now then, now then, you remember who who and what's what, young jackanapes."

"All right, you dear old leprechaun."

"And what might that be?" Mr. Honeybun had inquired, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.



"You're too late," she said, and without another word she went off to waltz with Mrs. Tremlett's friend.

Illustrated by
**WYNNE
W. DAVIES**

"How should I know? I found it in a book and thought it sounded fine. Don't you like being a leprechaun? You needn't be if you don't want to."

Only Martin dared to tease Mr. Honeybun and only Mr. Honeybun knew what it cost Martin to abandon his ambition and help his father run the country practice. Dr. Bruce was bronchial and gouty and as his patients truly said, was "not the man he used to be, not by any manner of means." So Martin gave up hopes and dreams and took on the dignity of being "young Doctor Martin" and at the same time his father automatically became "old Doctor Bruce."

Every morning, any passer-by could peep through the window and see Mr. Honeybun's white head bowed over some minute pieces of machinery while the little shop hummed with the sound of ticking clocks. Some of the small clocks sounded bustling and busy, like small people trying to make themselves important. Others were metallic and strident as if they were trying to "talk down" their companions. Only the old grandfather never lost his poise. He was solemn and dignified even when the cuckoo popped out at him and cuckoo'd cheekily before alighting his door in grandfather's face.

Mr. Honeybun loved them all, even the alarm clock that was subject to hysterical outbursts at unexpected

moments. Even the disobedient, stubborn clocks that refused to respond to his treatment. But most of all he loved the invalids. On them he would perform intricate operations, keeping parts of their anatomy under wine glasses on his table. When they were well again he would smile happily and perhaps he would rub them against his withered old cheek in a caressing sort of way before he sent them out into a harsh and unkind world once more.

People said he loved nothing and nobody but his clocks, but then, they didn't know how he felt about Martin. He loved Martin better than grandfather, even better than the gold watch and chain in the faded sapphire-blue velvet case that he kept upstairs.

That watch was his most precious possession in all the world, and more than half a century ago he had given it to Mrs. Honeybun as a wedding present. She had worn it ever since, to the day she died, tucked in her waistband with the chain looped handsomely round her neck.

Please turn to Page 28



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TRY THESE
EXCITING NEW SHADES
CLOVER
TULIP
THISTLE
LAUREL
OLD ROSE
HEATHER

An Editorial Two Babies Per Family Not Enough

THOSE TERRIBLE HOLIDAY HOMES

SEPTEMBER 3, 1938

TOURISTS have complained that accommodation provided for them in Australia, outside the cities, is uncomfortable. If they are to return, or advise others to come here, facilities must be made to compare with those in other countries.

That is the warning of Mr. D. M. Dow, who for 14 years was official secretary for Australia in the United States.

Australia with its unique climate and varied scenery could be made one of the great tourist playgrounds of the world.

The tourist industry is now worth £1,700,000 a year, and is growing.

The world's most inveterate traveller, the American, has "done" Europe, and the war has diverted the traffic from the East.

This is the moment to build up a great and profitable asset.

There is nothing in the world to compare with the Great Barrier Reef.

It would attract many thousands of wealthy visitors every year—if hotel accommodation were provided.

Australia's snowfields are far greater than those of Switzerland, but remain almost undeveloped and difficult of access.

Glorious beaches surround the continent, and the cheaper class of boarding-house surrounds many of the most glorious beaches.

For lack of accommodation the splendid trout-streams of the mainland and Tasmania are mostly left to the trout.

Big-game fishermen went away and praised the fishing and denounced the accommodation.

Although tourists are fascinated more by country life than by any other aspect of Australia, there is not one station conducted along the lines of the very profitable American "dude" ranch.

The tourist industry is worth millions a year more to Australia, but these millions cannot be won by a "take it or leave it" attitude in accommodation matters.

—THE EDITOR.

Mary Truby King Discusses the Problem With Dame Enid Lyons

By MARY TRUBY KING

NOWADAYS we read a great deal about the falling birth-rate and its dangers to our country.

How many of us consider this question seriously in the light of our immediate circle of friends and relations?

Look around, and you will be surprised to find how few of your acquaintances have more than two or three children. For the most part, a family of one or two children is considered normal. Three or more children are thought of as a large family.

The reasons most frequently given for limiting the family are economic insecurity and danger of war. Often, however, these reasons are but a veil cloaking more deeply seated and less consciously recognised reasons for restricting the family.

Professor Harvey Sutton recently pointed out to us that a "whispering campaign" among socially-minded Australians is one of the chief factors contributing to our seriously declining birth-rate, which has shrunk by more than half during the past 60 years.

Professor Sutton instanced the regrettable tendency of the more intelligent portion of our community to limit their families to one, or at most two children, "in order to promote social advancement for both themselves and their children."

The socially-minded are apt to look down on their fellow women who have large families, as though a large family, in itself, is a disgrace!

Financial Strain

ACTUALLY, in order to keep our population even stationary, each married woman would need to produce three or four children.

Two children are not enough, because allowance has to be made for persons who remain single, those who die early, and those who, by reason of ill-health, can never be reproductive.

Australia badly needs more people of her own kind, but at the moment she is failing to keep even a stationary population.

It has been said that our women are afraid of child-birth—its sickness and its risks; but in actual fact it is not so much the inconvenience of that time which they fear, but the ever-present worry of financial strain.

It would aid prospective mothers if the Government showed its appreciation of the arrival of each child in a household by making an adequate Family Allowance—as a willing contribution by the State to the proper rearing of a child whose advent made a welcome addition to the country's security.

Another encouragement would be greater deductions from income tax



"MOTHERHOOD should be a joy and a privilege rather than a duty to the State," says Mary Truby King. More and more babies of the type pictured above are wanted in Australia.

where there were three or more children.

There is, of course, another menace to natural increase of population, and that is birth-control, and also criminal practices.

As Professor Carr-Saunders in his Galton Lecture of 1935 said, "We have passed rapidly from an age when children were the inevitable accompaniment of married life into an age of voluntary parenthood. Fifty years ago there was, generally speaking, no attitude towards size of family; that settled itself. But now, what has hitherto been natural and normal in human experience is optional."

Home or Hospital?

THE breaking of these laws has already led to a wide increase in immorality among married and unmarried people throughout many nations.

Every medical man's experience tells him that Nature revenges acts contrary to her ends.

We should think of replacement as a happy and glorious privilege. Sir Truby King has left to women this message of courage: "The expectant mother who takes proper care of herself and avoids invalidism is safeguarded all through. Nature can always be relied on to do her part kindly and surely, if the mother does hers."

Recently Dame Enid Lyons, in a lecture to the Women's International Conference, stressed the need for a more justly distributed and estimated basic wage, together with improved housing.

Owing to parts of her speech being reported apart from their context, Dame Enid brought a storm of protest from various quarters for saying that "hospitals have the wrong psychological atmosphere" and that "we must have better and cleaner houses where women can bear their children."

What Dame Enid was really advocating was this: a reversal of the present policy of putting more and more maternity cases into hospitals, and, instead, an organising of our resources to allow of this function taking a more truly natural aspect.

This means a midwifery service in conjunction with medical and clinical practice, with, of course, the necessary number of hospitals to deal with abnormal cases.

Maternity Is Not Illness

"WE have come to look upon the expectant mother as a 'case,'" Dame Enid has since been good enough to inform me, "when, in the strictly medical sense, the mother is rarely a patient at all."

"The Truby King Infant Welfare System insists that teething is not an illness, although discomfort and occasionally some upsetting of digestion are associated with it."

"I believe that maternity is in the same category, and that, when a mother realises this fact, she is much more likely to escape the illness associated with mental disturbance at this time."

"I feel that in all our schemes for the improvement of national health we are too apt to forget that man is composed of body, mind and spirit."

"In this matter of maternity, the physical side has taken precedence over the human, and I think that is a mistake. Let us reverse our policy of putting more and more maternity cases into hospitals. With home confinements, the baby is immediately part of the family, and the father gets just a little idea of a mother's sacrifice."

"Nature," continued Dame Enid, "needs very little help in most cases to preserve the lives of both mother and child."

"Child-birth is not a violation of Nature as is an operation—it is a process to which all Nature rallies her assistance."

Dame Enid believes that the question of the falling birth-rate is not so much physical or economic as psychological. With Professor Harvey Sutton, she feels that Australian women should overcome the easy bowing to fashion—the fact that it just "isn't done" to have large families.

While recommending home confinement, Dame Enid is most appreciative of the splendid work being done by maternity hospitals, and fully recognises the need of such institutions in many cases.

The crux of the situation would seem to lie in lessening the economic obstacles to larger families, and in altering the psychological outlook on the whole question of motherhood—making it a joy and a privilege rather than a duty to the State.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Give Doctors Some Of Their Own Medicine!



L. W. Lower is Simply Dying to 'Nurse' a Few of Them

With dismay, not to say alarm, I have regarded the medical profession over a period of many protracted years.

But just at the moment there is some hideous propaganda abroad, and the slogan is, "Make the Medical Practitioner Your Friend." Now, don't laugh out loud.

WHENEVER I get a cold I send for a doctor. He tells me that I've got incipient leprosy and the best thing I can do is to pay him eight guineas and go and die slowly and expensively in a private hospital.

In the past seven months I have been in many private

hospitals and have not yet died. This proves that I have been robbed.

I'll admit that the staff tried their best by waking me at supernatural hours in the morning and washing me.

Being helpless in bed, I even ate the meals they brought me.

And the nurses? Well, I'm sick of them.

BY
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

What happened when I pressed a bell for the night-nurse at the last hospital I was dying in?

I said, "Nurse, I want a rum and milk and kiss me."

All I got was a smack in the teeth.

In a modern, civilised hospital, a man ought to be able to die in agony in comfort. Whereas I attribute my survival to neglect.

In my last hospital there was a button alongside my bed. All I had to do was to press it and a red light showed up outside the door and a bell rang somewhere.

This warned all the nurses that I needed something, so they all went away and hid somewhere.

Of course, this gave me a bit of peace and when the time came to drink my chopped-up dog's milk, or whatever the stuff was, I could always manage to be asleep. Profoundly asleep.

Make the medical practitioner your friend! I never heard such rot. How can you be friends with a man who belts you all over the chest when you're unable to retaliate, and then charges you for it?

A Pious Hope

MIND you, there's a lot to be said for hospitals. I only wish I was allowed to say it.

One thing that impressed me about them was their neatness and orderliness. When the bed is made and the last crinkle smoothed out, you are not supposed to move. If you move you rumple the sheets and the doctor mutters something to the matron and the matron goes crook on the nurse, and the nurse gets her own back by giving you a glassful of the horribest stuff she can think of.

The medical profession can take a running jump at itself so far as I'm concerned.

Just when you're feeling like sinking a few pints and going to the races in comes the medical profession, and says: "Yes, I think we might allow him to sit up in about eight months' time."

It is one of my ambitions to be nursing a sick doctor.

"What I want," the sick doctor will say, "is a plate of steak and eggs."

"Hm," I will reply. "I think we might give him a small piece of dried lemon peel. Not to-day. To-morrow."

I've often asked doctors to taste some of the rotten medicine they've prescribed for me, but they've just laughed and said, "I'm not sick, old man. Ha! Ha!"

"Well, taste this muck and you'll be as sick as a dog," is the answer.

Do you know—you mightn't believe this—I was once put on a diet of orange juice and dry biscuits!

Of course, my friends used to bring me hamburgers and fish and chips

"Good morning, dear doctor." L. W. Lower fomented a little trouble among the patients at his favorite hospital.

and meat pies and all that, but the thing rankled.

When the doctor came around he'd say, "He seems to be improving. Keep on with the diet, nurse."

And me with a bag of pigs' trotters underneath my pillow. Phooey to doctors!

The medical profession is greatly over-rated. Last time

I was feeling pretty bad I mentioned it to a friend.

"What you want," he said, "is a couple of stiff rums."

And he was RIGHT.

If ever I get friendly with a doctor it will be over my dead body.

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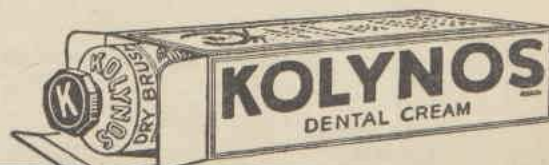


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Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, improve your health and daily eliminate all food residue. Don't forget, you can spend large amounts on your clothes and never look really smart unless you have that fashionable graceful line.

So, if you want to help retain your youthful figure and good health, start to take your Bile Beans regularly each night.

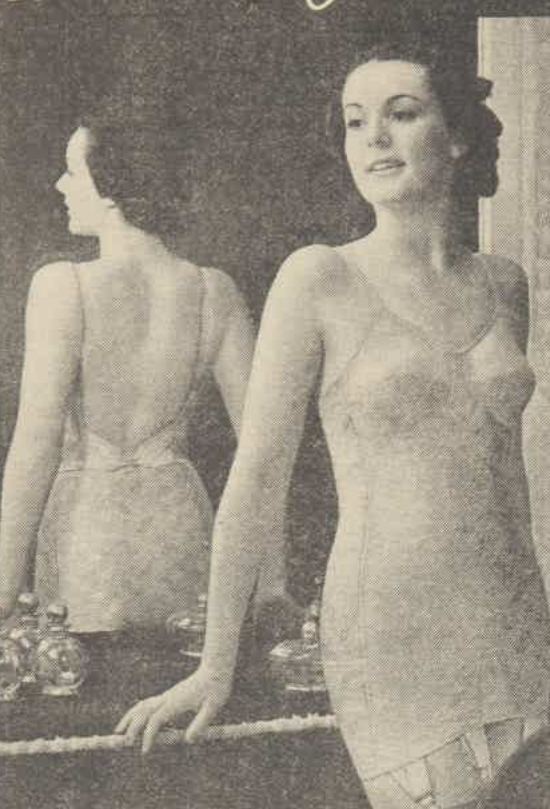


"At a party the other day I was the only one in the company not a member of a Gym Club. And yet I was told I had the most perfect figure among them. My friends, too, could hardly credit that I was once overweight, but by showing them photographs I was able to prove that Bile Beans had definitely rid me of quite a lot of excess fat."—Miss M. K. Wall-Bullock.

"I think Bile Beans are excellent, and taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is healthy, my complexion bluish-free, my eyes bright, and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. F. S. Britton.

BILE BEANS
1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE

BE glorified BY GOSSARD



Gossard's GLORIFIER is a NEW idea in foundation beauty and comfort. Entirely of elastic batiste, the front panel stretches up and down to follow every twist and bend and stretch of your torso; thus it provides a never failing lift to the breastline. The GLORIFIER is shown here with the famous MisSimplicity back. Other one-piece Gossard garments also have this GLORIFIER feature.

the GOSSARD Line of Beauty

Gossard Foundations are obtainable at most of the leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

Backache, Getting Up Nights Caused by Kidney Poisons

The underlying cause of much ill health and most kidney and bladder disorders is irritating poisons which develop in the body, so it is no wonder that most every one may suffer from the danger of poisons in the kidneys, bladder, and urinary system. These irritating poisons cause a generally run-down condition and many dangerous symptoms, such as: Backache, Getting up Nights, Uric Acid, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Dry Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching passages.

Helps Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers most chemists now have a new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in 3 positive ways to overcome the cause of your trouble: 1. It kills the poisons in the kidney and bladder. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. It removes Uric Acid and other poisons from the kidneys and bladder.

No matter how long you have suffered or how many medicines you have tried, you must remember that you cannot expect to get the satisfactory result you desire until you attack your trouble and the underlying cause in three ways with the doctor's prescription Cystex.

Millions Praise Cystex

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr. George Lowe, 11 Plant St. Balgownie, Sydney, recently wrote: "My joints were stiff, I was dizzy, had no appetite and

couldn't sleep. Tried many medicines and no relief. I got Cystex and soon my friends said I looked 10 years younger. I eat well and sleep the clock around. Cystex is worth its weight in gold." And Mr. Arthur Bridges, 141 Hunterfield St., Hurstville, New South Wales, wrote: "I was a great sufferer from burning and smarting urination, with frequent getting up at night, aching joints and nervousness. I took two bottles of Cystex with wonderful results." And Mrs. May Hunter, 185 Kiplingdale West, Port Melbourne, Vic., wrote: "I had a bad attack of Kidney Trouble, my hands and arms were covered with itching rash, and I could not get any rest at night. I tried no end of medicine and got no ease. After 3 doses of Cystex I got relief and since using two bottles I am as well as ever again."



Stop Getting Up Nights. Sleep Soundly. Feel Years Younger.

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in getting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package, and your money is refunded in full. You see the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Poisons in Your Kidneys? Make You Old Before Your Time.

Obligations

Continued from Page 5

"If you really want to," she whispered back, and opening her vanity bag scribbled something on a scrap of paper. When they were gone, Dick glanced at it, as it lay crumpled in the palm of his hand. A telephone number. He tipped the waiter generously as he paid for the dinner that he could not afford.

He phoned early next morning. "Yes? Who is it, please?" a voice that he recognised asked eagerly. "Guess!" he urged. "Oh, but I couldn't!"

There was laughter in the voice. He divined that she had guessed, and his pulse quickened.

"Would you care to have a spot of dinner to-night?" he asked.

"Of course! Why did you ask? Do I look the sort of person who doesn't usually eat dinner?"

"Then that's settled. Shall I call for you at—"

"What's settled?" the voice interrupted, innocently.

"That you're dining with me to-night."

"Oh, but it's not," she pointed out. "I'm afraid you must be one of those young men who take things—and people—too much for granted. Good-bye!"

"Oh, I say, wait a moment!" Dick cried urgently. "Can't I persuade you?"

"Not on the phone."

"Then when shall I know?"

"To-night, at eight. If I decide to go, you'll find me waiting for you in the lounge. Same place as last night."

"But look here, if you decide not to come—"

"Then I'm afraid you won't find me! Good-bye."

She rang off, with a little laugh, and Dick spent a day of alternating hope and fear.

BUT she was

there waiting for him when he arrived; for he had exercised a great effort of will, and by sitting down and looking at his dress shirt laid out ready for him, while he smoked four cigarettes, he had overcome the impulse to rush off an hour too soon. Better that than having to hang around all that time, looking out for her and wondering whether she would come, and perhaps making an utter fool of himself if she did not turn up.

So he arrived with five minutes to spare, to find her already before him, so that the five minutes were added to their evening.

It was an unblemished success, prelude to further successes. It was utterly delightful. Betty, he discovered, was different. Not like the girls he was used to, who gushed over him, or treated him with a whimsical humorous adoration that he could not bear. Also, Betty completely banished from his mind all consideration of the neat dilemma on whose horns Mr. Cowan had so blandly placed him.

He learned that she was an orphan. But he learned little more than that. Not, for that matter, did he feel curious at the moment. He was too interested in her immediate presence to worry about her background.

She spoke of Mr. Cowan affectionately.

"Such an old dear, and so deliciously courteous, don't you think, Dick?" she said, and he felt an incredible little stab—was that jealousy he wondered?—and perforce endorsed her good opinion.

He saw her quite often. But he was never allowed to do more than see her safely home. She had a small flat in a very good locality, and a maid, but apparently very few friends. Mr. Cowan, it appeared, had introduced her to some people; but Dick did not follow his example. It might be too dangerous. He meant to keep her as much to himself as possible, and he cursed Uncle Harry for being in the way. Uncle Harry dined with her, and took her to a show once a week, and occasionally invited her to meet friends. It was rather disconcerting.

But where was it all leading to? Was Uncle Harry being an old fool, or wasn't he? Impossible to tell. Betty kept her own counsel on such matters. And was he himself being a young fool? Matrimony, or Nigeria. Or a last fling before the backwater in the bush? Or . . .

He began to realise that he ought to tell her the truth. Uncle Harry might have done so for him, of course, but if he had Betty gave no sign of it. Only he could not face the inevitable break that would follow. Betty had grown too precious.

Time played them tricks. It flew past, there seemed scarcely a moment between greeting and parting, decades between parting and meeting. He had no time for the old set, whom he seldom if ever saw. Everything else was submerged, life's problems had become trivialities, he forgot his unmade confession, he even forgot his cricket. Then the heavens fell.

He received a summons from Uncle Harry.

"Lunch with me to-morrow," ran the laconic note, issuing a command; and Dick pondered.

The weeks had sped past. His time was almost up. It was incredible; yet, as he flicked over the calendar, there it was staring him in the face. When had he had that momentous interview? The date was ringed in red.

The day he had met Betty. There was barely a week left now. He stared at the blunt reminder with a feeling of sinking through space, and hurriedly he sought his cheque-book and made some calculations. He was heavily overdrawn; but of course the bank did not mind, had not even drawn his attention to the fact, for they held his securities.

He sat back and thought the situation over. Why on earth had he been such a fool?

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Please turn to Page 18

Lost and Found

Continued from Page 10

"DON'T you remember me, dear? Don't you know me?"

Stonily, Walter withdrew from her embrace.

"Leave me be, woman. I can't understand such shameless behaviour."

With a gesture of his arm, Nichol restrained the elder woman.

"Leave him in the meantime," he whispered aside. "We'll get him home. His memory's gone."

The object of their sympathy and solicitude, Walter, was escorted with great care on the short journey to Levenford.

He preserved a cold and disgusted dignity when first one woman and then the other sobbed over him. But he made no demur about accompanying them, trotting with docility from boat to train, and from train to cab.

"He's like a man bewitched," sobbed the middle-aged woman. "My poor Robert."

When they reached the house at Barlow Toll, a young man was awaiting them.

"Oh, Dr. Hyslop, Dr. Hyslop!" wailed the woman. "Look at him. It's just as you said. Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

Finlay was very upset as he saw again the face of "Wee Robbison," with its new, remote expression. He went up to him with quick kindness.

"Come away, man," he said. "Just sit down quietly, and we'll have a little talk. Don't you know me? You've had a breakdown, man, and you just want to go very quietly."

Walter seemed unmoved by this solicitude. He looked round in cold disapproval.

"What are those two women doing there?" he asked. "Tell them to go away."

Finlay signed to Mrs. Robertson and Margaret to leave the room, and they went reluctantly, their sobs echoing down the passage.

Finlay and Robertson sat for some time in silence. It seemed to Finlay that Robertson's expression was changing. Just being in his own house, although he did not recognise it, was smoothing out that expression of tense remoteness. At last Finlay began to speak carefully.

"Now, listen," he said. "You've got to understand, my friend, that you have lost your memory. It's not serious, but you have completely lost your memory. You will have to wait until it comes back."

The patient's face at last showed a look of frank interest.

"Is that a fact?" he said. "And how long does it take?"

"Well," said Finlay, trying to be reassuring. "Sometimes it comes back quite suddenly, the trouble passes over—"

A slow grin broke over "Wee Robbison's" face.

"Well, it's over now!" he said. "So fetch them in!" He fingered an address slip in his waistcoat pocket, and his grin broadened. He dug Finlay astily in the ribs.

"But, by Heaven, man, it was grand while it lasted!"

(Copyright.)



TRUST YOUR LIPS TO Michel

and Keep Them Young Forever!

★ If you moisten your lips all through the day—beware! It's a sign the lipstick you're using is drying your mouth—making it old and lined.

Your lips can be young—soft and appealing, all through life, if you use the lipstick that protects them . . . Michel Lipstick. The base of this famous lipstick was created especially to keep mouths soft. Michel Lipstick is pure—alluringly so! Its perfume delicately inviting.

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES

Blonde : Cherry Vivid : Capucine Raspberry : Scarlet

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



Solyptol LIQUID ANTISEPTIC

is the most widely used mouth wash in Australia today. Just a few drops in a tumbler of water used night and morning keeps the dangerous germs at bay.

Soothes, Disinfects. 1/6 - 3/6



IF IT'S FAULDING'S IT'S PURE

BALDNESS CAN BE CURED!

Baldness can be overcome—hair can be grown again under Edwin Holland's treatment. No-one can prescribe a correct treatment to make your hair grow again until the exact cause of YOUR baldness has been diagnosed. Edwin Holland will diagnose the exact cause of your baldness by mail. FREE. Just write for particulars. Treatment costs 12/- for the first month, 6/- per month afterwards until cured.

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349 Little Collins St., Melbourne. M13.



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Arnott's

FAMOUS
MILK
ARROWROOT
BISCUITS

With little trouble the school lunch can be improved in value and made wonderfully attractive, simply by adding buttered Milk Arrowroot Biscuits. All children love them.

Messrs. William Arnott Pty., Limited, have received over 40,000 unsolicited photographs, with testimonials, from grateful mothers whose children were reared from the age of six months on Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

C.42

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S — THEY ARE BETTER THAN EVER



GLAMOUR

lives in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I.L.O." makes tired eyes brilliant and clear, with whites free of veins or redness, in thirty seconds. "I.L.O." is the formula of a famous eye specialist—it soothes, clears, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain. Age signs begin at the eyes—"I.L.O." arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

I.L.O.
EYE LOTION
ALL CHEMISTS

DON'T BE OVER-CRITICAL

THE great danger to Virgoan family happiness is their regrettable tendency to over-criticism. If not extremely careful, this will turn them into "nags" and grumblers.

True, they are born to analyse and criticise, but while these are wonderful faculties if used wisely they can lead to failure and sorrow if applied destructively.

WRITER'S STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Many Virgoans are born spinsters or bachelors. Therefore they should exercise care in choosing partners. Otherwise they will find unhappiness.

THEY should think long and well before taking the vows of marriage, for in this department of their lives can their happiness rise or fall.

They frequently favor "single blessedness," both by nature and inclination, thus differing from the folk of other signs of the zodiac who seem to be natural wives and husbands.

Virgoans (those born between August 24 and September 23) are essentially intellectual, with a preponderance of mental rather than emotional, preferences and habits. The result is that others find them too cool and detached for serious affectional advances. This is regrettable, for behind that reserve and unobtrusiveness is a wealth of kindness, sympathy and unselfish love.

As a fact, most of those belonging to this sign find it difficult to display their feelings. But those who understand them and can get behind their natural reserve, learn that they are exceptionally sincere, thoughtful, cautious and serious and mentally well balanced.

They dislike false pretences and are not very good actors; therefore they are usually unsuccessful in showing a regard which they really do not feel. They seldom prove fickle in friendship, but they do not give their affection quickly, unthinkingly or insincerely.

For these reasons their love affairs are often unexciting and rather prosaic, somewhat lacking in the high-lights of the romantic ventures so dear to the hearts of more emotional and excitable people.

Partners (or expectant partners) should try to understand this inherent reserve and matter-of-factness, and give thanks for the reliability, faithfulness, common sense, and inborn goodness which can prove such boons to married life.

Another thing! Most Virgoans are born "fuss-pots." They are exceedingly clean, tidy, methodical, and

straightforward themselves, and expect everyone else to behave similarly. This frequently acts like a red rag to a bull, making others wild and resentful, but leaving the Virgoans themselves rather smug and condemnatory.

Virgoan partnerships should, for many reasons, be chosen with exceptional care and forethought.

Virgoans who mate with people born between April 31 and May 22, and December 22 and January 30, will usually prove happiest and enjoy similar interests and ideals.

Those who marry folk born during their own birth-month can also find great happiness, but each must be prepared to respect the opinions and mental achievements of the other.

Virgoans mating with people born between June 23 and July 23, or October 24 and November 23 can benefit greatly and determine much of their own happiness.

Attractions to folk born between May 22 and June 22, November 23 and December 22, and February 19 and March 21 seldom produce the full degree of happiness desired and expected.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS—also charmers. Miss Nita Dalton, who is shown playing a bass saxophone bigger than herself, is the leader of a ladies' saxophone band which has become popular on English beaches. The six players believe in keeping fit, as well as in tune, and often rehearse on the beach clad in bathing costumes.

Pond's Creams now give you the active "Skin-Vitamin"

"Skin troubles
don't
worry me now",
says
VISCOUNTESS
MOORE

If you should know the Viscountess Moore well enough to ask her how she keeps her skin so beautiful, she would tell you this: "I simply trust my complexion to Pond's Creams. They are so easy to use, and so effective."

"Skin-Vitamin" keeps
your skin radiant.

"Skin-Vitamin"! Who ever heard of that?

Doctors have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the "Skin-Vitamin" that you now get in Pond's Creams.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places. Now, with the active "Skin-Vitamin," it makes the skin smoother, softer, and gives a livelier look.

POND'S COLD CREAM with the active "Skin-Vitamin," cleanses, softens and smoothes for powder. It invigorates the skin and fights off blemishes, smoothes out lines, makes pores less noticeable.



Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "Skin-Vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old-looking. Now, with the "Skin-Vitamin," dried-up, flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

Listen to "Your Cavalier." 2CH at 11.00 a.m. every Tuesday; 2KY at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday; 2DR-LK at 3.30 p.m. every Tuesday; JAW at 3.00 p.m. every Thursday; 4BK-AC at 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; 4AD-MG-PT at 10.10 a.m. every Monday; and RML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams.

Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachelle), Light Cream, Rose Cream (Natural), Naturelle (Light Natural), Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette (Gunter). POND'S DEPT. X31 Box 11212, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____
Address _____

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair on September 3. Routine best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Go ahead with confidence, for the stars favor new projects, changes, requests and buying and selling, especially on September 4, 5, and 6 (go down). Put plans into operation then. Be hard-working and optimistic.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Live quietly this week, especially on September 3, 9, and 10, for over-confident or careless Gemini can get themselves into lots of trouble then. Delays, annoyances, losses and difficulties and arguments can predominate. Avoid changes and new ventures.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Small benefits possible on September 9 and 10. Otherwise routine best.

LEO (July 21 to August 24): Not spectacular, but September 6, 7, and 8 can produce difficulties for unwary Leonians.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Hard work can produce good results at this time, particularly in regard to changes and new enterprises. Ask favors on September 4, 5, and 6 (early). Seek advancement.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Perfect routine affairs. September 6 (afternoon only), 7, and 8 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Possibility for small gains and advancements on September 9 and 10, but hard work is necessary, too.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Take no risks at this time. Avoid changes, disputes, obstacles and worry (if you can), particularly on September 9 and 10.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 30): The stars will befuddle you and your affairs now, so put some important plans into active operation. Make September 4, 5, and 6 morning work hard for you. Your inborn thrift will show you how to make the most of your time.

AQUARIUS (January 30 to February 19): Just so-so for you on September 6, 7, and 8. Routine best.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20): Live quietly and try to avoid losses, estrangements and difficulties, especially on September 2.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor A.W.W.)

THIN, NERVY FRANCES

Frances was thin and nervy and wouldn't eat. Doctor traced the trouble back to her sleep.



When making Horlicks, be sure you use the patent mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes twice as nice. If you have not already got a mixer, ask your chemist or grocer for a Horlicks Special Pack containing a 1 lb. tin Horlicks, Mixer and Measuring Spoon, all for 2/-. Horlicks is also obtainable in 1 lb. tins at 1/6 and 1 lb. tins (economy size) at 2/9.

HORLICKS at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

The "Quins" Are Screen Stars Now



• THE FAMOUS "QUINS" are shortly to make another film, "Five or a Kind. You have only to glance at this picture to see that they will make a great hit. Here you see the five little charmers—Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, Annette, and Emilie—"strutting their stuff" for the film camera.



• IN A TABLEAU that gives an idea of the "Quins'" acting ability, the little actresses run the gamut of emotion. Here Annette (at left) hisses "Me Proud Beauty" to Marie, whose stance exudes unutterable scorn; Yvonne clowns a little; Cecile registers pathos; and Emilie contributes a bit of acrobatic glee.

—Pictures exclusive to
The Australian Women's Weekly.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



WIFE: A woman is judged by the company she keeps.
HUSBAND: Yes, but not until she's left them.



GOLFER: I told you I should have used an iron for this shot.
CADDY: Too right, sir, an electric iron to smooth out the divots.



"For Pete's sake, parrot, say something!"



"Lazy? Why, he wouldn't even weed the window-box."

IDEAL FOR *GIRLS*
JUST RIGHT FOR *MEN*

Dampette

NON STICKY
NON GREASY
NON SCENTED

KEEPS HAIR SET 2!
STOPS DANDRUFF BOTTLE LASTS 3 MONTHS

ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS, STORES

Use just a few drops... enough to cover a sixpence.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HUSBAND: There's plenty of time for Joan to think of getting married. Let her wait until the right man comes along.
WIFE: I don't see why she should wait that long. I didn't.

"WHAT makes you think your husband is delicious?"
"The way he says 'Cheerio!' and blows on the top of his medicine."

WIFE: I'm ready now. I thought you were dressed and waiting.
HUSBAND: So I was, but now you'll have to wait till I shave again.

JOHNSON: How are you getting on since your wife went away?
Jobson: Splendid! I've reached the highest point of efficiency. I can put my socks on from either end.

"I HAVE to take my wife's dog for a walk every day."
"What's the matter with your wife? She's strong and husky."
"Exactly. That's why I have to take the dog for a walk."

"I BELIEVE you only married me because my uncle left me his fortune."
"Darling, I'd have married you no matter who left it to you!"

PATIENT: Will the operation scar on my knee show, doctor?
Doctor: Madam, that depends entirely on yourself.

Those Who Depend So Much On The FEET

Will Find Real Comfort In **Zam-Buk**

ARE you one of those whose work—and efficiency, too—depends so much on the feet? If so, massage with Zam-Buk will keep them in first-class condition. Read what this grateful user of Zam-Buk says:—

"My Feet Were So Painful
and being on them a great deal I suffered badly. A friend advised me to try Zam-Buk, which I did—rubbing a little into each foot about a minute morning and night.

"The result was amazing! My feet seemed better at once, and I walked about with an ease and comfort I would never have believed possible. I wouldn't be without Zam-Buk, which I have since recommended to several people with tired, aching feet."

Mr. K. E. Orchard (6/9/37.)

1/6 or 3/6 a tin. All chemists and stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



All shoe assistants, nurses, waitresses, porters, policemen, busmen, housewives, etc., should keep Zam-Buk handy and use it nightly.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus pain, swelling, aching and tiredness are wonderfully relieved and the feet are kept sound and healthy.



YOUR SKIN CAN BE LOVELY, TOO, IF YOU USE EMOLIA.

Nature gave you a perfect skin—soft, enticing, glamorous, with the charm of youthful loveliness. Have you kept it so? Or has it become faded and lifeless? Vimard Emolia will banish the blemishes, overcome the faults, restore the original loveliness which you've lost by neglect. Vimard Emolia rejuvenates the dulled skin and revives all the charm of youth. Vimard Emolia can be had from all chemists and department stores—3/- and 5/- per bottle. Obtainable from all chemists and stores.



For Oily Skins

*Use Vimard VARDIA for Dry Skins. Write or call—Sister Vimard's, 139 King Street, Sydney, for a free sample of Vimard's Vardia, Emolia or Hand Lotion.



The Insurance man says—
"The best insurance against Coughs and Colds is HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. It brings rapid relief. I know of no better health insurance." 2/6 and 4/6.

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Temperament is Handicap to Women in Sport

WHY THEY CAN'T PLAY LIKE MEN

By JOAN HARTIGAN

Australian tennis star, who has just returned from Wimbledon.

WE saw a women's Wimbledon this year.

Perhaps never before has so much interest centred on the women players. This was because there were so few interesting people in the men's matches. Donald Budge was the outstanding figure among them.

I couldn't help feeling again this year that temperament is the great stumbling-block to women in the matter of championship sport.

I have seen players weeping in the dressing-room and looking on the verge of collapse before or after a match.

Women just can't take it as men can.

They are more nervy and highly-strung than men, and they are much more sensitively conscious of the close attention of thousands of spectators.

That is why I believe that women cannot go on playing centre-court tennis as long as men can.

The success of Helen Wills-Moody again this year may appear to refute this, yet she actually proves it because she has no nerves at all.

She is even more poker-faced than ever, and her overpowering personality has a devastating effect on most of her opponents.

She comes on the court with such cool confidence that you begin to feel as certain as she is that she'll be the winner.

I believe this lack of temperament is the secret of her lasting form.

Fiery Madame

THE prize for temperamental display this year must go to Madame Mathieu, the fiery French mother-of-a-family who still is a front-rank player.

I don't think Australian spectators would stand for her antics.

When she was playing Nancye Wynne she was foot-faulted repeatedly, and at last she went across and demanded that the foot-fault judge should come onto the court and show her what she was doing.

When he refused, she picked up a ball and hit it at him with her racket. The crowd roared with laughter, but it was certainly a gesture open to criticism.

Incidentally, this hold-up and by-play had a bad effect on Madame's opponent, Nancye Wynne, who was flitting uneasily at the other end of the court.

It put her right off her game, and she played woefully for the rest of the match—another instance of the nervousness of the woman player.

Madame Mathieu is a keen bridge player, and before her matches is usually seen playing patience in the competitors' lounge, probably to keep her mind off the coming contest.

Most of the girls knit while they are waiting.

Thelma Coyne is an example of the more placid type of player. She seems less strung-up than most, and I'd like to see her calm temperament allied with Nancye Wynne's play. It would be a champion combination.

Thelma Coyne and Nancye Wynne were greatly praised by the critics. The famous English coach, Dan

Maskeil, who coaches most leading players and the Davis Cup team, was so impressed with Thelma's play that he suggested she stay in England for a year.

He was quite certain the extra and varied experience she would gain would put her to the very front rank of players.

I don't believe we can expect too much of our women tennis players when we send a team abroad so rarely.

It is ten years since we sent a women's team in 1928, so our players get no chance of becoming accustomed to the strain of top-grade championships. They miss the wonderful experience gained in competing against many and varied top-grade players.

Thelma Coyne and Nancye Wynne as a pair are, for all that, absolutely in world class. They were the only pair to take a set from the ultimate doubles winners, Sarah Pavyan and Alice Marble, the American pair.

Alice Marble was the glamorous girl of Wimbledon. She was the most outstanding figure on the court, with her fair, curling hair and dashing outfits.



MISS JOAN HARTIGAN, who returned from abroad last week. The morning she arrived she wore this smart London camel-hair coat in the new square-shouldered box style.

She wears very short sharkskin shorts without pleats and with tailored shirt-tops, and has lots of colored cardigans, some made of angora.

She provided the most intriguing fashion note of the championships—her jockey caps. These were sometimes pale blue and sometimes white, and they have become very popular among tennis players in England. I expect we'll see them here this season.

Alice has a lovely figure, rather like Nancye Wynne's, and her game is like Nancye's.

At one time it was thought she would have to give up tennis. She strained her back playing a big match in Paris in 1934, and was out of the game for two years.

Stage Careers Are Not All Glory

ACTOR DICK FAIR ON 2GB

Dick Fair, well known to Australian theatre-goers and radio listeners, has become a general and feature announcer at 2GB.

This young man has had quite an entertaining career of theatrical ups and downs, has seen Australia thoroughly three times, and is happy to be comfortably settled in radio.

TIRE of earning a mere 25/- a week after working six months in the office of an estate agent, young Dick Fair gave notice and walked out one Friday afternoon to see what the theatre had to offer in the way of a career.

He is grateful to the theatrical manager who gave him his first job and so started him on the career which has finally led to his present position of general and feature announcer on 2GB.

Looking back on the 10 years he spent on the stage, Dick can find plenty to chuckle over now, but he has no desire to go back to the glorious insecurity of a princely salary one week and nothing the next few months.

Bumps and Blows

"My first big bump," said Dick, "came with my second engagement. I was feeling quite a seasoned actor after a few weeks at the Newcastle theatre, and you can imagine my chagrin when I was given a job just walking on with the Maurice Moscovitch Company.

"I soon realised, however, that even this was good training, and there was still a lot for me to learn. "After touring Australia for three years with this great actor of the old school I found myself playing the light comedy parts in plays such as 'The Silent House'.

"The company disbanded, and that was my second big bump. By dint of hard work, I had got back to the

£10 mark. Broadcasting later offered me a permanent job and a regular salary, so I settled down in Sydney, and now here I am at 2GB."

Asked about his plans, Mr. Fair explained that he would be conducting 2GB's early-morning session. "I have some very definite ideas," he said, "on what a breakfast session ought to be, and I think that most listeners will agree with me.

"You want the time as frequently as possible; plenty of light, tuneful music that a man can whistle while he is shaving without cutting himself, and a woman can hum without scalding herself when pouring out the tea.

"Add plenty of brightness to put everyone in a cheerful mood for the rest of the day.

"I'd want people to think of me as an unobtrusive friend of the family who can drop in for breakfast without upsetting things."



TIME IS PRECIOUS

Look at your watch—it isn't a matter of knowing about what time it is, but of knowing the exact time. Don't take chances. Ask your Jeweller to show you the full range of Lavina Ladies' and Gentlemen's latest styles. Sturdy and accurate.

TIME FOR A LIFETIME

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Cleans smoothly—preserves the surface

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FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, SYDNEY ANNOUNCES

A FREE LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

ENTITLED: FUNDAMENTAL APPLICATIONS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By PROFESSOR HERMANN S. HERING, C.S.B., Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

In the TOWN HALL, SYDNEY, on Tuesday, 6th September, at 1.15 p.m.

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.

FASHION PORTFOLIO

September 3, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



• ABOVE is a smart, short-sleeved walking-suit of lime-green wool linen. It has simple but interesting hand work on the revers, front, and pockets. The fastening is a concealed zipper.

+ +

• AN EFFECTIVE use is made of dots by one of the lasses in the centre picture. She has chosen an ensemble of plain navy dress with dotted sleeves and neck bow and a dotted coat with plain blue collar. Her friend's dress is black with white accents, and a little white-cuffed bolero with a white edging. Shady hat of white coarse straw.

+ +

• HORIZONTAL stripes are one of the strikingly popular fashions of the moment. The girl at the left wears them in a jersey dress in navy and white, navy sash and hat. The pretty youngster with her arm hooked in her friend's is in a youthful ensemble of desert-brown silk dress and coat of white Ottoman with striped revers. White panama hat.

Photographs selected in London by Mary St. Claire and forwarded by Air Mail.



WALKING and TALKING

• BLUE-AND-WHITE dotted street dress with pleated skirt. Over it is a short white lightweight wool jacket with a cutaway effect below the waist.



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Permanent
WAISTBAND
PANTIES · SCANTIES · BLOOMERS

GUARANTEED
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DIGNITY . . . is the Keynote of the EVENING COIFFURE

● FOR FORMAL evening wear the girl at the top left has dressed her hair in a broken halo. Arranged in scroll fashion, it conforms to the sculptured upward trend.

● THE BIAS-BRUSHED coiffure made is illustrated in the sketch at the top right. The hair is brushed up diagonally across the head from the nape of the neck to make forward scrolls.

● CENTRE: Another method of achieving height in the coiffure is illustrated by the centre sketch. The hair is brushed straight up, with curled ends caught in a top-knot and tied.

● LOWER LEFT: A semi-Grecian hairdress fashioned high on the head, with softly-combed waves that draw the hair high off the ears. Very modern, it has a gracious old-world air.

● SKETCHED just above is a back view of the modern version of an Edwardian coiffure. The hair is piled high in curls, with a long rolled curl across the crown — a modern top-knot.

● VERY OLD-WORLD, even to its elaborate comb, is the brushed-up coiffure above. The curls are piled high and pushed forward, with a flower perched right on top of them.

Rene

GATHER YOUR NUTS and MAY . . . in GAY FUN CLOTHES

Here are six smart girls in jolly jeans, husky denims and other who-cares-a-hang bravadoes.

● MARY makes havoc in her garden growth with a pair of scissors and white jeans, topped by a brilliant shirt and hat.



● WHITE sharkskin is Judy's choice, too. Her dress-over-play-suit ensemble is very serviceable for week-ends. She likes its bright accents, too.

● SHEILA'S HAT was meant to protect her fairness from the sun, but who cares? Not Sheila, who's perfectly happy in her linen suspender skirt worn over a loudly-printed playsuit.

● PADDY-THE-NEXT-BEST-THING approves of the scenery in tailored white sharkskin suit. The short bolero jacket has half-a-dozen bright pockets and a ditto collar.

● LINDA goes on the loose in white silk and linen suspender shorts, with a brilliant cotton blouse and matching beanie.

● BETTY does a drop of beach-combing in a dirndl of white terry, belted peasant-fashion in primary colors.

R. S. W.

Add a Spice of Drama To Your Dressing

It does not for a moment mean wearing those long earrings and giving a blood-hound look to the face, or the putting on of a Spanish shawl, or any of those things.

Meaning that the woman with little money can do certain dramatic things in the way of small vivid touches of color, color combinations, and accessories that the richer has no time to do, won't be bothered to do, because her basic clothes are so well put as to content her as they stand.

The rich woman who buys, say, a lemon-green evening dress will probably without much thought have shoes dyed to match, have a lemon bag, just off the shade, and wear her mink coat with her outfit.

All right, but not dramatic. All right even for you without being dramatic, only it happens life hasn't yet given you a mink coat (though it may put one in your Christmas stocking any day now, who knows?)

Unusual Color

THE limited-income woman will think carefully after she has laid her money out on a lemon-green evening dress.

She was right to do so because it is an unusual color which will give cause for thought and envy on the part of many other women, granted that she has the skin to carry it off, and it will dye well when she gets tired of hearing its praises.

Golden Rules for Chic for the Not-So-Well-Off Woman

Dramatise yourself. Don't go through life colorless and unnoticed and dull.

"What?" you reply, "after all you've said about the blousiness of the whoopysish woman, is it you who advises us to dramatise ourselves?"

I know, I know. But to dramatise yourself and your clothes is something quite different.

But the accessories won't dye as well and they must be thought of, be as finished as the dress and yet practical.

She will eventually, after this period for thought, appear with a warm chestnut bag and shoes to match, and a brown coat of another shade, darker, less red.

She has now, in a quiet and very distinguished way, dramatised her outfit. It is a combination that other women might never have thought of; she has added spice to her outfit and other women will look to her for a lead in combining colors.

Drama added to your clothes

must be restrained, must be done with a plan.

The rich woman can afford to buy a romantic, glamorous evening gown (not more than one, spaced well out in time from the other, lest she gets to be known as a "type" dresser of whom one knows so many—the woman with the pageboy hair, the woman with the girlish bows, the woman with the chiffon scarves, the woman in velvet).

Whilst glamor in the daytime is dangerous even to the rich, glamor at night can be carried off with lights and music.

But the less well-off must make their drama in other ways. With

By
Alison Settle
Famous English Fashion
Authority
Exclusive to The Australian
Women's Weekly

unexpectedly good color schemes—and there you have half the battle of good dressing won—with sudden flashes of spending on accessories and ornaments—only, always, of course, granted if the basis of dressing is plain and good.

The woman to envy for her dressing is not the woman with the excellent and complete wardrobe of clothes, but the woman who, with a handkerchief from the handkerchief-drawer, twisted and tied with chic round the neck of her dull dress, causes you to forget the dress and only admire her chic.

This is the woman who finds in the shops the unexpected bell, who wears her hat at the new and correct angle before you realise that the way you put yours on is dull, the woman who appears in country clothes that are as restrained and simple as yours and yet, by the color of her hat, her scarf, her gloves, takes those clothes into another class, who wears her clothes with an air.

And the only right air with which to wear clothes is not pride or vanity or expectation of approval, but sheer forgetfulness of what you are wearing or how you are looking.

Forget Yourself

WHEN you are yourself perfectly turned out, whether at high or very low expense, you will achieve that forgetfulness.

You should only think of your clothes when they are so new that you and they are not as yet really acquainted; after that, they are so right that you give them no further thought.

At the looking-glass, in your bedroom, plan for combining colors, tying this scarf, twisting that belt, using this great pin through that handkerchief, using those clips with that plain black dress. But there let it end.

One look in the mirror in the front hall as you go out and after that you are you, yourself, a human being with brains, emotions, and in no sense a clothes peg, remembering the clothes hung upon it.

It is the woman who forgets herself who is noticed and remembered by others.

PARIS Snapshots

From MARY ST. CLAIRE
By Air Mail.

A DIMINUTIVE leather book-case, fitted with matching volumes is the newest handbag. It looks something like the prayer-book cases we used to carry to church as children.

The books are each little compartments and are titled in gold letters: "Poudre," also contains a puff and lipstick, "Crème" has a tiny scent bottle fitted in beside the cream and "Argent," of course, is the purse.

CATALIN, a sort of synthetic resin, is the newest material for jewelry, hats, fans, bracelets with powder boxes fitted into them, tortoise-shell hair combs, and a type of scarf that, with a patent-buckle, can be converted into a turban.

This plastic substance has been known for some time in America, but is new to Paris, and it is therefore the craze of the moment.

STRAW hats like saucers, and not much larger, with the place for the cup filled with all kinds of meadow flowers are having a tremendous vogue here. Many of them have the posy tied with a wide bow, the stalks pointing upwards and the bow standing out spikily into space.

The gayer the color the better. Scarlet, royal-blue, vivid lettuce-green and a brilliant rose-pink are the favorite shades.

CLIPS made of large cultured pearls in every possible design, from plain rings to baby elephants and posies of orchids, are all the rage for adding the finishing touch to the straight necks of day frocks.

When one is worn, it pulls the straight neck either to the left or right, or makes it into a shallow V in the centre-front. When a pair are used, they make an ordinary round neck into a wide square, a small V back and front or a boat neck with the clip on each shoulder.

SAFETY is "in the bag" for the smart Parisienne. She will not need to worry about the most reckless taxi-driver if she carries one of the latest handbags fitted with reflectors—large red glass buttons similar to the reflectors on a cyclist's rear mudguard.

When mademoiselle steps off the kerb at night her handbag will reflect the lights of the oncoming traffic and will warn all drivers that a pedestrian is crossing the boulevard.

SPRING TONICS



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"Must you go, Joan? I'm so sorry."
"I'm sorry too, Jim, but... er... I have a most important engagement."



"Why Joan, I thought you were keen on Jim. Why did you hurry away?"
"It's these beastly new shoes. I just had to slip them off for a moment."



"Why not wear Tango, like mine. They fit snugly but never cut the instep."
"Beautiful! Where did you get them?"
"They're made by Bedggood's... any good shoe store sells them."



Flexible instep gives you fit with comfort
Tango
FLEXIBLE INSTEP
Court Shoe

Don't wear court shoes that cut your instep, wear the
BEDGGOOD TANGO



Made only by BEDGGOOD
Obtainable at all good shoes

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

CAREER PROBLEM

MOST of the unhappiness and restlessness among the young people of to-day is due to their refusal to go deeply enough into the business of choosing a career.

For instance, most girls of to-day are sent to a business college upon leaving school, regardless of what they are fitted for.

Soon they find themselves in vocations for which they have no aptitude and are consequently extremely miserable.

If parents would take their children to see a vocational psychologist and let him find out exactly what they should do with their lives, they would be many times repaid, and a lifetime of unhappiness could be avoided.

For girls and boys to leave school and enter an already overcrowded business world when they have no real vocation for business seems absurd.

Miss Isla Haywood, 56 Spruson St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

LACK OF CONTROL

IT seems a very common thing these days for people, especially business girls, to resort to bad language on the slightest provocation.

This brands them as lacking in self-control, and possessing weak vocabularies in not being able adequately to express their feelings in appropriate terms.

If they tried to overcome this bad habit and endeavored to use suitable phrases, fit for everyone to hear, they would be surprised at the improvement in their vocabulary, and also in their tempers.

Miss M. Rennie, 41 Princess St., Fitzroy N6, Melbourne.

WOMEN FRIVOLOUS

IT amuses me as a goldfields woman who lives close to the realities of life to read about the frivolous subjects which many of your readers seem to delight in discussing.

Is it any wonder that so many people say women are unfitted to take part in the government of the country?

Mrs. A. Green, 19B Lane Street, Boulder City, W.A.

LOST PROPERTY

WHAT twist is it that impels people to take home and retain (or destroy) lost property, which by its nature is quite useless to any but the owner?

Such things, for instance, as a single glove (the cause of this letter) which could have been recovered if handed to train guard or tram conductor, not valuable enough to warrant rewards and advertising costs, fit a matter of consideration to the owner and utterly useless to the thoughtless finder.

Lost property of value may tempt the cupidity of some finders, but it is difficult to find an explanation for taking such articles as these.

Florence Hall, c/o Koompartoo, 58 Tarrens Road, Cheltenham, S.A.

WIN POPULARITY

MOST people believe that being good listeners makes them popular.

I find that the bright talkers are the persons who are sought after. They have ideas which they voice, while the "listener" is usually inarticulate.

The witty conversationalist gives something to others, and has a cheering effect.

But the negative listener contributes very little.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. Joy McDonald, No. 3 Kenilworth, Hardie St., King's Cross, N.S.W.



Brothers Out of Flat Life Versus Fashion as Escorts? Home and a Garden Should Juvenile Reading Be Censored?

IN reply to Miss N. Platt, who says that these days brothers won't take their sisters out (13/8/38).

I think that Miss Platt has been unfortunate in her experience. Although I have not a brother of my own age, most of my girl friends have, and I cannot name one who does not take his sister out.

Miss T. Miller, 3 Dunlaw St., Llaneston, Tas.

Gallant Young Brother! SURELY Miss Platt hasn't a brother of her own to write as she does!

My young brother never refuses when asked to partner me at some special event.

Being married and out of practice I'm not as "light of toe" as of yore, yet he nobly rises to the occasion.

Mrs. H. Goodsir, Debonair, 34 Cornwall St., West Moreland N12, Vic.

Friends from Childhood MISS N. PLATT could not have made a companion of her brother in childhood or he would be her protector in manhood.

My brother takes my sister and me anywhere we wish to go. We have always been pals and have taken an interest in all things that interested him.

Miss Mary Nell, 47 Thames Prom., Chelsea S15, Vic.

Brothers Are Ready MANY girls I know depend on their brothers to take them about, and I can assure you they are rarely disappointed.

I am never at a loss for anyone to take me anywhere, because either one of my brothers is always willing to act as escort.

Of course, once someone else's sister claims the brother's attention his sister does become somewhat neglected.

Kathleen Brien, Glen Logan, Cowra, N.S.W.

Blame Girls DOES not much of the blame for a brother's disinterest rest with the girls themselves? Are they affectionate in their attitude towards their brothers, or are they continually bickering and fault-finding?

This, I think, often alienates a brother's sympathy. No other girl can take the place of a good sister.

If a girl is a good sport, and puts herself out for him, too, her brother will not be selfish and allow her to lack an escort.

Mrs. R. Wylie, Bishop's Creek, via Lismore, N.S.W.

Here's New Independence MISS N. PLATT overlooks the fact that "Miss 1938" prefers other girls' brothers to her own.

Also, competitive entry by girls into man's occupations and their new independence prevent any male from considering them in need of his support and protection.

The modern girl can blame her-



Brother not wanted.

self when brothers refuse to show her old-time chivalry.

Mrs. J. R. Currie, 1 Oberon Ave., Hawthorn East E3, Vic.

Doesn't Need Him NO, brothers to-day have not forgotten how to be gallant, but a man's sister does not need his protection and guidance. She is quite able to take care of herself.

In days gone by many restrictions were placed on the young people's outings. If a brother escorted his sister anywhere he knew he would meet the other fellow's sister there also.

Mrs. S. J. Leary, Royal Parade, Alderly, Brisbane.

YES, Mrs. Poll (13/8/38), I agree that flats are prosaic.

They give little outlet for one's originality in planning a garden—an important part of home-making—for in most flats the space allotted is usually shared by all the flat-dwellers.

Children brought up in flats cannot have the same freedom and fresh air that they would get in a small home with a garden.

Miss E. Grant, 64 Foley St., Kew, Vic.

Not So Lonely I CAN give many reasons for people preferring flats.

Small houses near trams and city are scarce and expensive.

If one is nervous a small flat is preferable to a lonely house.

Mrs. Poll says there are restrictions on one's freedom in a flat.

Where I live there are five small flats, and no one can complain of lack of freedom. We are like one big family, yet each has privacy if desired.

Mrs. Penhallurick, Waterworks Rd., Red Hill, Brisbane.

Can't Be Nervous I DO not agree with Mrs. Cecil Poll

when she says that flats are undesirable living quarters.

For a lonely person or a small family, nothing could be better or made more cosy.

One would not be afraid to remain alone at night, and there would be no backyard or garden to worry about.

When you want to take a holiday you have only to lock up and stay

Employers Need References A GIRL when applying for a domestic position is usually asked by her prospective employer, "Have you any references?"

Yet were that employer asked to produce a reference concerning her own character and treatment of previous domestics she would be horrified.

A girl has as much right to a reference from her prospective employer as the employer has to one from her.

Miss Grace L. Sparkes, 6 Wood's Chambers, Hay Street, Perth.

away for as long as you like. The flat will take care of itself.

B. Creane, 30 Figtree Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

Home Best YES, Mrs. Poll, it is a pity that young married couples do not realise what they are missing by living in flats—even if they do have all "mod. cons."

After a wife has finished her housework she has nothing in the home to keep her there, so goes off to outside pleasures, wasting money.

There is not enough to interest the husband in a flat—especially during week-ends. Give him a house and garden and he will delight in making it a thing of joy, thus bringing the wife happiness and for both an added interest in their home. Hence they don't want to go out continually to get away from the flat.

Mrs. M. Barry, 12 Remuera St., South Caulfield, Melbourne.

Flats More Central MRS. POLL forgets that not all young couples have the same tastes.

Many people really dislike gardening, and consider the economy (if any) not worth while. They prefer the closer proximity of neighbors to the freedom (often isolation) of a cottage, and consider a central position a great advantage.

Often the desire for a cottage and garden comes later, when the babies arrive, and, after all, that is soon enough.

M. Taylor, 18 Swete Street, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

CHILDREN should be encouraged to read the newspapers (13/8/38).

There is no necessity to allow them to pore over the more distasteful news, but by careful guidance—and example is the best teacher—they



Acquiring general knowledge.

can be taught to read the general and overseas news, thus acquiring a broader outlook on life.

M. Burgess, College View, Gatton, Qld.

Broadens Mind I THINK that if children naturally turn to reading the newspapers they should be allowed to do so.

My son began at seven years of age to read the captions under the pictures. Now at 10 years he reads most of the news, and I notice he doesn't seem to take much notice of crime and murder.

Mrs. R. F. Quine, Menangle Street, Picton, N.S.W.

Keep Outlook Happy CHILDREN will learn soon enough the defects of this world, and I don't agree with Mrs. Dunlop that they should read all the reports of crime in the newspapers.

Let them have a pleasant view of life.

Miss D. Keher, 123 Rossmoyne St., Thornbury N17, Vic.

Miss Constance Child, 7 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

UNEXPLORED NORTH

ONE reads a good deal about our Northern Territory and its vast areas which have as yet never been visited by white people.

Well, instead of spending so much money on unproductive relief work, why not use the money in opening up this new country for settlement?

Who knows but that in this unknown land of ours there may be another El Dorado behind its jungle screen.

C. Howard, Old Logan Road, Goodna, Qld.

AMBITION NEEDED THERE is no easy way to success. Everything that is of value means hard work.

We have been charmed, recently, with the singing and playing of visiting artists. How they must have studied, and practised, to reach such a high standard.

Just a few reach the top, and yet so many have wonderful gifts. Ambition and patience are the necessary qualities.

Mrs. J. F. Walker, Cintra Street, East Ipswich, Qld.

EARLY TRAINING SPEAKING generally, the majority of children under nine years of age are well formed, straight, and deport themselves naturally and prettily.

These characteristics become carer among older children and young men and women. It is appalling to see the number who deport themselves clumsily.

Such irregularities are the result of laxness, especially on the part of those responsible for the upbringing of children.

The attainment of such a quality will not be acquired by a few early morning exercises. Children must be constantly trained if they are to become well-formed and attractive adults.

Miss D. Keher, 123 Rossmoyne St., Thornbury N17, Vic.

Miss Constance Child, 7 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.



It Doesn't take Years of Thought

HUNDREDS of times Mrs. Brown had thought to herself: "I'd love to own a Baby Grand," only to dismiss the impulse with: "But how are we going to pay for it?"

Now let's turn to Mr. Brown. "Gosh! I'd love to own a Baby Grand," is what he thought—the same idea exactly, but not so elegantly phrased. Foremost in his mind, too, was: "How are we going to pay for it?"

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had never troubled to find out how simple it is to own a Baby Grand—or any instrument—on Nicholson's exceptionally easy terms. Once they did, a Baby Grand Piano was installed the very same day!

Be like the Browns. Call and get the same information, and you too will quickly become the proud owner of a Baby Grand from Nicholson's.

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IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR
MY BABY'S SKIN!
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**PAINS
AFTER MEALS**

Are a sign that your digestive organs are not equal to their work. They need help to enable them to perform their functions easily and naturally. Mother Seigel's Syrup gives just this help, as it possesses in a remarkable degree the power to tone, strengthen and regulate the action of the digestive organs—the stomach, liver and bowels. It is the special combination of herbal extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives it such supreme medicinal value. Test it in your own case, to-day! At Chemists and Stores 1/9 and 3/6.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE Attacks Heart of Victims Thousands of Lives Now Saved By Menthoids



TWELVE thousand Australians died in one year from High Blood Pressure, among them some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens. Symptoms of High Blood Pressure, like those of Cancer, are no ordinary, that people often mistake them for something less serious. High Blood Pressure is generally caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons, and you can do this by taking a course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS after meals. For Menthoids are a powerful, natural, antiseptic medicine in convenient form which neutralizes and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

Have YOU These Symptoms?

1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, start a course of Menthoids to-day and get a flask of MENTHOIDS at mealtime. You can get large flasks of MENTHOIDS containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 6/6, or smaller flasks for 3/6. Menthoids contain no drugs and are harmless.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

Menthoids acclaimed Nature's Own Remedy

"Too Ill to Walk—Now Well Again"

"Please send me another 6/6 flask of Menthoids," writes Mr. W.H.I. of Allendale. "I received great benefit from the flask I received a month ago, and my wife is going to take them, too, since she has seen the wonderful good they have done me. Before I started treatment I was too ill even to walk, but I can go about my affairs now just the same as I did 10 years ago."

MENTHOIDS are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for MENTHOIDS sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful and tone up your stomach, liver and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous.

Be sure to get genuine Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine.

FREE Diet Chart

Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable diet chart which will help you.

What Women Are Doing

Lecture Tour

MRS. LINDA LITTLEJOHN, of Sydney, well-known feminist and president of the Equal Rights International, and of the United Associations of Women, will leave on October 14 by the Mariposa on a radio and lecture tour to the United States.

The tour will open at the New York Town Hall, when Mrs. Littlejohn's subject will be, "Democracy in the Pacific with special relation to Australia."

She will also speak on feminism and other general matters. Her manager also directed Maude Royden's tour.

Medical Missionary In New Guinea

RETURNING from England, where she took a course in tropical medicine at the London University, Dr. Agnes Hoeger, of North Dakota, U.S.A., spent a short while in Sydney recently before going on to New Guinea.

Dr. Hoeger is a medical missionary and is attached to the American Lutheran Mission, New Guinea, which is also supported by the Australian Lutheran Church.

Has Played in Many Hockey Carnivals

MRS. J. JUKES, who has been selected to play in the Victorian women's hockey team leaving for Hobart this Friday to take part in the Interstate Carnival, is well known in the hockey world as Jean Hoggart.

She was a member of the Victorian Interstate team in 1933, and captained the State side at the State carnival in 1934. That same year Mrs. Jukes went to Oxford for two years. She has a Diploma of Education and is a Bachelor of Arts. While in England she played hockey for Oxford for two seasons, and was in the team which defeated Cambridge for the first time for several years. Nowadays she plays for Graduates in the A Grade section of the Victorian hockey premiership.



Mrs. Jukes
—Jack Cato.

VICTORIA LEAGUE CHAIRMAN

LADY FORSTER, who was so popular in Australia during Lord Forster's term as Governor-General, has resigned from the chairmanship of the Victoria League, as she now lives in the country and cannot attend the meetings of the league in London.

She is succeeded by Lady Harlech, daughter of the Marquess of Salisbury. Lady Harlech was for many years vice-chairman of the league and in that capacity, and through her husband's associations with the Dominion and Colonial offices, has met numerous overseas visitors to London.

Won Ballet Scholarships To Train in England

MISS BETTY POUNDER, Victorian winner of the three months' scholarship at the British Ballet Organisation, London, will leave this Saturday for England, where she will appear in the patriotic ballet produced by the organisation each autumn.

Miss Pounder has already had several stage engagements in Melbourne, and was in the ballet of "Romeo and Juliet" with J. C. Williamson, Ltd. In England she will live at the home of Madame Louise Kay, founder and organiser of the British Ballet Organisation, who came to Australia recently to conduct the examinations.

Miss Bettina Brown, winner of the scholarship in New South Wales, will probably be a fellow passenger to England with Miss Pounder.

Madame Kay regards Miss Brown as an outstanding dancer. She was the only Australian member of the Russian Ballet which visited Australia last year.

Knows All About Cooking and Patching

OVER a period of six months—from March to September, the end of this month—Mrs. T. Morgan, of Brisbane, has been asked to act as honorary judge in the cookery section of more than 22 shows.

She had a very busy time as judge of that section, for the 17th time, at the recent Brisbane Exhibition as there was a record number of entries.

Mrs. Morgan inherited from her mother, the late Mrs. Wilson Henry, of Nundah, a sincere love of everything pertaining to home life, and early decided to take up domestic science as a career.

After teaching in the colleges at Rockhampton and Mt. Morgan for seven years, she was appointed in charge of the all-day Domestic Science School in Queensland, which was opened in Ipswich in 1916.

Patching is one of Mrs. Morgan's favorite pastimes, and one year she won the all-Australian championship patching prize, in addition to many other needlework prizes.

Studying Nursery School Methods in America

NEWS comes from America of Miss Madeleine Crump, of Melbourne, formerly director of the Lady Northcote Free Kindergarten, Montague, Victoria, who went to New York for advanced study. Miss Crump, who is well known in nursery school, kindergarten and student Christian Union circles in Melbourne, has passed her first examination in the science course at Columbia University, New York, after only five months' study. At present she is attached for two months to the special research nursery school connected with the State University of Iowa.

Official Guest at N.Z. Centenary Celebrations

MISS BRENDA CUTTHIE, M.B.E., who divides her time between London and New Zealand, has been invited as an official guest to the forthcoming New Zealand Centenary Celebrations.

Miss Cutthie is well known as the author of "New Zealand Memories," which had a wide circulation in England as well as in the Dominion and Australia. She entertains many overseas visitors in her London flat.

B.A. of Oxford and Melbourne Universities

WITH a long list of scholastic honors to her credit, including the Diploma of Education at Melbourne University, Miss Lorna Mitchell, of Melbourne, is now in Germany investigating curricula for girls' secondary schools.

Miss Mitchell, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Mitchell, of South Yarra, received her early education at the Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Melbourne. She was captain of the school, and won a Government Scholarship and an Exhibition for English, and received her colors for baseball, hockey and running.

At Melbourne University she took her B.A. with honors, winning the Alexandra Sutherland Prize, the Edward Stevens Exhibition, and obtaining her blue for hockey.

Later Miss Mitchell went to Oxford, where she was a member of the Home Students Society, and took her B.A. degree, again with honors. At the conclusion of her studies in Germany she will return to Melbourne.

Plays Badminton For Her State

AT the interstate badminton championships in Melbourne this month, a young South Australian player will be Mrs. Norman Tillett, who has just won the S.A. State championship in the women's games. As Miss Nancy Phelps, Mrs. Tillett first played badminton in 1934, and the following year won the title of woman champion of the State.

After her marriage, she retired from the game, but took it up again last year, and once more is champion.

Mrs. Tillett is also a tennis enthusiast. She formerly played pennant for Holdfast, and now plays in the Ladies' Association at Reade Park. She has won several country championships.

Holds Degree In Home Economics

DIETETICS, organic chemistry and sociology were among the subjects studied by Miss Marguerite Dittmar, a recent visitor to Australia from America, when doing a four years' course for her bachelor of science degree in home economics at a High School in New Jersey, U.S.A.

The course was regarded as so difficult that only 16 out of 44 students who began it continued after the second year.

Practical work and teaching were included, and as part of her training Miss Dittmar took over the management of a big cafeteria and put it on a paying basis. She also supervised running a hospital kitchen.

Speed in Typing Brought Her Many Offers of Work

MISS JEAN TREBEL, a Melbourne business girl, who has returned after three years abroad, won top marks for speed typists in a contest in London. This brought her offers of jobs from 35 business firms and from the Foreign Office, which wanted speed typists to take down messages direct from members of the staff in European countries.

In addition to being of British birth and passing a general knowledge test the typist was required to speak French, Italian and German.

In order to learn languages Miss Trebel took a position with an international travel agency, and now, when she returns to London, will be able to take the Foreign Office work.

BREAK that COLD ...tonight



with the 3-MINUTE VAPORUB MASSAGE

FIRST, rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.

NEXT, rub VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades.

THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat and chest.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

IT DID THE TRICK

Upstairs Mrs. Cole lay listless and ill. Downstairs a rather scared family held conference. "She's never been like this before," said Father. "She seems to have lost all interest in life," said Brother Bill. "The Doctor says she's organically sound, but she just doesn't want to get better," said Elder Sister.

"Look here," said Youngest Brother, "why don't we try Wincarnis? Look what it did for me after that nervous breakdown, last exams."

"Good idea," said Father. And that night he brought home a bottle of this wonderful tonic.

From the first glass Mother started showing a greater interest in things, and before a week had elapsed she was busy around the house, her old self once more.

Wincarnis works wonders in all cases of anaemia, debility, insomnia, and all complaints caused by weakened nervous and physical resistance.

Rich wine, beef essence and extract of malt, carefully blended by experts restore lost energy, strengthen weakened resistance after illness, and build up muscle and tissue.

Twenty thousand recommendations from medical men testify to the health-giving qualities of Wincarnis, and recommend it as an excellent tonic.

Buy a bottle to-day—but remember that Wincarnis has no cheap substitute.

FARMER'S

Mail your orders to P.O. Box 497 A.A., Sydney, or phone M2405 for fast delivery.



• Come to the Business Girl Luncheon each Tuesday and hear leading Australian and visiting celebrities. Inclusive tariff, 1/3. On Ninth Floor.

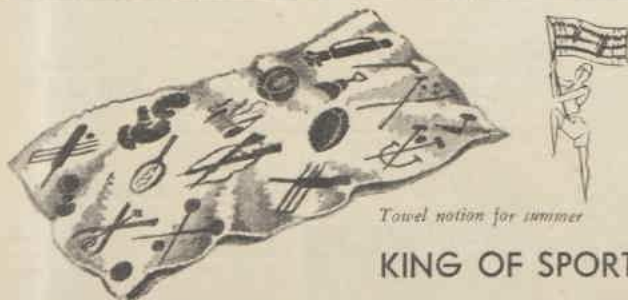
AMAZING PURCHASE! 10,000 YARDS

Lace Flouncings

Usually at prices from 5/11 to 21/- **4/11** Scores of exciting new colours here!

Fresh as spring dew for your new, cool-weather evening frocks. 10,000 yards of 34-36 inch lace flouncings, embracing chantillys and plenty of heavier types. In pink, light blue, light or dark beige, royal blue, wine, purple, honey, bottle green, emerald, black.

Lace Flouncings on the Ground Floor. A lay-by?



Towel notion for summer

KING OF SPORTS

Make your body glow in tune with the sun with one of these crazy sports towels. Every conceivable sport is represented in the design. On a base of two-fold yarn, which means extra strength and absorbency. Green, blue and multi-colours. 24 x 48. 4/6.

Towel Section is on the First Floor



NEW AMERICAN PATENT LEATHERS

Just off the boat are these good-looking patent leathers... the first selling of a purchase that was planned months ago. They've been favourites in New York all season. **21/-** Silk lined; green, red, brown, black.

Handbags on the Ground Floor

12/9 buys a pair of Spring shoes IN BASKET

Finely hand-plaited

7,000 pairs of hand-plaited basket-weave shoes, ready for the summer. So light, so cunningly cut, you can forget you have them on. We've got them in half sizes, too.

Fawn and brown plaited calf oxford. Also in white, brown or black calf. Halts, 2 to 7. Price, 12/9. T-bar sandal style in white, brown, black or blue/white and fawn/brown. Halts, 2 to 7. At 12/9.

Shoe Salon on the Third Floor



• Visit Farmer's Chiropody. Experts will whisk out worrying corns and callouses in next to no time... and quite painlessly. Prices: 3/- for one foot or only 5/6 the two. Third Floor. M2405 for an appointment.



SAILOR HAT

Ready for Spring

Look gay and youthful in a light sailor with an irresistible cuff brim... Ribbon trim and a flowing veil. In black, white, navy and Parisian **10/11** colours. Priced at

Millinery, Third Floor.



• Edwardian curls p-top your head, flat little curls around your face, all express good grooming and soignée chic, with the aid of the Solo Flat metal curl clips. 4 on card, 1/-

• Achieve a professional effect for your curls and rolls, with the new Solo Hair-Roller... Flexible, light and easy as pie to manage. Can be worn night and day. 10jd



• All set for the night—or the morning chores, with a blithe and bonny peasant kerchief setting-net. Grand for motor-ing and sportswear, too. Bright, cheery colours, with coloured silk net insets. Priced at 2/-

Haberdashery on the Ground Floor.

"Air-Mail" stationery here. The London Society notepaper that can be used on both sides. Two sizes, 2/11 and 3/6 each, with 48 sheets of notepaper and 24 envelopes. On the Ground Floor.



BOOMING! Because it has 96 PAGES, - 65 FASHIONS 4 PATTERNS ENCLOSED!

"THE NEW IDEA" MONTHLY FASHION AND HOME

— September 1, 1938



FASHION AND HOME
SPRING ISSUE NOW ON SALE!

Keep Your Skin Free from Chafing or Irritation

Many women think that discomfort from chafing is unavoidable. To-day thousands are discovering the wonderful comfort to be obtained from using Cuticura Talcum.

Here is a powder that is like a balm to sensitive skin. Scientifically prepared by a special process, Cuticura Talcum is medicated with balsamic essential oils. It is one of the finest, purest powders it is possible to obtain, and has a far more cooling, soothing effect on the skin than ordinary powders. Dust it lightly on the skin where chafing has occurred—it is like a cool touch. It absorbs perspiration and makes you feel refreshed for hours afterwards. Its perfume, too, endears it to every woman. Delicate and refreshing, it gives the whole person a sweet, wholesome fragrance.

Buy a tin of Cuticura Talcum to-day. It is invaluable for every member of the family and is especially recommended for babies.



Cuticura TALCUM POWDER

The Clock-winder

Continued from Page 11

EVERY night Mr. Honeybun wound it up and put it on the chair beside his bed, so that he could hear it ticking—it was company through the night. Every morning it was wiped with a silk handkerchief before it was shut away into its blue case once more.

Mr. Honeybun often had unexpected and urgent calls, but regularly once a week he would pack his black bag and take the top hat with the low crown off its peg and make a professional tour of his out-patients. It was then he learnt most of the secrets. People had a way of forgetting he was there, quietly fiddling with their clocks, and went on talking just as if he were a dim-bent shadow.

He didn't care much for the clock at the inn, it was a bit wheezy and the pendulum was always dusty; he was considering it with distaste when Mrs. Crump came thumping down the passage in a high state of excitement.

"They're having a whole lot of visitors at Greensleeves for the dance," she announced. "They told me at the dairy that extra cream's been ordered."

"What of it?" Mr. Crump answered loftily as he breathed on a glass and rubbed it with a duster, while Mr. Honeybun wound up the weights. The stray scrap of information passed from his mind almost at once, but he was to remember it later as the first hint of coming trouble. Looking back afterwards, it seemed to him like a small, chill puff of wind that heralds sullen, skirling clouds.

Mr. Honeybun always kept his visit to Gypsy Parlor to the last, like a child leaving a dainty morsel until the end of a meal. He loved the little pink-washed cottage with its homely, pleasant atmosphere. He thought the latticed windows were like bright eyes sparkling with friendliness, and the green door with the brass knocker usually stood ajar, as if in welcome.

Often when he called he found Betsy Ann washing up the tea things or mowing the scrap of lawn, or ironing a crisp cotton frock, but that afternoon was an exception and Mr. Honeybun paused on the threshold of the parlor, baffled and perplexed at what he saw before him.

The early spring sunshine came pouring through the window like golden water, washing the girl's white skin in a warm glow and making a shining glory of her hair. It twinkled on the china figures, turned the mirror into a silver lake and shimmered on a heap of rose-pink taffeta silk. The floor was covered with scraps of paper, pattern of all shapes and sizes, and among them Betsy crawled on hands and knees, her red lips bristling with pins.

For a moment, the eyes that were bright with sunlight looked into the eyes that were bright with hoar frost before Betsy broke into a gay laugh.

"You must jump, Mr. Honeybun, you really must, there's no other way for you to reach the clock. If you step on my pattern we shan't be friends any more." And she laughed again, not because she had made a joke but because she was so happy she couldn't help herself.

GINGERLY, like a timid bather picking his way among the rocks, Mr. Honeybun tiptoed to the mantelpiece while Betsy rippled on happily.

"The most wonderful thing has happened and you'll never guess what it is, not if I gave you a hundred guesses."

Mr. Honeybun, being a person of few words, did not try his luck and Betsy, who knew his ways, chattered on without a pause.

"Doctor Martin is actually taking me to the dance. He didn't want to a bit, in fact he had a long wrestle with his conscience over it, but he won in the end. The tickets are frightfully expensive," she added with a quick sigh. "He was very loath to be so extravagant, poor lamb."

"Doctor Martin has too much sense to want to spend his money on gew-gaws and fripperies and him saving up to make you a home," Mr. Honeybun said sententiously. "With him working hard all day he's got no call to go cantering round a ball-room half the night."

"How you men do hang together," Betsy said absently as she surveyed her work with her head on one side. "I want to have a little fun before I settle down and go all humdrum, and one is only young once. I expect you've forgotten what it's like to be twenty."

"That's as may be," Mr. Honey-

bun told her darkly as he opened the back of the gilt and crystal clock and snorted in disapproval. "This has had a knock, this has," he said severely. "I'll take it home with me, poor thing. Care and attention it wants, not bangs and shakings. Cruelly, downright cruelty!"

Muttering his disapproval, he took himself off, but in three days he was back again. He came by the short cut across the meadow, where in the summer-time the buttercups were like fallen stars in the long grass and the blooms on the chestnut trees like giant candles.

As he drew near Gypsy Parlor he noticed with satisfaction that Dr. Martin's shabby old car was standing at the gate. It was a long time since he had been a young man but, in spite of Betsy Ann's accusations, not so long that he had forgotten the ways of a man in love. Contrary to custom he knocked cautiously, and when that met with no response cleared his throat with unnecessary noise. But as soon as he opened the parlor door the knowing look faded from his face; he saw at once that something was amiss.

Betsy Ann stood by the window, her coral silk frock and golden head making a brightness in the dim room. As she turned round suddenly her skirt swirled out like the petals of a flower, and it was then that the old man saw there were tears in her blue eyes.

"It's too bad, Martin," she burst out in a flame of rage. "I think you're being hateful, hateful! You know I've been looking forward to this dance for days and days. I've made this dress on purpose for it, and I've never had such a pretty one in all my life, and now you calmly say you won't go. I'll never forgive you if you don't, never, never!"

MARTIN was sitting on the edge of the table, and at her words he passed his hand over his hair with a distracted gesture. Betsy Ann was looking at him with anger and impatience, not seeing, with her disappointed young eyes, the tired lines and bowed shoulders which told, thought Mr. Honeybun, an only too obvious story. His white face and dark eyes were heavy with the weariness of a man who administers to another's needs, but his mouth was set and determined.

"Betsy, darling, do be reasonable," he said wearily. "How can I leave Mrs. Organ when she is so terribly ill? It's just as hard on me as it is on you that her baby should choose this night of all others to make an entry into this wicked old world," and he tried to smile.

"Surely your father could make an effort," she argued angrily, "just this once, I do think he might."

"I wish you could see him, poor old boy, with his foot swathed in bandages and coughing fit to break his heart. I've done the best I can," he pleaded, "I've rung up Mrs. Tremlett and she says she will be delighted for you to go with her party. If by any luck my job is over in time I'll race over and join you. Keep me the last few dances on spec."

"I hate Mrs. Tremlett and all the people that ever stay at Greensleeves." She refused to be mollified. "All the women will be bare backed and covered with pearls and none of the men will dance with me. I just shan't go."

But even as she spoke the little room was flooded by the glare of headlights as a car came to a standstill outside, and a stranger was ushered into the room.

The young man stood on the threshold, smiling at Betsy Ann through his blue, lazy eyes. A man who brought an atmosphere of smooth arrogance into the homely parlor; the perfect cut of his evening clothes added a nonchalant grace to his lean body.

Please turn to Page 30



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NEW health, new happiness, and new enjoyment of life awaits all who realise what NYAL FIGSEN can do in assisting nature to stimulate normal bowel action and end constipation.

Constipation is serious, yet it can be banished without purging, griping or forming a habit, by taking this pleasant tasting NYAL FIGSEN. For children or adults, for people who are delicate or those who are strong, there is no more gentle and effective natural laxative than NYAL FIGSEN. Why not be entirely free of headaches, sleeplessness, depression, blotchy complexion, etc., which are so often the symptoms of constipation? Call in at the next pharmacy you pass and buy a tin of NYAL FIGSEN.

1/3 a tin.

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AWW 1838

ADENOIDS AND TONSILS

With breathing, stubborn coughs and colds, weak chest, anaemia, loss of appetite, underweight, irritability are caused by adenoids and infected tonsils. Get Kanatox to avoid painful operations. KANATOX with disease germs and adenoids disappear gradually and naturally—swollen tonsils subside. Get a 60-dose 5/6 flask (or 100-dose treatment flask 10/-), complete with special heavy dropper, from your nearest chemist.

DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX

Curly Headed Babies



Mothers—have your baby's hair grow beautifully curly! Read what Curlypet did for Baby Wales, of Guildford. Mrs. Wales writes:

"I am sending you a photograph of my baby, also a snap taken at 21 months. You can see how straight her hair was. Now, after using Curlypet, she has a head of lovely soft curls, very much admired." Curlypet, gently rubbed on baby's hair daily, makes it grow beautifully curly and wavy and prevents dandruff and cradlecap. Get a month's treatment tube of concentrated Curlypet, costing 3/6, from your chemist or store to-day.



Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, joins up with **GRUNTZ:** Theatrical producer, and becomes the star turn of his revue. He meets **MARY:** Penniless dancer, and gets her a job in the same revue with **LILLI:** Temperamental torch singer, who becomes jealous of

Mandrake's interest in Mary. Consequently she plants her valuable pearls in Mary's dressing-room, and raises a hue and cry that they have been stolen. The police are called in. Mary loses her job, but Mandrake, using his hypnotic power on both girls, gets to the truth, and Mary is reinstated. Things now run smoothly for the big opening night. **NOW READ ON.**

OPENING NIGHT



TO BE CONTINUED

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear. To the disappointment of husband and wife. A hint on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49-Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

"YOU are Cinderella, of course," he said in a cool, pleasant voice. "I'm Tony Venables and I've come to take you to the dance, but I won't promise to bring you back before midnight. The rest of the party have gone on in Mrs. Tremlett's car, but mine is outside when you are ready."

For the space of a heart beat it seemed as if Betsy Ann had lost her voice; all the resentment had drained away from her small, heart-shaped face and her eyes were wide and startled, almost dazed. In silence she held out her hand, and although her lips were parted she did not speak.

At that point Mr. Honeybun seemed to come to himself with a start. He hadn't meant to be an eavesdropper; it was only that he had been so dismayed by the scene he had witnessed that his mind had been surprised out of thought. He

had stood rooted to the spot, unnoticed among the shadows, but the interruption had galvanised him into action, just as if he had been a rusty old clock that had received a jolt.

They paid no heed to him as he crept towards the fireplace, they were too engrossed with their own affairs; they had been caught up by the tempestuous emotions of youth. But Mr. Honeybun's old hands trembled as he fiddled with the gilt-and-crystal clock. He was afflicted with the sense of coming disaster, as a traveller in a foreign land catches the scent of flowers not yet in sight. He did not want to turn back to the room again and face the three young people. He did not want to see Martin pale and harassed and shabby beside the stranger with his gleaming shirt front and his sleek head and his air of easy well-being.

The Clock-winder

Continued from Page 28

He did not want to see the look in the girl's eyes.

In the mirror over the mantelpiece he watched them go, but even then he stood a while, his hands resting on the marble edge, before he followed them slowly down the little garden path.

At the gate Martin was still standing watching the car, like a squat black insect, disappearing down the long, white ribbon of the road.

"I am in disgrace," he said with rather a forlorn smile, and he seemed to be talking more to himself than to Mr. Honeybun. "She'll get over it in the morning, but she was disappointed, my poor little Betsy, and it's hard to be disappointed when one's young."

"You ought to know, you've had your share," Mr. Honeybun thought to himself, but aloud he said: "That's right, sir, that's right. And you go to the dance, sir; be you ever so late, if you take my meaning."

"You bet I will," Martin assured him as he swung away into the darkness.

Mr. Honeybun was too worried to sleep that night. Hour after hour he listened, and his old ears ached from straining for the sound of Martin's car.

It was the hour before dawn, when the world stood hushed on the threshold of a new day, when at last it went rattling and rollicking through the village at break-neck speed. Only then, when the tension relaxed, did the old head relax, and Mr. Honeybun dozed.

Even after the long hours of waiting his sleep was only fitful, and he was awake again in time to hear the dawn song of the birds and to see the first rays of the sun gliding the houses on the opposite side of the street.

But there was one blot on the scene that marred the beauty of the early morning, and that was a sinister, long, black car that came stealing along the road.

Slowly it came, as if the man at the wheel was in no hurry to reach his journey's end, and as it went by the window Mr. Honeybun could see two fair heads and a flash of pink crushed against a dark coat.

IT was not until some days later that the first breath of gossip started to whisper through the village like an evil breeze.

"Miss Betsy Ann has given our Doctor Martin the go-by and has taken up with a young gentleman from London. Smart as paint he is and ever so handsome." Mrs. Crump made the announcement when she brought her alarm clock to be mended.

"Fiddlesticks!" snapped Mr. Honeybun, and pressing a spring set the alarm bell going with a piercing whirr.

"Fiddlesticks yourself," Mrs. Crump, belloyed rudely above the din, while her round face grew red with annoyance. "Who's to know better than m' own daughter who was helping in the ladies' cloakroom at the dance, and saw things with her own eyes. Taking a few minutes off to watch the dancing she was when Doctor Martin arrived. I've come, Betsy," he said, walking straight up to her as bold as brass, as you might say, and not looking to the right nor to the left, although there was many a young lady ready and willing to catch his eye.

"BUT Miss Betsy isn't that sort. Tossed her pretty head, she did, and answers back: 'Rather late in the day,' all haughty like. Vexed she was and all put about, him being so late. My Minnie says she'd kept running to the door all the evening to see if he was in sight. 'You're too late,' she said, and without another word she went to waltz with Mrs. Tremlett's friend."

"And if you'll believe it," continued Mrs. Crump emphatically, leaning over the counter in her excitement, "if you'll believe it, the doctor turned on his heel and walked straight out of the place. My Minnie says Miss Betsy looked pretty blank when she saw him go; you take my word for it, she only wanted to punish him a bit, she didn't expect him to turn nasty. Well he's out off his nose in spite of his face, and young Mr. Venables has stepped into his shoes in double quick time. Always round at Gypsy Parlor he is, all hours of the day, taking her out in his car and one thing and another."

"I said to my old man last night, I said, that quarrel's gone too far to be patched up now, I says, neither of 'em will be the first to climb down. And what's more I says, I shouldn't be surprised if Miss Betsy doesn't go and marry Mr. Venables now, and that's what'll happen if you ask me."

"I'm not asking you," said Mr. Honeybun savagely, "and the way you talk is like a clock that won't stop striking, all noise and no sense."

"That's as may be, and we shall see what we shall see," Mrs. Crump retorted darkly as she marched out of the shop.

"The young jackanapes," muttered Mr. Honeybun furiously. "The young jackanapes, if I could get hold of him I'd give him something to go on with, coming meddling where he's not wanted, but I don't doubt but what he'll be taking himself off soon."

BUT the days crept by and Tony Venables showed no signs of taking himself off. Rather he seemed to be digging himself in and Mr. Honeybun tried to avoid passing Gypsy Parlor because he found the sight of the long black car, standing outside the gate, so disquieting. His anxiety made him so cross that people entered his shop in trepidation, fearful lest a stray word should bring down his wrath on their innocent heads.

Only Mrs. Tremlett's boot boy was undaunted. He walked boldly through the door whistling in a jaunty, impudent way peculiar to his kind.

"You're to go to Greensleeves and mend the hall clock, it's stopped good and proper."

"And who might you be giving your orders, you cheeky young rascal you. I'll go when and if I think fit," Mr. Honeybun told him haughtily. But in spite of his proud words he took his old top hat down from its peg and started off, black bag in hand. He could no more refuse to go to a disordered clock than a doctor could refuse to attend a patient.

The hall at Greensleeves struck cool and dim after the glare of the sun and for a minute he did not see Mrs. Tremlett and Tony lying back in two low chairs, their tennis racquets on the floor beside them.

When his eyes grew accustomed to the subdued light the old man looked with disapproval at Mrs. Tremlett's aim, bare legs below the brief pleated skirt. He considered them a shameful display for a married woman; for any woman, married or single, for that matter. A cigarette was between her lips, and it wagged from the corner of her mouth when she spoke in a soft drawing voice.

Please turn to Page 32

THE ONE WAY TO WASH STOCKINGS SAFELY . . . LUX BECAUSE Lux dissolves so quickly... IS SO EASILY RINSED OUT

Preserves E-l-a-s-t-i-c-i-t-y...Prevents Ladders
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Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

I LIKE—

The luxurious full-length coat of dyed ermine which Claudia Beazley has brought back from England. She wore it with a black frock and matching hat trimmed with a huge bow when she arrived by the Otranto last week.

Vice-Regal Guests

OUR acting Governor-General, Lord Huntingfield, and Lady Huntingfield have had quite a busy week with their social engagements.

The big "do" of the week, of course, was the reception given in their honor by the Victoria League. The party was held at the Australia Hotel on Tuesday night, and Lord and Lady Huntingfield shook hands with every one of the 200 guests.

Next day they were entertained at luncheon by the Institute of Journalists at the Carlton Hotel, and repeated the performance by shaking hands with all the members, who were presented to them after lunch.

International Ball

THE tableau of children at the International Ball at David Jones' this Tuesday will be one of the prettiest scenes ever produced in Sydney.

Wearing different national costumes, the children will dance round an illuminated globe of the world, which will be surmounted by a small child holding the dove of peace.

Lady Huntingfield is to receive the 25 debutantes, 17 of whom are Hopwood House pupils. The Hon. Mrs. Helme Pitt and Captain Roger Wilbraham will accompany Lady Huntingfield. Other special guests will be members of the Consular Corps and their wives.

Posters and flags of all nations are the colorful decorations for the ball.

Surfing Holiday

VISITORS from Sydney who attended all the Exhibition Week gaieties in Brisbane were Mrs. Allen Lewis and her daughter, Nancy. They motored up and made the Belle Vue their headquarters.

Before going to Brisbane they were in Victoria for the winter sports, and have now gone farther north for some surfing before returning home.

A charming visitor to Sydney is Mrs. A. R. Nagel, of Charlotte Plains, Queensland. She arrived last week-end.

Animal Crackers Dance

"ANIMAL Crackers in My Soup" will be the theme song of the orchestra at the Animal Crackers Dinner Dance for the R.S.P.C.A. at Romano's this Wednesday—and animal crackers will be served in the soup at dinner, too!

Table decorations promise to be most amusing, as there will be a prize for the best one. Dozens of those quaint little animals made from peanuts, bananas, etc., with matches for legs—you know the kind—are being fashioned by the busy hands of enthusiastic hostesses.

A real live animal will be the little puppy which will be auctioned during the evening. Several committee members drove out to the R.S.P.C.A. home at Long Bay and chose him for his appealing looks. Since then the puppy has been undergoing the most thorough grooming process, so he will look his best for the party.

Mrs. Colin Galbraith is president of the committee arranging this dance, and other committee members include Mesdames Tom Vincent, Headley Carpenter, Byron Wrigley, Ellis Fielding-Jones, Rudolph Mueller, G. D. Red, Cyril Ruwari, Harry Hyde, and Ainslie Baker and Joan Hodgson.

Australians Abroad

NEWS comes from America about Roy Stanhope and his wife, who are at Stanford University, in California. Roy is a graduate of Sydney University and the holder of the N.S.W. Teachers' Federation Travelling Scholarship, and is studying in the Graduate School of Education at Stanford.

A recent honor conferred on Mrs. Stanhope was her election as president of the "Dames Club" for the summer quarter. This club is a national association for the benefit of faculty and graduate students' wives, and the Stanford Chapter is a particularly active one.

When Roy completes his term there he and his wife plan to travel across the States, making a survey of science education, laboratory equipment and radio education.

Later they will go on to England, and expect to be back in Sydney early in the New Year.

Parties for Delegates

MANY parties are arranged this week for the delegates to the British Commonwealth Relations Conference and their wives. The conference will be officially opened this Saturday in the Great Hall at the Sydney University.

The social side of the programme started with a luncheon at Admiralty House on Monday. This Friday the Lord Mayor, Alderman N. Nock, and Mrs. Nock are giving a reception for the visitors at the Town Hall, and another reception will be given by the Governor and Lady Wakehurst at Government House on September 17.

In Brisbane

A SYDNEY visitor to Brisbane is Mrs. M. Gale. She has been there for a fortnight and spent much of her time on the Royal Queensland Golf Links.

I hear she looked smart in a fawn skirt and bright orange blouse when playing a round with Jean MacLaggart last week.

Mrs. J. W. Pike, of Vaucluse, will sail for England by the Strathaird this Saturday. She is making the trip to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Hickey, whose husband is a Flight-Lieutenant with the R.A.F. at Hendon.

Grandmother's Brooch

PAUL GRACE marries his Melbourne bride, Judith Campbell, at St. John's Church, Toorak, this Thursday. With her lovely bridal finery Judith will wear an exquisite diamond brooch belonging to her grandmother, Mrs. J. K. Merritt. She will also wear a sapphire eternity ring, the gift of her mother.

Part of her honeymoon will be spent in Victoria. The young couple will return to Melbourne for a time before motoring in leisurely fashion to Sydney, where they will make their home.

not play golf herself she is interested in the game, and timed her visit to Adelaide so she could watch the championships played.

Mrs. Gordon Spicer and daughter Margot returned to their home at Booroowa on Monday. They have been staying at the Australia Hotel for a few days.

Country Wedding

MRS. M. E. HORTON will travel up to Junee to attend the wedding of her eldest son, Denis, this Saturday. He is marrying Gwenneth Lord, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lord, of Rockleigh Station, Junee.

Mrs. Horton's stay in the country will be short, as she is anxious to return to town to help organise the Floral Carpet which will be displayed at the Sydney Town Hall on October 6 and 7 in aid of the Golden Fleece Kindergarten.

Back from Brisbane

RETURNING home this week are Jan Bayley, of Strathfield, and Grace Curlewis, of Cronulla, who have been staying in Brisbane with Jan's sister, Mrs. Alexander Inglis.

They had a wonderful time at all the parties during Exhibition Week, and were much admired for their smart frocking.



AN ATTRACTIVE picture of Stephanie Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott, of Clifton Gardens. Stephanie recently celebrated her coming-of-age.

—Monte Luke.



Charming Young Violinist

FELLOW-PASSENGERS on the Otranto with the young violinist, Giulia Burtabo, who will appear in Sydney this week, all speak of the charming personality of this little artist.

Giulia was a great favorite on board, and even won the hearts of the crew by her generous offer to play in the concert they arranged for the passengers—a performance which was enjoyed by all.

Each day Giulia spent long hours practising in her cabin, and passengers welcomed any excuse to walk along the corridor to hear her play.

At the ship's fancy-dress party Giulia appeared looking very sweet in an old-world frock and frilled poke bonnet.

Squash Racquets Champion

AN important occasion is bringing Mr. and Mrs. Max Robertson from Brisbane at the end of the week. Max is the holder of the squash racquets championship of Sydney, and he is to defend his title on Saturday.

His marriage to Nancy Sutor of Darling Point took place last summer, you remember, and this is their first visit here since their wedding.

While he is here, Max will also play in the Australian championship at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Off to England on Saturday are Geraldine and Beryl Phillips, who are travelling in the Strathaird.

Aero Club Ball

THE souvenir "mag" given to the dancers at the Aero Club Ball at the Trocadero last Tuesday caused much amusement to the readers.

A novel item was the use of little cardboard models of newspaper boys placed on the tables with the "mags" under their arms.

I thought one of the loveliest frocks at the dance was worn by Mrs. Jimmie Broadbent—it was of peacock-blue crepe with a matching bolero embroidered in colored rhinestones. Jimmie, you know, has tripped off to England again full of plans for making another attempt to lower the England to Australia solo flying record.

Physical Education

HOMEWARD bound on the Ormonde and full of enthusiasm about the latest methods of physical education is Janet Cotton, who has been studying abroad for the past year.

Janet is mistress of physiology and remedial physical culture at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Fyrmile, and will take up her duties there again on her return. She arrives in Sydney on September 22.

Melbourne Visitors

JANE McDONALD returned to Melbourne at the week-end after a brief visit to her mother, Mrs. C. M. McDonald, of Darling Point.

Other Melbourne visitors are Ella Payne, of Toorak, who is staying at 52 Macleay Street, Potts Point, with her parents, and Professor E. Scott, who is also at 52, and will be joined by his wife at the end of the week.

Country Holiday

BEA WEEKS did not stay long in Sydney when she returned from England last week. With her mother she arrived by the Otranto on Thursday, and on Friday Bea left for a country holiday.

She is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ashton, at Millamlong, Mandurama. The Ashton couple had been spending a few days in Sydney, so they all drove to Mandurama together.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. A. C. Cunningham is going to Brisbane to be present at the wedding of her niece, Marjorie Stewart, to Paddy Vidgeon on September 9?

That Elizabeth Spicer, known to her friends as "Pony," came down from Seone to attend Jim Ross Gore's coming-of-age party last Friday?



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SOAP—9d. per Tablet (City and Suburbs).
OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. NOW also
extra large size, three times the quantity, 3/6.

"I've never had a particularly high opinion of your intelligence, Tony, as you know, and I think at the moment you are surpassing yourself in idiosyncrasy. Playing a mug's game, in fact."

Tony Venables took a sip from the tall glass which stood on the table at his elbow before answering the unflattering remark.

"I, on the contrary, have always respected your powers of perception, Leonore, but just this once you seem to be strangely dense. I'm playing a distinctly wise game and what is more, I'm enjoying it."

"Shall we change our tactics and call it a low-down game then?" He smiled at her indolently, refusing to be ruffled. "Isn't it rather too early in the morning to be sentimental?"

"You're hopelessly in debt and a most outrageous flirt; if you go fooling about with the poor child you'll only wreck her happiness. You've done enough damage as it is; take my advice and go while the going's good."

He sprang up from his chair then, his veneer of indifference splintered like thin ice, revealing the agitation he had done his best to hide.

"You've made a mistake, Leonore, and a pretty bad one. I happen to be in love and I've got it badly. She's the sweetest little thing I've ever struck and I'll tell you something more that may surprise you. I've every intention of marrying her, and you may remember that when I want a thing I generally get it, one way or another."

"Don't talk nonsense," Mrs. Tremlett blew a lavender-colored cloud of smoke towards the ceiling, refusing to be impressed by his vehemence.

"She isn't your sort," she said smoothly, "you'd be tired of her in a month. You've been captivated by

The Clock-winder

Continued from Page 30

her blue eyes and the thought that she's another man's girl. She's not for you, Tony, quite definitely not."

"Engagements have been broken before now," he flung at her, as he paced restlessly up and down the room. "She's broken it with that doctor fellow—they had the devil of a flare up after the dance. We are going to run up to London and be married by special licence; it's all arranged, bless her little heart."

In his agitation at this piece of news, Mr. Honeybun, who had succeeded in setting the clock going again, made it strike twelve, three times over. It was all he could do at the moment to relieve his feelings.

ON his way home he was obliged to stop once or twice to mop his forehead, and the people who happened to see him came to the conclusion that the old man was breaking up at last.

Over and over again he told himself that something must be done. But what? He could not let this dreadful thing happen to Martin; somehow or other it must be stopped. His brain worked feverishly as he turned over one plan after another and even the companionship of his clocks brought him no solace.

It took him two days before he arrived at what he considered a satisfactory scheme, and on the third morning he put on his Sunday coat and spotted silk scarf and made his way to Gypsy Parlor.

The maid seemed surprised when he rang the bell and had himself announced with ceremony. He scowled at her for her denseness in not realising that he was paying a social call.

Betsy Ann was sitting at the desk by the window, sucking the end of her pen, her forehead puckered into a frown of distress. There was a litter of torn paper at her feet—she was evidently finding her letter hard to write.

She also seemed mildly surprised to see the visitor, and Mr. Honeybun was obliged to clear his throat twice before speaking. Not for anything in the world would he confess to himself that he was nervous.

"Seeing as you are going to be married afore long I've brought you a present and handsome it is; mighty handsome," he said, watching her face closely to see her reaction to this startling piece of news.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Betsy Ann took the small packet, unwrapped the tissue paper and opened the velvet case. She could hardly see the watch that lay grandly in the centre of the coil of gold chain because of the tears that suddenly sprang to her eyes.

"How lovely, Mr. Honeybun! It's too lovely for words," she exclaimed, blinking hard against the tears she was afraid might wreck her dignity and self-respect. "I... I... hardly like to take it. You see, I know how precious it is to you."

"You're welcome," said Mr. Honeybun magnificently, fighting down an ignoble pang of regret. "You're very welcome, but mind you it's only on account of you marrying Doctor Martin," he added severely. "Doctor Martin is a mighty fine man and you're lucky to get him. Miss, in spite of having to go away and live in a God-forsaken country like India, all among black savages and plagues. What the village will do without the doctor is more than I can say," and he gave a windy sigh.

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply, and he saw with satisfaction that her eyes were wide with alarm.

"The doctor told me himself only yesterday," he said, shaking his head dolefully, "and it was the worst bit of news I've heard for many a long day. I'm going away, Mr. Honeybun," he said, "and I doubt if I'll ever come back any more, for where I be going it's fair plague-ridden." Those were his very words, Miss, plague-ridden. I said to myself then, Miss Betsy Ann shall have Maria's watch, I said, on account of her being so brave and facing death alongside of her man, I said.

"MARIA will understand, for she'd have done the same by me. Stand by me through

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Say goodbye to clumsy corn-paste and sticky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up corns and calluses, root and soil. Contains pure castor oil, corn aspirin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves unsold misery. The chemist refunds your money if NOXACORN based Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.

thick and thin she would, the same as you're doing by Doctor Martin."

"Please don't go on, Mr. Honeybun," pleaded Betsy Ann, "you're making me cry."

With a swift movement she hid her face and he heard her give a gulping little sob, as if all the tears she had been fighting back during the past few weeks had broken loose at last.

Mr. Honeybun's face assumed an expression of smug satisfaction as he clapped his hat on his head and scurried down the road and rang the surgery bell.

Martin came to the door himself as Mr. Honeybun knew he would, having carefully timed his visit.

"Oh, doctor," he said in a troubled voice, "I've just come from Gypsy Parlor and Miss Betsy Ann's took ill. Mighty bad she is, no please will you go up this very minute?"

Martin did. He dashed out of the house just as he was, in his white linen coat, not even waiting to tell his outpatients that he was going.

"I'm a wicked old liar," Mr. Honeybun told himself complacently, as he hung up his top hat on its peg and folded up the spotted scarf and put it in his coat pocket. "Yes, I'm a wicked old liar, but what's a man to do when young people are that stiff-necked and worshipping Zacharias Honeybun isn't the one to stand by and see another man walk off with Doctor Martin's girl. The idea of it, the young jackanapes!"

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What are you worth to your wife?

What do you give her to keep the house going and for her own needs? Two, four, six pounds a week? Whatever the amount, multiply it by 50 and you will get the approximate yearly amount. Multiply that yearly amount by 20 and you will get the amount that would have to be invested at 5 per cent. to give your wife about what you are now giving her. That sum is what you are worth to your wife.

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**Girls whose popularity lasts
never let underarm odour
rob them of charm!**

"Just the girl that I've been waiting for!" men thought when they first saw Marion. They'd cluster around for introductions, but they'd rarely dance more than one dance.

For though Marion carefully bathed and dressed, she neglected one simple precaution—and trusted her bath alone to keep her safe from underarm odour.

Fatal error! For underarms always perspire, and underarm odour robs a girl of charm! No bath can prevent this odour! Underarms need Mum's

sure care to keep them always fresh! Remember, you can't be safe from embarrassing underarm odour unless you make offense impossible. To be sure you're sweet always use Mum—every day and after every bath.

MUM IS QUICK! A dab under each arm takes only half a minute—protects all day or all evening long.

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes the skin. You can apply Mum after dressing. It never burns fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop all odour! With Mum, you'll never risk offending those you want for friends.

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM



I'VE GOT A DATE SO I'M USING MUM A BATH JUST ISN'T ENOUGH!

TO HERSELF—EASY TO TELL MUM KEPT ME FRESH! JACK HATES TO SAY GOODNIGHT!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Movie World

September 3, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1. BONITA GRANVILLE greets Jackie Cooper.

2. FROM Fay Bainter, now housekeeper in his home, Claude Rains receives encouragement in his darkest moment.

3. CLAUDE RAINS, instructor in a small town academy, in the laboratory with protege Jackie Cooper and pupils.



4. TO HIS awe-struck family Rains demonstrates the successful working of his invention, an iceless ice-box.

5. SENT to bed with a cold which later develops into pneumonia, Bonita Granville protests to parents Kay Johnson and Claude Rains.

6. JACKIE COOPER tries to prevent Ed Pawley from destroying Rains' invention.

MOVIEDOM GOSSIP

Hepburn's Secret Romance

HOLLYWOOD is becoming intensely interested in Katharine Hepburn's romance with Howard Hughes.

The young multi-millionaire was a colorful figure even before the amazing aeronautical exploits that brought him world fame and glory.

He was the youngest producer in the industry when his sensational film, "Hell's Angels," was released, shooting Jean Harlow to stardom.

Hughes and Hepburn never breathe a word about their friendship. Hughes, however, has frequently been a guest at the Hepburn home in Connecticut, and they have flown together often.

Before he left on his world flight, Hughes flew a plane over Katharine's home and dipped wings in salute.

Katharine came down to New York in time to greet the lanky flier but went to Garbo-esque extremes to keep her movements secret.

Dearth of Blondes

M-G-M is having difficulty in finding six suitable blondes to play with Clark Gable in "Idiot's Delight," as there has been quite a dearth of blondes in Hollywood of late.

In the film, Gable has the part of a song and dance man who is leading a troupe of girls, "Les Blondes," on a tour through Europe, and who becomes stranded with them when war breaks out. These blondes take an important part in the story, and Gable is being permitted to choose them himself from the ranks of Hollywood bit players.

From John B. Davies and Barbara Bourchier, New York and Hollywood.

Marriage Before Career

CLAIRE TREVOR, who has been in such demand since her remarkable performance in "Dead End," has refused Warner Bros. offer of a seven-year contract at double her present salary.

Explaining her move, Claire, who is engaged to marry Clark Andrews, radio executive, explains: "I have no desire to retire from the screen yet, but if I find my career is interfering with my marriage I want to be free to give up acting."

"When my present contract with 20th Century-Fox expires in a few months, I will keep the career on a freelance basis so I can give up whenever I feel inclined."

Unbreakable Trio

PRODUCTION on "Room Service," the new Marx brothers comedy, was delayed for a week owing to the illness of Groucho.

This brings out an unusual superstition of the three comics—they work as a trio or not at all.

Usually when a star becomes ill during the making of a picture, the director "shoots around" him, using the other players, but owing to the Marxes' superstition, production must be halted entirely until all three are able to work.

"Kiki" Up To Date

MOVIE fans will remember "Kiki," the little French comedy which was made in 1926 by Norma Talmadge, and again in 1931 by Mary Pickford.

20th Century-Fox are bringing the old script up to date, and it will shortly be going into production with Simone Simon in the leading role, and with a new title, "The French Doll."

BRISK FAMILY AFFAIR

Swift regeneration of a muddling family by the practical influence of a beneficent stranger is the theme of Warner Brothers' action-drama, "White Banners." Claude Rains plays the impractical head of a chaotic household, Fay Bainter the guide and friend.

Sylvia Sidney to Marry

SYLVIA SIDNEY is engaged to be married to Luther Adler, well-known actor of the New York stage. Adler, the leading man in the original company of "Golden Boy" (now being filmed in Hollywood) is now scoring a hit in this part in London.

Women With Wings

AS a result of the box-office success of "Test Pilot," aviation pictures are in the boom.

At Fox, they're starting preparations on "Tail Spin," which deals with feminine pilots. Alice Faye will be the top airwoman, with Myrna Loy or Loretta Young.

ANY MOTHER'S SON

"GEE, WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT TASTES BONZER AND SWEET!"

A.S.17a



● **GLAMOROUS CAROLE LOMBARD**, now one of Hollywood's most important actresses, has been in the public eye for more than ten years. She began her film career in silents, way back in the 'twenties.

Time Stands Still for These Stars

FIVE years is popularly supposed to be the normal expectation of screen life for a film star.

Public favor is so fickle, beauty so transient, movie work so strenuous, that an actress is generally considered lucky if she lasts any longer.

Yet a careful check up on Hollywood's present front-rank feminine stars will reveal that many of the most beautiful, most glamorous, are already entering on their second decade in pictures, and that many have had stellar roles during that period.

They have, by careful living, strenuous exercise and diet, preserved and enhanced their beauty, and by keen business acumen and the ability to adapt themselves to changing circumstances retained public favor.

First to spring to mind in this category is lovely, alluring Carole Lombard, who has been in the public eye for over ten years, and who is still one of the screen's most important players.

She began as a bathing beauty in the now defunct Mack Sennett comedies—plump, harum-scarum, pretty, but undistinguished, quite different from the immaculate sophisticate she is to-day.

Then she graduated to leading lady in several Tom Mix Westerns.

Gradually her roles grew better, and soon she found her best medium in slick, sophisticated comedy such as "Hands Across the Table," "The Prince Comes Across," and others.

Within recent years she has acquired amazing popularity for her comedies, "My Man Godfrey," "Nothing Sacred," and others, and has added poise and sophistication to her youthful charms.

A case parallel to Carole's is that of Myrna Loy, now one of M.-G.-M.'s best financial assets, ranking fifth of the screen's ten most popular players.

She has been in pictures thirteen years, but only during the past four years has she climbed to her present peak of popularity.

Now, at the age of thirty-two, she is far lovelier than she was in her twenties, more fitted to play youthful heroine parts than ever before.

She began her professional career as a dancer. Ambitious, she went to Hollywood, where our first glimpse of her was in 1925, with Joan Crawford, as an extra in a Zasu Pitts film, "Pretty Ladies."

Rudolph Valentino saw her possibilities, and

TEN YEARS IN FILMS HAVE NOT MARRED THEIR BEAUTY OR DIMMED THEIR POPULARITY WITH THE FANS.

in fabulous headdress and exotic eyes, a creature of wicked glamor, she appeared in his film, "What Price Beauty."

This was the first of a long series of Asiatic roles in which she played temptress, Chinese, Malay, Hindu, Egyptian.

Then she got her break in "The Great Ziegfeld," and proved herself better in this type of role than in her former exotic ones.

Finally she made her debut in her present modern American manner in that amazingly successful comedy-thriller, "The Thin Man."

With William Powell or without, she is now voted one of the most popular of the present stars, and has much more real glamor and beauty than she had thirteen years ago.

As reigning star, Joan Crawford has had a longer career than Myrna Loy, and has been the recipient of more genuine fan worship and adulation than any other star.

**By JOAN McLEOD
from Hollywood**

In 1926 she was an extra girl. Three years later she had made her first big screen hit, "Our Dancing Daughters," married Doug Fairbanks, jun., and acquired an excellent contract with M.-G.-M.

With the coming of sound she starred in such important films as "Lettie Lynton," "Grand Hotel," "Possessed," and "Sadie McKee," in all of which she wore glamorous clothes, acted dramatic roles, and became the idol of millions, the best beloved of every screen-struck damsel, who saw in her the fulfillment of their own longing and ambition.

Recently she renewed her contract with M.-G.-M. for a further five years.

Although now only twenty-five, Loretta Young qualifies among these ten-years-in-pictures veterans, and looks as youthful as she did when she first began in pictures at the age of fifteen, and much more lovely.

Her first role was second lead in Lon Chaney's "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," a silent picture, starring John Gilbert.

Equal to the talkies, and the rivalry of stage actresses, she has now become, through her own ability and beauty, one of Fox's leading box-office draws, and certainly their most glamorous.



● **LORETTA YOUNG**, looking younger and prettier with each succeeding picture, is shown here in costume for her latest film for Fox, "Three Blind Mice." Although only twenty-five years of age, she is already a veteran of pictures.

Sophisticated Claudette Colbert, firmly entrenched at Paramount for the past eight years, made her first film for that studio in 1929, playing opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Big Pond."

She appeared in several spectacle films for Cecil B. DeMille, later won the Motion Picture Academy award for the best feminine performance of 1934 for her work in "It Happened One Night," and so found her best medium—light comedy.

Now in her thirties, beautiful, talented, she is well able to hold her own against all-comers.

In 1923 Norma Shearer was an awkward girl, playing in Westerns—attractive, but by no means outstanding.

To-day, fifteen years later, she is a beautiful woman, poised, youthful, with added versatility. Now she may play youthful heroines or dignified queens from history with equal grace and sincerity.

Greta Garbo has been starring in pictures since 1925, when she was brought over from Sweden.

The years have made little difference to Garbo, except to smooth out gaucheries and add glamor.

Despite her sensational absence from Hollywood, and the failure of several of her recent films, she still has a premiere place in Hollywood.

"The Love Parade," in 1929, was Jeanette MacDonald's first film.

Teamed with Maurice Chevalier in several other pictures, she quickly became a star in her own right.

Now lovelier, younger-looking than ever, she has been chosen to star in M.-G.-M.'s first technicolor film, "Sweethearts," now in production.

Barbara Stanwyck has been able to keep in the public eye and the public favor for a matter of ten years.

Pictures of her taken when she first came to Hollywood, with her husband, Frank Payson, a popular night-club dance team from New York—show her as very little different from the star of to-day.

Constance Bennett, leading lady to Jack Pickford in the old silent days of 1925, is another who remains as youthful and alluring as she was in those earlier days.

Her recent successes in "Topper" and "Merely We Live" prove that she is still high in public favor.

Alice Faye's Latest Claim to Film Fame

TRAGIC DEATH OF A LOVELY FILM STAR HAS MEANT DRAMATIC REBIRTH FOR THE "BEST LITTLE SONG-PLUGGER IN PICTURES."

From Barbara Bouchier
in Hollywood

THE sudden and tragic death of Jean Harlow over a year ago has had far-reaching effects on the screen careers of the two actresses in Hollywood who most resemble her.

To Mary Dees, who "doubled" for her in "Saratoga," it has meant the end of a possible career; to Alice Faye, known as the budding Jean Harlow, the opening of a new and more glorious future in films.

Everyone will remember Mary Dees, the little unknown girl who took Jean Harlow's place in the scenes in "Saratoga" left unfinished by the tragic death of its young star.

So greatly did she resemble Jean Harlow that it was practically impossible to detect just where she made her entrance in the picture.

M-G-M. signed her to a year's contract, kept her out of pictures, and out of the public eye, and have recently released her from her contract.

Her likeness to the famous star, which gave her her first acting opportunity, was considered too great a bar to a future career in films!

But similarity to Jean Harlow is no handicap to lovely blues-singer Alice Faye. In fact, her resemblance to Jean has both indirectly and directly benefited her career.

Bearing a strong likeness to the late star in features, coloring, personality, with the same glamorous appeal, Alice has, in the months since Jean's death, risen to new screen glory, become a star in her own right, and developed from an attractive, efficient young crooner into a dramatic actress of real talent.

Resemblance to Jean Harlow Brought Dramatic Role

AND it was her resemblance to Jean Harlow which won for her the role in that monumental portrayal of catatonia, "In Old Chicago," which was originally intended for Jean, and which was Alice's first sally into wrong drama.

Her excellent work in this film led to her starring role in Fox's latest lavish spectacle, "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

New Alice occupies a unique place in the film world, the best song-plugger in Hollywood—the girl whom Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, and George Gershwin like best to introduce their songs—an accomplished dancer, and an able dramatic actress.

She is one of the best bets in the Fox stables, making pictures at the rate of seven or eight a year.

Alice was born twenty-three years ago in New York.

When she was thirteen she studied tap dancing, and appeared in various amateur entertainments, and finally became a member of the Chester Hale Ballet Company, with which she toured the Atlantic Coast towns.

Then she came to New York, the Mecca of every show-girl, was chorus girl in several night-clubs, and then in "George White's Scandals," one of the better dressed of the town's musical shows, which starred Rudy Vallee.

It was while in the "Scandals" that the private party took place in which Alice sang for Rudy.

He was sufficiently impressed by her to give her a chance to sing with his band for the rest of the show, and when the show closed she remained with the band for radio work.

When Fox decided to film "George White's Scandals" in Hollywood, it was only natural that the little blonde singer should be included in the cast.

Three days after her arrival in Hollywood, Lillian Harvey, the European star engaged for the "Scandals," walked out of the cast, and Alice, the unknown, was chosen in her place.

She did so well that she was given the lead in "She Learned About Sailors," with Lew Ayres. Other pictures followed—"George White's 1935 Scandals," "Music Is Magic," and "King of Burlesque."

Rapid Rise to Fame as Dancer and Crooner

INEVITABLY as she came to prominence she challenged comparison with the best-loved star then on the screen, and was called "the budding Harlow."

Wise, however, she kept to crooning and musical comedies, and thus never encroached on the same field as Harlow.

Gradually her films grew better and she was featured in "Sing, Baby, Sing," "Poor Little Rich Girl," "Stow-away," and "On the Avenue," all amazingly successful at the box office.

Finally she was made a star in another musical, "You Can't Have Everything," and when Fox were looking for a star to take the original Jean Harlow role in "In Old Chicago" she was the logical one to choose.

This was a big break for Alice, who, although she had previously been given opportunities to act, had hitherto been regarded only as a singer and dancer.

Her latest film, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," sets the seal on her achievements.

For this is the most ambitious film Fox have yet attempted—a dramatic story built round the struggles of a hand-knower by that name, with twenty-nine of Irving Berlin's famous song hits, more or less in complete form, woven into it.



● ALICE FAYE, Fox player, who was once considered too much like the late Jean Harlow in looks ever to succeed. Yet to-day she is one of the screen's most important young players, and gets her finest dramatic opportunity in her latest film, "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

National Prejudices Guide Film Censorship

MOST people have some general idea of what constitutes censorship—the cutting out of any scenes or the banning of whole pictures that might be likely to offend people's moral or religious susceptibilities.

And that, in fact, is roughly how it works out in Australia, where, of the five hundred and one film dramas imported last year, only ninety were cut in any way at all, and twelve rejected.

But censorship in other countries, particularly in Europe, is usually a much more rigid affair.

With national feeling high all over the world, Government censors are watching more and more carefully to see that no derogatory reference is made to their nation, and examine films ruthlessly for anything likely to lower national morals.

Every country has different ideas on what should be censored.

In Japan, for example, anything likely to create disrespect for the police or royalty is taken out.

Scenes showing men opening doors for women, or similar conventional courtesies, are cut out because they give Japanese women wrong ideas.

Close-ups of kissing are taboo, because kissing is considered obscene.

The Chinese Government made important

cuts on Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," before they permitted it to be shown there.

In Germany, anyone Jewish associated with a film is enough to get it banned entirely.

Chaplin's films haven't a chance because not only is he a Jew, but he has a moustache like Hitler's.

Greece objects to its countrymen being caricatured on the screen or even appearing as villains or big time gangsters.

Italy bans irreverent references to spaghetti, as well as films in which the Italian is not the hero.

Horror Films Banned

SCANDINAVIAN countries dislike horror films. All the Dracula, Frankenstein films were banned entirely, and a number of Disney cartoons were also refused for the same reason.

Unlike Italy, France does not object to comic Frenchmen, but watches carefully for a "slur" on the French nation.

In Quebec, where the population consists mostly of French Catholics, divorce may not even be mentioned on the screen, and love

making, even between husband and wife, is banned.

As for America, much cutting is done at the source. All lyrics of musicals, all advertising matters and dresses are censored.

Extraordinary points have to be watched. Lawyers must see that no libel suits over names are likely to arise. Non-existent motor number-plates are used when filming motor cars.

But even with this care and watchfulness films after release have offended.

For example, the coal mining epic, "Black Fury," offended both bosses and men.

A flash of a telegram in "G-Men," concerning a criminal, saying, "Last seen in Kansas City," was objected to by the people of Kansas City, and the shot was removed.

In Cagney's "Ceiling Zero," Jimmy said, "I'll be home soon, boys; I can smell Jersey City."

The inhabitants of that city lodged a strenuous protest, and the line was cut after the film was released.

Yet America, savagely criticised in "Fury," took the film well, though it suffered drastic cuts in almost every European country because it was considered likely to stir up trouble.



• BETTE DAVIS, leading light among film stars, who believes that trouble to-day in Hollywood is caused by bad casting.



• JACK WARNER, head of Warner Brothers, shown at his desk, thinks the film industry is suffering from timidity.



• "WOODY" VANDYKE M.G.-M. director, with Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power. He thinks movie people talk too much.

Stars and Producers On the Stand

Continuing our series of Hollywood revelations

PICTURES ARE NOT PAYING, STARS ARE FALLING, AND PAUL HOLT, OUR SPECIAL WRITER NOW IN HOLLYWOOD, ASKS EIGHT MOVIE MAGNATES WHY.



• INFORMAL study of Frank Capra, ace Columbia director, "Films to-day are overweighted and dopey," says Capra.

COPHA CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

A quick-to-make party special!



COPHA
COOKLESS
DAINTIES
No. 1



No cooking needed...
crisp and delicious

When you want some tempting fancies for a party, tea-time, or any time, make some Chocolate Crackles with Copha®. They are so quick and simple to make and your friends will all want to know what is in them. Here's the recipe; and remember—Chocolate Crackles need no cooking. Ask your grocer for leaflet containing more Copha cookless recipes.

*Copha is 100% pure, white shortening, nourishing and economical. Keeps indefinitely.

RECIPE FOR COPHA CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

INGREDIENTS:

- 5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups)
- 3/4 ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup)
- 8 ozs. Icing Sugar
- 2 ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoons)
- 8 ozs. COPHA

METHOD:

Stir dry ingredients together, melt COPHA and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity of ingredients makes from 2 1/2 to 3 dozen Chocolate Crackles.

ANOTHER COPHA COOKLESS RECIPE! CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

INGREDIENTS:

- 5 ozs. (melted) COPHA
- 1 lb. Icing Sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 heaped dessertspoon of Cocoa
- Essence of Vanilla to flavour
- 1 lb. Coffee, Malt or suitable biscuits (These should be sifted by sifter)

Mix sifted sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla. Stir in the hot Copha. Line cake tin with grease-proof paper; place alternate layers of mixture and biscuits until tin is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in cold place to set.

COPHA
100% PURE
WHITE
SHORTENING

IN five days in this town I have interviewed sixty-one film personalities—stars, writers, directors, and producers.

I have said "Hello" to stars, and talked art with directors and money with producers.

I find the place split from top to bottom. The urgent problem of the hour is why are pictures beginning to lose money all the world over.

Box-office receipts in America are down as much as thirty-five per cent. on last year's level. Talent labor is being fired wholesale in the economy drive.

The studios are jittery between overspending and falling behind the season's schedule.

Already they are a hundred films short of world requirements.

Pictures are rushed into production before scripts are finished, edited, cut and thrown out in twenty-four hours to keep up the demand.

Hollywood is on the brink of a civil war. Everywhere you go, one subject is talked of—what's wrong?

I asked at random eight key men in the industry what is wrong. I got these answers.

Joe Schenck, head of Fox Twentieth Century, says that writers and directors, standing on the soap-box, are more interested in becoming executives of the talent guild than earning Academy awards for good acting, writing, and directing.

The only solution is to let them talk themselves out. Then they'll come back to work.

The industry is also at the end of the crazy comedy cycle. They are looking for something new to stimulate fans.

Frank Capra, the screen's greatest director, says films are overweighted and dopey.

Forty per cent. of the cost of every picture goes in overhead pay for unused story material and finding a nice job for the boss' brother.

Pictures won't get better, says Capra, until men who make them get free from box-office dictation.

I anticipate the clash to come this summer.

It should be a real fight this time.

Woody Vandyke, tough, grey-haired director of "The Thin Man" and "Marie Antoinette," says "Bah! People will talk and won't work—that's all that's wrong."

Bette Davis is alive with excitement. She gets a good part in "Three Sisters" with Errol Flynn.

She is certain she knows what's wrong. She says the right artists are given the wrong parts, and vice versa.

Jack Warner, ebullient, flamboyant boss of Warner's Studios, answers the question with super simplicity.

He says the industry is suffering only from timidity. The companies are holding back key products during the summer months.

"Let the big films go now," says Warner, "then everything will be lovely."

Bing Crosby strikes a match with his thumb, stares hard at his shoe, and says the solution is simple. Hollywood is giving the public far too much.

The three and four hour shows nightly, vaudeville, big band, free gifts, and lucky tickets are making the millions blase.

Flingers must be educated back to the simple pleasures of one-feature programmes.

Twenty-nine-year-old M.G.-M. producer, Joe Mankiewicz, hailed next Thalberg by the wiseheads of the film city, is sure he knows what's wrong.

Pictures, says he, are going to be worse before they are better. The biggest shake-up in film history is coming.

The trouble is old men, old ideas. The studios are overweighted with dead wood—shelved stories and discarded stars—and still think they are making films for twelve-year-olds, not knowing that the picture public has grown up and started to think.

The king of Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn, sums up the trouble. "This city," he says, "is full of sham pink champagne—drinking, half-crown cigar radicals who talk about their rights and won't work."

"That's what's wrong—that and poor pictures."

That's eight points in the red for Hollywood.

One point remains. Everyone is frightened of the sudden collapse in business.

They forget it is still the world's Number One Entertainment factory. People still go to the pictures.

Hollywood will still make them when all this is forgotten.

By PAUL HOLT,
Cabled from Hollywood

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ BY CAPTAIN FAWCETT

FRANK MCGLYNN, SR. ENACTS THE ROLE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN FOR THE 3,183RD TIME IN "STRANGE GLORY."

JACK OAKIE LOST 50 POUNDS FOR HIS ROLE IN "THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL"... DROPPING FROM 210 TO 160 LBS. HE NOW LOOKS THE SAME AS WHEN HE ENTERED FILMS 12 YEARS AGO.

ALL KISSING SCENES MUST BE DELETED FROM A PICTURE BEFORE IT CAN BE SHOWN IN JAPAN.

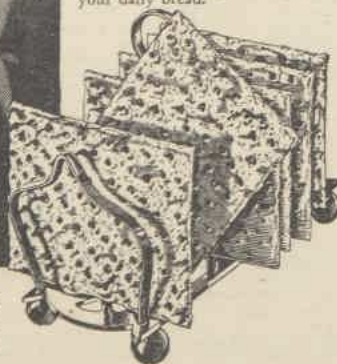
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WHOLE WHEAT!

Your body needs the vitamins, mineral salts and natural roughage of the whole wheat. You'll find them in Peek Frean's Vita-Weat.

Each delicious wafer-thin slice of Vita-Weat Crispbread gives you all the energizing goodness of the golden grain, without an excess of fattening unconverted starch.

You'll keep slim and you'll feel vital, when you make Vita-Weat your daily bread.



Put a toast rack of Vita-Weat on your table at every meal. A 4-lb. carton costs only a few pence. Why not buy one to-day?

PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat

CRISP BREAD

V20.8A

Here's Hot News from All the Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

M-G-M.'s first venture into the field of technicolor will be the new Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald film, "Sweethearts."

The decision to use technicolor was made after the company had been shooting for a week in the black-and-white medium, but despite the additional cost the entire week's work has been scrapped and will be made in color.

OLYMPÉ BRADNA, talented little French star, recently spent half an hour shut in an animal cage.

Taking time off to visit the St. Louis Zoo, Olympé was mobbed by auto-graph-hunters, who stole her hat, pulled a handkerchief out of her pocket, and ripped the buttons off her dress before police had time to intervene.

Police shut her in a nearby animal cage until they could break up the crowd!

ON the "Valley of the Giants" set at Warners, Director William Keighley and his crew were burning down a large building for one of the picture's big scenes. Several camera crews photographed the blaze from various angles.

Suddenly Keighley noticed smoke coming from one of the cameras, and realised that the flames were endangering the crew, who had been prevented from making their plight known by the terrific roar of the fire.

He quickly signalled to the fifty firemen, stationed on the set in case of emergency, and they quickly quelled the blaze.

The scene, of course, was ruined, and it was necessary to rebuild the set, and stage the fire all over again!

HAVING finished a dramatic role in "Mother Carey's Chickens," Ruby Keeler goes into another straight part in "The Clean Up," which deals with police efforts to break up gangster rackets.

It seems R.K.O. intends to let Ruby forget her song and dance days and build her as a straight dramatic actress.

She will be supported in the new film by Chester Morris, Bruce Cabot, and Joan Fontaine.

FIRST shots in technicolor of "Sixty Glorious Years," Anna Neagle's sequel to "Victoria the Great," are to be shown at Denham next week.

Herbert Wilcox is staging a big lunch at the studios to mark the occasion.

GRACE MOORE and Columbia Pictures have reached a parting of the ways. They could not settle their disagreements, so the studio finally sold her £80,000 contract for £11,000.

CLARK GABLE left the other day for a two-weeks' hunting trip in the wilder parts of Mexico. His chief ambition is to bring back a live wild mountain lion. And this time, it will be a full-grown one.

Last time Clark brought back a three-months-old cub, and his friends ragged him for not getting something bigger. Gable gave the cub as a present to Carole Lombard.

FOR a scene in "The Young in Heart," Janet Gaynor wears a bathing suit for the first time on the screen.

ALLAN JONES and Robert Young have purchased a riding academy in swanky Bel Air, and re-titled it the Bolan Riding Academy.

Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, and Spencer Tracy were their first customers.

ALICE FAYE had her tonsils removed the other day, and Hollywood is wondering if the operation will have any effect on her voice.

Frances Langford changed from a soprano to a contralto through a tonsillectomy.

CHIEF topic in Hollywood these days is the problem of getting an actor to play "Golden Boy," Clifford Odets' Broadway success, acquired by Columbia for the screen.

Luther Adler played Joe Bonaparte, the "Golden Boy," in the Broadway play, and Francis Lederer received plaudits for his interpretation of the part in the west coast production, but Columbia officials are anxious to get an unknown actor for the film version.

MARJORIE WEAVER, starring in "Hold That Co-Ed," is thrilled at the chance to work closely with John Barrymore.

In the picture he is a big politician and she plays his secretary.

Marjorie says that she is learning more from Barrymore than she ever did in dramatic schools or stock companies.

LOTTERY LUCK
HOW TO WIN

There is luck in lotteries. Some people win many times, others only once. Some win the first time they take a ticket, others take a hundred tickets before they win.

Readers who want to know lucky days and numbers are invited to write to Pundit Asrah, the noted Astrologer, whose astrological knowledge has already helped thousands.

Some people laugh at this Science of Astrology, but scientists were laughed at when they first said the moon affected the tides. Today this is a recognised fact, so is astrology.

Write your full name and address on a sheet of paper, giving the date and year of your birth, and send it with a postal note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope attached to this clipping to:

The Astrologer, Desk A.W.W.12, Box 586E, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania.

Within ten days Pundit Asrah will have sent to you the days and numbers which, according to the stars, are lucky.

He will also send you ten simple rules, "How to be Lucky," and testimonials from readers who have proved that the Pundit Asrah Plan Pays. You can have your money back if you are not satisfied.

Your lucky days may be very soon, so please act quickly.

CHRONIC DYSPEPTIC NOW EATS ANYTHING

"I used to dread the approach of meal time because of my inability to eat ordinary foods. Now I can eat anything that is put before me, and enjoy it, thanks to TWIN SODA."
(Extract from satisfied patient's report.) You, too, can gain this wonderful relief. Buy a packet of TWIN SODA from your chemist to-day. It costs only 1/6.



"My secret for an alluring complexion"

...Daggett & Ramsdell
Perfect Vanishing Cream



Every woman wants to look her best and be admired for her lovely complexion. That is just what Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Vanishing Cream will do for you. It forms an invisible film that lets your pores breathe, and makes your skin soft and velvety. And it cleverly conceals little skin blemishes that sometimes mar a beautiful complexion. Perfect Vanishing Cream gives your skin complete protection against sun, wind, rain and dust. It is an ideal powder base, and lends a smooth finish to your make-up, preserving it for hours. Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Face

Powder is famous for its refined texture and delicate fragrance. It comes in six flattering shades that harmonize with the most exacting complexion. It clings for hours, and will spare you the embarrassment of a shiny nose.

Here you have the secret of an alluring complexion — a secret that has made Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Vanishing Cream and Face Powder the choice of beautiful women everywhere. Write to Potter & Birks, Ltd., Dept. C, G.P.O. Box 747-G, Sydney, for the Daggett & Ramsdell booklet on Complexion Beauty.

Perfect Cold Cream, from 1/6 — Vivatone, from 1/6 — Perfect Cleansing Cream, 2/6
Perfect Face Powder, 2/6 — Perfect Vanishing Cream, from 1/6
Perfect Cleansing Oil, 4/- — Perfect Shampoo, 4/- — Perfect Hand Lotion, 4/-

You will always look your best with
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

The excellence of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture production is not confined to feature films with their Clark Gables, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy and William Powell. Leo of M-G-M roars from the screen to introduce the finest short subjects in the world.

The "Crime Does Not Pay" series; the M-G-M Miniatures; the M-G-M Junior Musical Comedies; the Historical Mysteries; the M-G-M Cartoons; the "What Do You Think?" series—these are only a few of the very popular series which are produced with the same care and attention as are given M-G-M features.

There are stars in M-G-M short subjects who are just as popular among worldwide audiences as are many of the stars of feature films. Examples are "Alfalfa," "Buckwheat," "Porky," "Daria" and "Butch" of the "Our Gang" Comedies, an M-G-M entertainment which has retained its popularity over a period of many, many years. Who, to take another example, is more popular than Robert Benchley, whose mere appearance in the first scene of any of his M-G-M shorts ("How to Sleep," "Music Made Simple," "The Love Life of a New") is just a few of his) is the signal for hilarious laughter in any theatre.

We, in Australia, have had the privilege of actually seeing James A. Fennelly, whose "M-G-M Technicolor Traveler" etc., the delight of everybody. We saw him when he visited us last April and made films of our country. But we have never seen, either in person or on the screen, the world-famous Pete Smith, whose voice is a favourite with millions who love and watch for his M-G-M Specialties and Sports Subjects.

Even when speaking of M-G-M Shorts, we can say: Yours for the best in entertainment.

LEO OF M-G-M

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Sleep Sound All Night.

The largest selling medicine for bronchitis and asthma in all of blizzard-told Canada is Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—now sold in Australia—a blessing to thousands. There's nothing so safe and sure in the world—2 or 3 doses in sweetened hot water just before bedtime and many a sufferer from strangling, choking Asthma, has found relief and a good night's rest—and that bad, old, persistent, bronchial cough has left you—if you don't believe it get a 2/3 bottle at any good chemist or store with this understanding you must get satisfaction or money back. Depend on it. Buckley's Canadiol Mixture gives definite quick relief from that choking, gasping struggle for breath.

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A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

THEATRE ROYAL

COM. SEPTEMBER 2 at 2 and 8 p.m.

GEORGE GEE

popular English comedian, in the melodious J. C. Williamson production, "NO, NO, NANETTE"

With a big cast of favorites.

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ OF HUMAN HEARTS

Beulah Bondi, Walter Huston.
(M-G-M.)

(Week's Best Release.)

ONE of the finest dramas the screen has given us for years is "Of Human Hearts."

It has a strong story, excellent direction, and the acting of a distinguished cast.

Walter Huston, who has never made a bad picture, and who will be remembered for his work in "Gentlemen of the Press," "The Virginian," "Abraham Lincoln" and "Dodsworth," gives still another outstanding characterisation in "Of Human Hearts."

He plays the part of a wandering preacher in the backwoods of America during the pioneer days.

After developing his own character and that of the people with whom he comes in contact, the virile minister finds himself up against his biggest problem in dealing with his own son.

The role of the son is played by James Stewart, a young man who

big part in the amusement, with Stuart Erwin, sometimes so forced, being thoroughly spontaneous, and Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore supplying a blend of fun and sex-appeal.

Loretta, who has looks but has rarely displayed any dramatic ability, makes something quite appealing out of the role of a pretended heiress in this O. Henry-like fantasy.

She is assisted in her impersonation by Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore, and somewhat hampered by Stuart Erwin, but naturally she finds romance with Joel McCrea in the end.

The idea of a plot by three penniless girls to capture a millionaire could have been a crude tale of gold-digging, but it is delicately handled and resolves itself into simple fun.

Not a distinguished picture, but quite an entertaining one.—Century; showing.

★★★ THE SAINT IN NEW YORK

Kay Sutton, Louis Hayward.
(R.K.O.)

THOSE who like detective thrillers will be interested in this blending of the English and American crime-story technique.

Ledlie Charters, the author, is one of England's contemporary mystery-writers who has built up a reputation with his accounts of the adventures of a mysterious master-mind called "The Saint."

Fortunately for the American producers, the exploits of "The Saint" have a romantic flavor about them, somewhat after the style of Frank L. Packard's "Jimmie Dale."

This, coupled with the fact that Charters chose New York as the venue of one of his stories, enabled Hollywood to make a film which

Shows Still Running

★★★ Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Feature-length fairytale, drawn by Walt Disney.—Plaza, 14th week.

★★★ Romance For Three. Florence Rice, Frank Morgan; comedy with alpine adventure.—Liberty, 2nd week.

★ Girl of the Golden West. Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; musical melodrama. St. James, 3rd week.

★ Yellow Jack. Virginia Bruce, Robert Montgomery; strong action drama.—State, 3rd week.

★ We're Going To Be Rich. Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen; broad comedy with dramatic effects.—Mayfair, 3rd week.

★ You And Me. Sylvia Sydney, George Raft; sombre drama.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

has been miscast in some of his pictures, but who shows his real worth in this one.

Beulah Bondi plays the wife of the preacher, devoted to him and to the boy, and facing a difficult struggle in the conflict between them.

Her work is perhaps the most sensitive performance in the entire picture.—Lyceum; showing.

★★★ KIDNAPPED

Arleen Whelan, Freddie Bartholomew. (20th Century-Fox.)

HERE'S one of the best adventure pictures ever made.

Robert Louis Stevenson's story has been brought to the screen without the loss of a single phase of its atmosphere, and without the addition of any artificial effects.

Freddie Bartholomew, departing from his familiar politeness, is a forceful and spirited youth, remarkably like the Davy we all imagined when we read Stevenson's book.

And it would have been impossible to find anyone who could play Alan Breck Stewart, the Jacobite rebel, better than Warner Baxter does.

He gives to the role all the courage, all the mercurial character, and all the flamboyance that made the Jacobites so splendid—and so hopeless.

Arleen Whelan, who has a relatively small part, is a rather rare type among youthful actresses, in that she really can act!

All round, "Kidnapped," the story of a boy's adventures during the Jacobite troubles in Scotland in the 18th century, makes one of the most exciting and admirable films of the year.—Embassy; showing.

★★★ THREE-BLIND MICE

Loretta Young, Joel McCrea. (20th Century-Fox.)

THE story of "Three Blind Mice" is a typical movie plot, artificial and completely incredible. But an unexpected flair for comedy on the parts of serious hero Joel McCrea and glamorous girl Loretta Young lifts the picture to a high entertainment level.

The supporting cast also plays a



MARCIA RALSTON
Warner Brothers Star

Born in Sydney. When acting on the stage in Australia was known as Macquarie Ralston. Educated at a convent. Dark blue eyes and dark brown hair. Perfect dancer. Expert golfer, swimmer and tennis player. Loves blue colours and daffodils. A really lovely Australian girl. Charming face powder from France is a really lovely thing, too, for it has the power to subside and conceal faults in the skin and give immediate charm and youth to it. It's a real "good fairy" to those women who are getting on in years or whose skin looks old although they themselves are not really old.

This powder stays on for hours, and every woman knows what a relief that is. Its perfume is one of the most exclusive and entrancing to be had in Paris.

Charmosan face powder

All shades and tints. Big double size box 2/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

At bedtime

Another day over, so it's face cleaning time. How utterly splendid Charmosan cold cream is for this nightly ritual. Goss right into pores and out again; cleanses them and skin of dust and other nasty destroying things and leaves skin supple and smooth.

Charmosan cold cream

Double jars 2/6. Tubes 1/- Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

combines American slickness with English subtlety.

The result is an entertaining detective drama in which good-looking Kay Sutton is teamed with the little-known but capable Louis Hayward.—Century; showing.

★★ REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

Shirley Temple, Randolph Scott. (20th Century-Fox.)

GENE STRATTON PORTER probably had no one remotely like Shirley Temple in mind when she wrote her sentimental romance, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

But, somehow, Shirley, for all her artificiality, has a genuine human quality underneath it that takes hold of you, and of the picture.

The love story is handled by Gloria Stuart and Randolph Scott, both experienced players who can and do save the simple sequences from crass sentimentality.

But, with a certain amount of comic relief from Slim Summerville, the picture belongs to Shirley—and not just because she's been starred.—Regent; showing.

★★ RASCALS

Jane Withers, Robert Wilcox. (20th Century-Fox.)

JANE WITHERS, that enfant terrible of the films, is given new scope for her reckless talents in this new picture.

Here she is not merely a gipsy in soul, but one in fact, wandering over the countryside, leading the Romans to revel, joining in the riots, intrigues and adventures of the vagabonds.

Also she finds opportunity to further the romance of attractive Robert Wilcox and pretty Rochelle Hudson, who plays the part of an heiress. Steffi Duna has a passionate gipsy role that suits her well, but the picture, take it all round, is Jane's—as it ought to be.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE

The March Twins. (Warner Bros.)

PROBABLY the rising generation to-day doesn't read Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" stories as its parents did. But it will join its parents in appreciation of the pictured versions.

Penrod may be old-fashioned now, but, being a real boy, he is as immortal as Peter Pan or Tom Sawyer. In this particular tale—one of the least realistic of Tarkington's stories—Penrod is lost, and another boy, who looks exactly like him, is used by a group of crooks to impersonate him in the hope of ill-gotten gain.

Naturally, everything turns out in heroic style, with Penrod revealing himself a scrapper and a gentleman, as well as a bit of a harrkin—in fact, just what every boy would like to be.—Capitol; showing.

★ PORT OF THE SEVEN SEAS

Maureen O'Sullivan, Wallace Beery. (M-G-M.)

WITH the basis of a good action picture in it, this film suffers somewhat by artificial treatment.

Maureen O'Sullivan, for instance, is rather miscast as the sweetheart of an adventurous sailorman.

John Beal, too, as the sailor in question, is rather irritatingly American. That is to say, American personalities are as good or bad as other racial types in their right place, but they don't seem to fit very well into the cosmopolitan calendar.

Wallace Beery himself gives a characteristic performance—thorough, lively, and a little too painstaking. Beery has force, but he seldom gives an impression of being quite natural.

In this film he is a tough café proprietor in Marseilles. That is—he is intended to be. But somehow he is still Wallace Beery.

All the same, there is plenty of action and a touch of romance in the picture. It won't convince you, but it won't bore you.—Capitol; showing.

that SPOON is wrecking your health



You took a harsh medicine again this morning—thinking that it would keep you well. If only you could see an X-Ray Photo of the shock that such medicines give to the muscles of your intestines! It left them slightly weaker than they were yesterday—less able to keep their natural regularity.

The Truth about Constipation

So that real facts might replace unsupported opinions, the Kellogg Company has aided for some years in leading nutrition research. Studies made on a group of healthy women showed that two table-spoonsful of All-Bran daily continued to relieve constipation over a period of months. How different from cathartics—where dosage must constantly be increased to continue effective. And it is this constant dosing, with harsh medicines, that weakens the natural peristaltic action of the bowels which keeps you regular. Common constipation is usually the result of insufficient "bulk" in the meals you eat. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies this "bulk" in the form of a nut sweet breakfast cereal. Two table-spoonsful daily will gently exercise your system and keep you well.



ATKINSONS of London Brilliantine



Gives you wave a silky gleam!

Preserve the smooth set of your wave with Atkinsons Liquid Brilliantine. Such a fine, delicate oil, for only the finest brilliantine should be used for a woman's coiffure. Ask your chemist for ATKINSONS.

Put a little between your hands, smooth it on your hair and comb it in.

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Now the Daily Telegraph announces a new plan that guarantees replies to your classified ads. or no cost to you. Under this plan, unless you get a written reply to your Daily Telegraph Classified Ad., you don't pay a penny. Here are the conditions under which this offer is made.

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No names, addresses or telephone numbers can appear in classified advertisements inserted on the basis of "No reply, no Charge." (The only exception to this rule is the inserting of a locality). All replies

to such ads. must be directed to a Daily Telegraph Box Number and must be picked up by the advertiser.

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There are four ways of inserting your classified advertisement in the Daily Telegraph. You may hand it in to any newsagent; you

may 'phone it direct to the Daily Telegraph, M6635; you may send it direct by post; or you may hand it in at either of the Daily Telegraph offices—Mid-city office, 115 Pitt Street or Head Office, 168 Castlereagh Street. You have nothing to pay at this stage. If, in a few days, when you call for your replies, there is a reply, you pay for the cost of the ad., if there is no reply, then you still pay nothing.

Decide now that the next time you want to insert a classified ad., you will put it in the Daily Telegraph first—and so not risk a penny.

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Medicated with throat soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.

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DEAF?
"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no words or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

"O H, frailty, thy name is racehorse!" Thus have I amended Shakespeare's wholesale libel of woman.

And I'm not talking in the betting sense, because they don't always let you down, but in the sense that they are so frequently sick and having to go into hospital just when their owners and the public have been keyed up to expect the most of them.

Hasn't Hua just broken down to retire for life from the racecourse, and we read that The Trump may not be quite sound, while the Queensland champion, Spear

What About Flowers for the Spring Horses in Hospital?

By BETTY GEE

Chief, has just left hospital after recovering from a virulent cold?

And by the way, how does a horse go into hospital?

Are there neat white wards with enamel tables, comfy beds and a hot-water bottle?

And do they have nurses in neat uniform, and are there vases for the flowers which sympathetic visitors bring?

No! Nothing like that. Just a little wooden room, in which he can just about turn round. They call it a "box."

Mostly the horse patient stands up. If he is really sick and wants to lie down there's plenty of straw on the floor of his box. But a horse won't lie down until he's really bad. Some even sleep standing up.

The hospital has some funny gadgets.

Can you imagine an operating table for a horse? It sounds fantastic, doesn't it? How could he get up on it?

Well, he doesn't. They stand him beside it strapped up, and suddenly he is levered off his feet and is on the table. Usually a whiff of anaesthetic is given for a table operation, otherwise he'd kick the surgeon's head off.

Some operations of a minor nature are performed while the horse stands on his feet. A twitch is put on his mouth. This is a rope affair which twists his top lip up tightly, hurting if he doesn't behave.

Sometimes they put the horse on the ground.

Future Hopes

It seems strange that a man by a simple trick can throw a horse, single-handed. But he can. He gets hold of his head and one foreleg, and a shove and a twist and down he goes. Not much strength needed, either. It's just a clever knack.

Phar Lap had an operation as a young two-year-old. A stable-boy rode him to the vets. Afterwards Phar Lap was so unconcerned that he nibbled at nearby grass. So the boy got on him again and rode him home.

Fancy being harnessed up to start work again as soon as you or I left the operating theatre!

But I suppose some horses are stronger than others. Phar Lap had a constitution of steel or he wouldn't have been the champion he was and won £68,738 in prizes.

But reverting to our sick spring horses. Spear Chief might be all right soon. And look out for The Trump. I've heard a whisper that he'll soon be as sound as a bell, and will again win everything he goes for.

About Hua I'm truly sorry. Such a lovely looking horse with a coat whose gloss reflected golden lights. He wasn't as swift as Ajax, but he could stay better.

A bookie friend from Melbourne says Ajax will be a screaming hot favorite for the Caulfield Cup. And he says there's nothing to beat him.



The Bell Boy's tip for Saturday is Fugitive.

Usually books don't side with public favorites, but Ajax has got the betting ring bluffed.

Avenger has been backed for both Cups. People expect him to do what The Trump did last year—win both. I like him best for the Melbourne Cup, so I've taken a little double with the two "A's." Ajax and Avenger. It's got a little like a winning double, hasn't it?

But let us turn to something nearer at hand.

The races are at Canterbury on Saturday. There is a classic event called the Canterbury Guineas, with a prize of 500 guineas. I've had a whisper that Bailey Payten has set Limulet for it, and that he'll win it by a minute.

Another from the same stable called Bush Bee has been given me for the Canterbury Stakes, another big race worth £500. She's as fast as greased lightning, my informant says.

The syndicate gives out Delmeester for the Park Stakes, and the Bell Boy tells me to stick to Fugitive for just this once more in the September Handicap.

Tweedie is a tip for the Ashbury Handicap right from the stable.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, August 31—

11.45 a.m.: Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, September 1—

11.45 a.m.: Serial, 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, September 2—

11.45 a.m.: Serial, 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, September 3—

2.30 p.m.: "Let's Go Places." 9.30 p.m.: "Hits of To-day."

SUNDAY, September 4—

4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital—Lina Pagliughi (soprano). 6.10 p.m.: From the pen of Giuseppe Verdi.

MONDAY, September 5—

11.45 a.m.: Serial, 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

SIREN the quality soap

brings you quality GIFTS



Siren's extra-soapy suds get your clothes spotlessly clean without rubbing and scrubbing! Hands stay soft and smooth, too, and linen washes a dazzling white—because Siren is made from pure, fine oils!



Save these crosses



BATH TOWEL

Genuine White Admiralty or gaily coloured Bath Towel, 46 x 23 ins. Save 48 Blue Crosses.



Aluminium SAUCEPAN
Strong, splendidly finished, 2 1/2 pint size, with coloured heat-proof knob. Save 48 Blue Crosses.



CASSEROLE, 8" diam., made of "Strong-lite" 99% pure Aluminium. Close-fitting lid, heat-proof knob. Save 104 Blue Crosses.



PILLOWSLIP

21 x 31 1/2 ins., dainty and hem-stitched, nicely finished and long-wearing. Save 36 Blue Crosses.



GLASS CLOTH

Pure Irish Linen 23 x 32 ins., red or blue side-striped; will wear and wear. Save 24 Blue Crosses.



HAIR BROOM

Fine, close-set bristles. Nicely finished. Save 104 Blue Crosses.

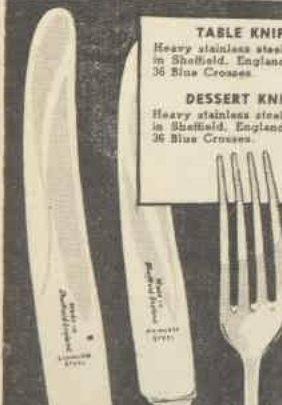


TABLE KNIFE

Heavy stainless steel. Made in Sheffield, England. Save 36 Blue Crosses.



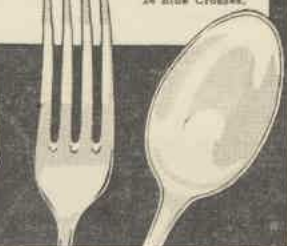
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TABLE FORK

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Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall End), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with crosses addressed to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4267Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT SEND A LETTER BUT USE PRINTED FORM.

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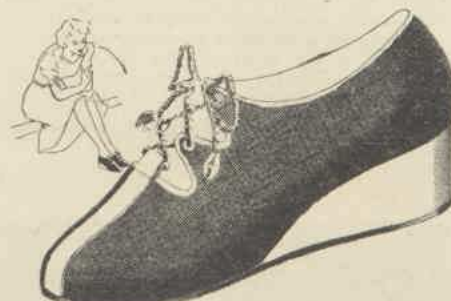
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Dashing sports "Zephyra" with the revolutionary wedge heels—the startling new heels of balanced beauty and buoyant support... and now we have these "Zephyra" in blue, wheat, Paris tan with white, linen with calf, or in all blue or all brown suede. Sizes 19'11 2 to 7's **19'11**

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Real Life Stories

Wounded Crocodile Never Forgets

... Woman's Close Call

An elephant, they say, never forgets. Neither does a wounded crocodile.

Mrs. S. Brown, of Norton St., Ashfield, N.S.W., made that discovery while living in North Queensland, where she had a terrifying experience with one of these ugly monsters, which, but for her husband's nerve and deadly aim, would have probably killed her. Her story wins this week's guinea prize for Real Life Stories.

I LIVED with my husband a few miles from Bowen, in Northern Queensland (writes Mrs. Brown).

Our modest little home—two rooms and a kitchen, built by my husband—at the end of a tongue of land which jutted out into a large creek.

Frequently there were fierce-looking crocodiles in this creek, and their nearness to our home was a constant dread to me.

One morning my husband shot one of these horrible monsters, but unfortunately it was only wounded, and with a great deal of noisy splashing it disappeared beneath the water.

I had often been told that a wounded crocodile would seek revenge, but I laughed at the suggestion. Now I know it is true.

Owing to the heat we slept with all the doors wide open and the night following the shooting of the crocodile I was suddenly awakened by a strange and frightening sound in the bedroom.

After listening for a few moments I awakened my husband. "Jim," I said, "I think there's a snake in the room!"

Striking a match my husband held it up. The light paralysed me. There in the middle of the room was the wounded crocodile! He had returned for his revenge.

With a scream of horror I buried myself under the



"STRIKING A MATCH, my husband held it up. The sight paralysed me."

sheet. But fortunately my husband was made of sterner stuff.

Leaping from the bed on the side away from the crocodile he lit the candle and, grabbing the shotgun he always kept loaded, he walked round the bed and fired. The shot hit the crocodile between the eyes, and another finished him off.

Later investigation showed the marks of the crocodile from the creek bank across the twenty yards or so of ground to our house.

After that experience we moved to safer surroundings as soon as possible.

Grasshopper Danger

WITH the road strewn with grasshoppers motoring can be truly dangerous. I know it—now!

Returning from a business trip to Orange with my father we struck a plague of insects which compelled us to put up the side curtains.

Then on turning a bend on the Blue Mountains, the car became enveloped in a cloud of grasshoppers which obscured the road.

They were a couple of inches deep on the road, and before we realised our danger the car skidded and overturned.

A gang of workmen rushed to our assistance, but to their amazement my father crawled out from under the car with only a slight scratch on his hand from the broken glass, while I, uninjured though badly frightened, watched the scene from a safe bank where I had been flung when the car skidded.

2/- to Miss Annette Segale, 9 Niblick Street, North Bondi, N.S.W.

Lamp of Life

AS my husband worked over 20 miles from home he rode his bicycle to work on Sunday and returned on the Friday night.

One Friday evening, thinking that company would lighten the last few miles of a weary journey for my husband, I set out to meet him.

After walking about two miles I came to where the road skirted a steep hill, and seeing a bicycle lamp burning on the road, walked over and found that the old fence had been broken away.

In a flash I knew—he had come down the hill too fast, and, skidding on the loose gravel, had gone over the back.

With a prayer on my lips I slid and scrambled down the 50 feet to the bottom and found my husband unconscious with a terrible gash in his leg where a sharp stump had pierced the flesh.

I made a tourniquet with his handkerchief to stop the bleeding, and then ran to a farmhouse nearby for assistance.

If his bicycle lamp had not kept night he would not have been found in daylight, and would surely have died.

2/- to Mrs. H. Corby, c/o Post Office, Bangor, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Over a Waterfall

AN accident that nearly ended in a tragedy occurred when, with a party of girls I visited the local waterfalls.

There was not a full flow of water over the cliff, so, removing my shoes, I ventured on to a rocky ledge further out, not noticing that the dull surface was mudded moss.

Like a flash I lost my footing and shot out over the cliff. When I recovered my temporary lapse of senses I was being borne swiftly down through the rushing torrent to almost certain death when, by a miracle, my feet wedged in a cavity in the rock face, about 20ft. from the top of the fall, where the stream was diverted.

Crawling out, I was terrified lest one of the others should also slip in trying to help me. I tried to jump across the water to scramble up the side, but slipped back into the water, and was carried down another few feet.

I almost gave up hope and shut my eyes to await the inevitable, but once again Providence came to my assistance. I was thrown against a ledge, about 18 inches wide, to which I clung.

With my life in my hands, I slowly crept along the ledge to where, by standing up, I was able to grasp some tufts of grass, above which were helping hands, which hauled me to safety.

5/- to E. J. Carroll, Nambour, Qld.

Fight with Kangaroo

NEARING Bundanoon on a motor tour from Canberra, my parents decided they would like to see our old homestead which had recently been destroyed by fire.

When we walked around to the back of the house a kangaroo which we had seen in the drive followed us.

He growled, sharpened his claws in the grass, then knocked mother down. I went to her rescue, and when I beat him off he kicked me with his hind legs, landing me some distance off in a shrub.

Father came to my assistance and was treated similarly and clawed savagely.

We were in a dangerous predicament when father found an old water-pipe and hit the animal over the neck several times.

Hurt the beast sat down, and we collected our damaged belongings and hurried to the car.

Later we received medical attention. 5/- to Mrs. P. Tower, Addison Rd., Manly, N.S.W.

"Ginger" for Luck

A THICK shock of auburn hair once saved my life.

When a boy of 13 I spent a holiday with an uncle on his farm near Dungog, N.S.W.

Carting in hay, uncle placed me on top of the load, where I sat under the ropes that held the load on.

Everything was all right until, crossing a small creek containing only a foot of water, the horse misjudged the turn. Next instant we were upside down in the middle of the mud.

I was in pitch darkness. Any movement I could make was confined to the pressure I could exert on the hay.

The water (blocked by the hay), started to bank up, and soon I was in danger of drowning.

Meanwhile my uncle was frantically tearing at the load and ropes with his hands until he was able to work his arm in to its full length, and could feel my hair.

Getting a good grip he began to tug and soon had me out of danger.

3/- to L. Laget, Sackville Street, Fairfield, N.S.W.

Romance on the Railway

WALKING along the railway line at Ardglan, on the Northern Tablelands, with my ten-year-old sister, I noticed a tree laden with oranges, and stopped to pick some.

When I had finished gathering the fruit I heard the noise of an on-coming train and noticed my sister, who was half of hearing, walking along the line, blissfully ignorant of danger.

By this time the train had rounded a curve and was gathering speed down an incline. Shouting at the top of my voice, I vainly tried to attract either the attention of the train crew or the child.

But fortunately a man clad in overalls heard my cries, and, rushing from a tent at the side of the line, he hurled himself at my sister and clasped her in a sort of flying tackle.

The momentum he had gained carried them out of the train's path just in the nick of time.

Then I did the thing to which every woman is entitled at a time like this—I fainted!

When I came to I heard a gentle male voice consoling my sister, who had been badly frightened.

It was from this near tragedy that romance blossomed, for that gallant rescuer is now my husband.

5/- to Mrs. J. Evans, c/o P.O., Macksville, North Coast, N.S.W.

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY!



Are vital elements missing from her diet?

Does your child tire easily? Is she inclined to "mope"? Does she compare unfavourably with other children in height and physique?

If you must answer "yes" to these questions, your child is showing signs that she is not getting enough of what the doctors call 'Protective' Foods.

What 'Protective' Foods are

'Protective' Foods are those rich in minerals and vitamins. When there are not enough of them in a child's diet, the real foundations of a sound constitution are missing.

Without them children fail to make sound growth—their resistance to illness is slight, their muscles and nerves lack

"tone," and their bones and teeth lack strength.

BOURN-VITA is a first-class 'protective' food. It is a delicious combination of barley malt, full-cream milk, eggs and chocolate, containing essential vitamins and minerals. A cup of Bourn-vita gives your child Vitamins A, B, and D, and the minerals calcium, phosphorus and iron—elements necessary for sound growth and full nourishment.

While it "protects" Bourn-vita also builds, strengthens, and supplies extra energy.

Give your child Bourn-vita to-night.

BOURN-VITA IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS & GROCERS in air-tight 1lb., 1lb., and 1lb. tins. Weight guaranteed.

1/6 1lb., 2/9 1lb., 4/9 1lb.

GIVE HER CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA

THE 'PROTECTIVE' FOOD
THAT ENSURES SOUND,
INVIGORATING SLEEP



TALLULAH BANKHEAD, one of the famous stage stars of whom Sir Seymour Hicks writes in his new book, "Night Lights."

SEYMOUR HICKS' Back-Stage Gossip . . .

Reviewed by ESME FENSTON

WOMEN who have been adored by millions across the footlights are adored in print by Sir Seymour Hicks in his latest book.

MANY of the brightest stars of the stage during the past fifty years twinkle briefly between the covers of "Night Lights," by Sir Seymour Hicks. Their pleasant flickering will be enjoyed by those who still find romance in grease-paint, and for whom the glamor of the stage has not been entirely eclipsed by the streamlined allure of the films.

From his enormous store of memories and anecdotes, Seymour Hicks has drawn much wit and fun. Knowledgeable stage fans may claim that there is nothing very new in the book, but to many readers lots of the stories may be quite fresh.

There is something a little irritating about the form in which these memories are presented. The first and the last parts of the book consist of conversations between a middle-aged journalist and an actor.

They talk of "life and love and ladies," according to the sub-title of the book, and we sometimes wish they talked a little less.

The wit is often dragged in rather in the manner of wisecracks in variety dialogue, and some of it would probably appear sicker across the footlights than in print.

Between the conversations are some tabloid biographies of "Famous Ladies of the Stage." These little sketches are frank but kindly, and full of the

generous appreciation of one artist for another.

Great names like Melba, Pavlova, Duse and Bernhardt mingle with those still seen in electric lights like Gertrude Lawrence and Gracie Fields.

Gracie Fields, he writes, must be the only music-hall "star" whom a Lord Chief Justice has, at his own express desire, watched while at her work.

Lord Hewart said in an after-dinner speech: "It would be a great honor for a Lord Chief Justice to meet a lady who, I believe, earns more in one night than one of His Majesty's Judges gets in a year."

As a sequel to that speech Lord and Lady Hewart went to Ealing where Gracie was working on a film. Photographers pounced on them, of course.

The Lord Chief Justice adopted an attitude of dignified repose.

"Nay, nay, laad," said Gracie "we've got to get busy and talk about summat!"

And it was so.

Tallulah Bankhead, Sir Seymour says, was once the centre of hysterical adulation in London. She was the impersonation of what every woman in the gallery (and not only in the gallery) would like to be.

She was the romantic dream, made manifest, of women whose lives lacked romance.

He says the stories of her revels and

"OUR Gracie," whom Sir Seymour Hicks says is worshipped as no comedienne since Marie Lloyd.

wild escapades are exaggerated to a degree of ludicrous and unbelievable absurdity.

She is good nature itself, generous to a fault, eats very little, and smokes too many cigarettes.

"Give me a cigarette and my lipstick and I am happy," he heard her say. "These are the only things I cannot do without."

Here is a war-time story of Alice Delysia, who was in Australia a few years back:

"A fervent patriot, Delysia's fanatical love for France was well known. One night in 1916, when she was entertaining at her house, news came through of the wounding of her brother.

"That night she refused to sing, saying, 'If you like I will try to entertain you, but not with song. Let me recite the "Marseillaise."'

"I can see the picture now, a crowded salon and Delysia standing up with men in uniform, while many others were seated at her feet.

The chatter ceased. The silence of death fell upon the room, as with almost a shout this woman of revue fame cried aloud in defiance and agony of mind: "The Marseillaise!"

"Delysia, her head thrown back, her hair in a tangle, white-lipped and wide-eyed—was indeed France. . . The figure of a woman was in the room, but Delysia herself was elsewhere."

An Error in French

LUCIEN and Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps, who was at that time married to Sacha, were supping with Seymour Hicks one night, and in faulty French he tried to pay Yvonne a compliment, which was succeeded by shouts of laughter. He couldn't make out what had happened till Sacha said, "You have

BOOKS TO READ

INDIGO DEATH. Max Saltmarsh. A grand thriller, full of action, excitement, tremendous secrets and a weird secret society in Germany. There's just the requisite love interest.

JUNE IN SKYE. Elizabeth Coxhead. A fortnight's holiday provides time for a most convincing love story.

THE END OF ANDREW HARRISON. Freeman Wills Crofts. Houseboat mystery with an international financier as the corpse aboard. Inspector French discovers one small clue. It's enough.

not told her you love her, Seymour. You have said you would like to be her lover."

He apologised profusely for such a terrible mistake.

"Oh," said Sacha, "why are you upset? Wouldn't you like to be her lover?"

Who but a Frenchman could have thought of such an unanswerable question?

As an example of Marie Tempest's lively wit, Hicks tells a story of a manager by name Vedrenne, celebrated for his honesty, and for opening his conversations with stage aspirants by saying, "Now, look here, I am going to put my cards on the table."

Marie was in a densely crowded restaurant one evening when Vedrenne

came to the door and looked about in bewilderment for a place to sit. Someone asked what he was doing. "Oh! He's all right," said Miss Tempest. "He is only looking for a table to put his cards on."

Alice Delysia, the French star who was in Australia a few years ago. Sir Seymour Hicks tells a war-time story of her in "Night Lights."

"Expecting some day to be placed in it for her last sleep, she sometimes lay in it to rehearse, as it were, for her last part. She even had herself photographed in it, lying in a shroud with closed eyes and arms crossed with palms and flowers on her winding sheet and candles at her side."

"When the great actress did die it had become too shabby to be used, so another one was ordered."

Not a new story, of course, but as oddly interesting as ever.

Free Advertisement

AS a final sample of stage wit here is a story of Maud Tree, wife of Sir Herbert Tree, at whose London theatre "Chu Chin Chow" was being presented.

During the enormously successful run of "Chu Chin Chow," Lady Tree made a most amusing remark while seated in a Pullman car opposite an extremely stout lady who was wearing a Chow and eating buns at the same time.

Looking at the double chin of the dog-lover and watching her munching so pleasantly, she said to her companion, "I know what that woman is doing, she is advertising our success."

"How do you mean?" asked the lady she addressed.

"Well, my dear," said Maud Tree, looking at her friend, "could anything be more obvious. 'Chew! Chin! Chow!'"

"NIGHT LIGHTS," by Sir Seymour Hicks. London, Cassell. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

FLU, COLDS and RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS... relieved with

VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS TABLETS

Genuine

WOMEN...relieve PAIN regularly with VINCENT'S

The Road To Reno

Continued from Page 6

"I GATHERED from our first interview that you expect your husband to make difficulties—"

"If he can, I think he will." "We'll have to wait and see. First we have to establish residence. Then if he allows, himself to be represented you'll go right through and be on your way back home on your forty-third day. But if he refuses there will be delay. And you have to be careful. The whole thing is serious. We all know it. But the fraud mustn't be flaunted in our faces."

She played nervously with some papers on his table.

"It isn't easy for me to be careful. But I'll try. Only with Charles—see doesn't know. He's not an ordinary man. He's twisted somewhere. So you don't know where he'll strike."

"So you gave me to understand. That's why I advised you to go to Grey Timbers. I send all my complicated cases there. If things go wrong at least they're in a lovely place with good people."

Her mouth was grave. But a smile danced in her grey eyes.

"Very good," he asked. "Has Jon been registering disapproval?"

"I think," she said slyly, "that when he was a baby they had been on Principles with a capital P."

"Well—they're not bad things to hang on to—especially in a shipwreck."

"Unless they hang themselves on to you and drown you first."

He grinned. She was shrewd all right—with a mature shrewdness that was perhaps part of an inherited worldliness.

"I don't want Jon to be drowned. I loved his mother and have a sort of hangover for him. He makes his mistakes, but he takes his punishment. And he's had a lot—some that he didn't deserve—just sheer bad luck."

"I don't believe much in luck," she said—"but just in ourselves taking."

POETS

I always think a poet should be beautiful to see, Still eyes, to mirror loveliness, and hair that's dark and free, Pale, slender hands, white butterfly to charm, and ballet grace, Equivocal, with a mistfulness of sorrow in her face,

Or laughing eyes, and pointed chin, and spirit of an elf, But none were ever meant to be poetic as myself.

shape in events outside ourselves." She stood up and offered him her hand. "I sound awfully wise. And I'm not. But I'll try to be."

"Good girl. I'll come along with you as far as the courthouse. I'm seeing Mrs. Kitts through her troubles. I hope in a few weeks I'll be doing as much for you. I don't have to tell you to keep your chin up." His dark eyes were warm and friendly. "Just don't stick it out too far."

The entire guest section of Grey Timbers had come down in all the available cars to see Mrs. Kitts triumphantly if temporarily released from matrimony and onto the afternoon train East. The party had started at eleven at Luigi's and had progressed through all the bars of the town. In order that her friends should remain with her to the last, Mrs. Kitts had stipulated gallantly for an open court, and Gill had meant to go along with the rest. But at the corner of Virginia Street she changed her mind, said good-bye to

Jesse Lawson, and wandered off to the Bank Club.

"I've got what you call a hunch," she'd said with her doubtful little smile. It worried Lawson like the smile of a headless child that has been roughly punished and wonders when it will be heedless and hurt again.

Anyway it wasn't a hunch at all. Just a desire to be alone in a crowd that didn't know about her or want to know. The other Grey Timbers people seemed to be always pressing in on her, wanting to tell all and be told all. These nondescript men gathered round the smoke-hung gaming tables didn't even glance at her. They were grey, colorless men with seamed faces and unprescribed shabby clothes.

They made way for Gill without seeming to see her. She gazed as she did everything, with a high-handed contempt for any system. But to-day her luck was imposing enough to make the man next her look her over with a grin.

"Say, sister, I hope that crack about love and luck ain't true."

"Who cares?" she answered gaily. "Luck's best."

"Mind if I follow your steer?"

"If you don't blame me afterwards."

From then on he followed her plunge for plunge. By four o'clock he was helping her stuff her bag and the pockets of her fur coat (Charles had bought it for her in Paris) with ten-dollar bills that might have been so much paper.

"I guess I'd better see you where you belong, sister," her companion said. "This is a great little town. Anything can happen."

SHE let him go with her. She knew she was nothing more to him than a partner in a streak of luck and to whom he was obligated by a vague tradition of chivalry. And she didn't care, either, when Jon Fortness with Cousin Mabby and Lin Woods tugging at his heels like a pair of strange hunting dogs came out of a chair store loaded with provisions. He glanced at her and her companion and the friendly, rather boyish earnestness of his expression became in an instant a mature severity. In sheer resentment at him she affected an unsteady swagger. It was rotten. But everything she did seemed to be rotten. And, anyhow, what made him so self-righteous—a young, vigorous man who spent himself playing up to a crowd of wealthy derelicts—as derelict in all that mattered as the man who strolled companionably beside her.

They passed each other without a sign of recognition.

Outside the hotel where the station wagon and a milling group of Mrs. Kitts' escort waited for her, Gill's recent partner pulled up short. "One of them?" he asked.

"Sure."

He made her a little ironical salutation.

"Better luck next time, sister. And keep your hands on your pockets."

To Gill's astonishment she saw that Mrs. Kitts had not gone East. She sat in the middle of the back seat, very upright, her monkey face set in an unfamiliar expression of deeply outraged dignity.

"I said to the judge," she declaimed in loud, indignant tones, "I wouldn't live in this country if you gave it to me. Possibly I was rude. But he had been extremely offensive. 'A gentleman,' I said, 'accepts a lady's word without question. My address is 595 Park Avenue, New York City. And if you have any further doubt in the matter, my husband, Mr. Arnold Kitts, can be reached at his

Wall Street office. Or refer to the Social Register.'"

Mr. Krock pressed against Gill on the seat next Tush, who was driving with one hand.

"That's what she said to him. Believe it or not. Poor Lawson looked as though he'd choke. He kept on saying, 'Mrs. Kitts. I don't think you quite understand the question. We are not referring to your past residence. We are referring to your present and future intentions.' 'My intentions,' says she, 'are to get out of here on the afternoon train and I hope I never set foot in this place again.'"

The bus seemed to sway from side to side with the agonized rhythm of their mirth. From behind him Claude Carstairs draped her arms round Tush's neck and tried to strangle him. He slowed down to a cautious sixty.

"Someone pry her loose from me," he said—"she's passing out."

"So there she is," Mr. Krock concluded. "Back where she started. It's the last time I let a woman mix her drinks."

Mrs. Fetherstaw, who was holding Mrs. Kitts' now unconscious hand and patting it at what appeared to be mechanically fixed intervals, explained that under no circumstances could such a thing have happened to her.

"If the poor darling had had my experience," she said, "and she'd been blind to the world she'd answer, 'My residence from henceforward, so help me God, is Nevada, the fairest State in the Union with the noblest men, the loveliest women, and the swellest climate, bar none.' And the Judge says: 'Madame, whoever the man is, you're quit of him—' Or," Mrs. Fetherstaw amended in the manner of one desiring to be strictly accurate, "—words to that effect."

Mr. Anders, still actively an officer and a gentleman, had gone to retrieve Mrs. Kitts' luggage from the depot and now something had to be done about Mrs. Kitts. The situation was bad. Mr. Kitts, it seemed, was a pain in the neck. He didn't want the divorce and had only stood beat for it under pressure. He was unlikely to stand treat a second time.

Mrs. Kitts' man friend was sinking under a murderous alimony, and Mrs. Kitts in a wild flight from reality had that afternoon gambled away her diamond rings which Tush had obligingly pawned at the nearest pawnshop. And Mrs. Kitts wanted that divorce. She might shoot herself, Mrs. Preston said from the other side of her, as a woman would if pushed hard enough.

"We ought to pass the hat," Mr. Krock said.

Please turn to Page 44

How to Stop Indigestion in Five Minutes

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

If you want an astonishing demonstration of how quickly and completely indigestion and stomach pain can be stopped, just take a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water. I've found that the moment 'Bisurated' Magnesia reaches the stomach it neutralises all burning, ulcerating excess acid. Pain abates at once—heartburn and sourness pass off, flatulence is relieved, and that horrible feeling of 'fulbrow' disappears.

I personally recommend and prescribe this well-known antacid, and, if you suffer from indigestion or gastric disorder, I strongly advise you to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above, is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark 'Bismag.'

Sniffing, Snuffling

Get a 1/2 tube of NARAL BALM for Cold in the Head and Coughs to clear your congested nostrils. NARAL BALM is a product of The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Pty., Ltd. See you get the package with the six-pointed star on it. At chemists and stores.

It's the loveliest thing..... but—how can I wash it?

How right the girl was!

PERSIL DOES KEEP COLOURS BRILLIANT AND WOOLLIES AS FLUFFY AS NEW

PERSIL - WASHED woollens always retain their shape and keep as bright and fluffy as the day you bought them. There are three good reasons why Persil is so safe for dainty garments:

1. With Persil, water need never be more than tepid, and for colours that are very likely to run, you can use cold water.
2. No hard rubbing is needed with Persil. Its suds are oxygen-charged to cleanse thoroughly.
3. Persil cleanses so quickly that clothes are in the water for the shortest possible time.

No wonder Persil keeps dainty coloured woollens so fresh looking. And don't forget—Persil's gentle cleansing action makes things last longer.

Persil

Good Housekeeping Institute of America

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD

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THE SECRET OF YOUTHFUL SKIN

WHAT GLORIOUS SKIN YOU HAVE I WISH MINE WERE LIKE IT!

YOU'RE WOULD BE SMOOTH AND CLEAR TOO IF YOU TOOK AN OCCASIONAL CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLET—THEY RID THE SYSTEM OF POISONS—CAUSE THE STOMACH AND LIVER TO FUNCTION PROPERLY BY MAKING YOU REGULAR AND THOROUGH IN YOUR DAILY HABITS—TRY THEM.

Chamberlain's TABLETS WHEN NATURE NEEDS HELP

TRAVEL MADE HIM CONSTIPATED

**Salesman Says Kruschen
Keeps Him "On His Toes"**

"I am a commercial traveller," writes a correspondent, "and due to endless travelling by train, I find that I become constipated if I do not keep myself well purged. Kruschen Salts is the only thing that will do this effectively and not interfere with my work. I take a large dose of Kruschen every Saturday night and on Sunday, when I have no work to do, the Salts act on me. On weekdays I take a small dose on rising. It is necessary that I be 'on my toes' all through the day, and this is the only way that it possibly can be done. I have tried other laxatives and they have proven to be either unreliable or harsh in their action."—V.L.

Kruschen Salts is Nature's recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. The six salts in Kruschen stimulate your internal organs to smooth, regular action. Your inside is thus kept clear of those impurities which, when allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system.

MAKES SEWING EASIER

Use 3-in-one oil on all working parts and see how much easier and smoother your sewing machine runs.

**CLEANS
LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST**

3-IN-ONE OIL

75,000 SUFFER
It has been estimated that in the Sydney Metropolitan area alone a total of over 75,000 persons suffer from complaints such as Indigestion, Acidity, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Wind, etc. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. Should you suffer likewise buy from your local chemist for 1/6 a packet of pure TWIN SODA. The speedy relief it brings is surprising.

"RHEUMATISM IS IN MY BLOOD" DRIVE IT OUT THE CAUSE IS WEAK KIDNEYS

How often have you heard it said—"Rheumatism is in my blood"? It IS in your blood. It got there because your kidneys are weak and cannot filter the impurities and poisons—especially excess uric acid—out of your system, and the result is the formation of cruelly sharp uric acid crystals, which tear their way through the tender tissues, causing acute inflammation and, at times, unbearable pain.

Medical science agrees that rheumatism, backache, lumbago and all kindred troubles spring from one cause only—weak and sluggish kidneys—and that the only sure, safe, speedy and reliable method of obtaining relief is to restore the weakened kidneys to healthy action. De Witt's Pills give

QUICK RELIEF—LASTING BENEFIT

In every case, no matter how long you have suffered.

The wonderful thing about De Witt's Pills is the fact that the benefit they bring is not only quick but it is lasting.

AGED 67, AND WITHOUT AN ACHE NOW

Mr. G. Coleman, of 73, Oxford Street, Lansdowne, Masterston, writes:—

"I used to be troubled with rheumatism and kidney trouble, but since taking De Witt's Pills I am a new man. I am 67 and without an ache or pain. I can safely recommend your pills to anyone, for they have done me such a lot of good."

DEWITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/6, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

HE passed his. His own contribution was a five-dollar bill and some loose change. From the bottom of her bag Mrs. Fetherstaw produced a twenty-five cent piece and some peppermints. Mrs. Preston tossed in a huge emerald ring.

"Paste," she said bitterly. "When I found that Frank had been giving me paste even on my wedding day my heart broke."

"It looks," said Mr. Krock sadly, "as though the poor lady will have to go home to poppa."

"I won a thousand dollars," Gill broke in suddenly. She dug the stuff out of her pockets. Mr. Krock's hat wasn't big enough and he snatched off Tush's.

"You're a white woman," Mr. Krock said. He kissed her. They all kissed her. They stuffed her money into Mrs. Kitts' bag, into her pockets, up her sleeves, under her hat. Mrs. Kitts still continued to sit bolt upright, but her eyes were glazed. "She doesn't remember whether she won or lost," Mr. Krock said. "She'll think she won."

"God bless England and our late dear Queen," Mrs. Fetherstaw declaimed apparently from some dim memory of the English Prayer Book—"and all the Royal Family."

Bess Carson roused herself from the back of Tush's neck.

"We oughter do something for the poor meth-eaten old bird. We gotta make her feel we're glad to have her back among us. We gotta spring a surprise party on her."

So they stopped at the last filling station on the road and telephoned Luigi's and several of the nearby dude-ranches and it was understood that Luigi would send up a rush order of musicians and that the ranches would supply enough male dancing partners to make up the chronic deficit.

It was a marvellous party. Mrs. Kitts, from her bed of acute sickness, heard something of it at intervals and groaned. Cousin Mabby and Lin Wong performed a miracle in the form of a cold buffet and Mr. Krock opened up his private stock for the general benefit. "A white

woman," he said, "like Gill Crawshaw brought out the best in all of them." It was his idea that it should be an impromptu fancy-dress affair with Mrs. Preston's paste emerald as a prize for the most original creation.

Mr. Anders came as an early Roman warrior with a coal scuttle helmet and a dish-cover breastplate. Mr. Krock himself, aided by Mrs. Fetherstaw, who lent him one of her wigs and some of her latest lingerie, featured as Shirley Temple and was awarded the prize without further competition.

Gill, wearing Mr. Krock's opera

GIRLIGAGS



"ONE MINUTE it's 'scrap all navies of the world,' and in almost the same breath it's 'build all navies for a scrap.'"

hat and a long black coat and armed with a broom declared herself a witch. She felt like one—a witch, herself hag-ridden by a fury of indifference and futility and a kind of wild ungoverned pity for them all. They were so reckless, so kind, so decent. They had some generous code of their own. She didn't know what it was. Probably they didn't either. But you could count on it. It was round midnight that they first heard that firm, insistent thudding in some unlocated part of the rambling house. It went on and on until at last it dominated even Luigi's jazz band and they stopped to stare at each other.

"It's a ghost," Mrs. Preston said. "I've heard it before. I tell you this house is full of broken hearts. It's haunted with them—"

"A ghost," Mr. Krock said solemnly, "ought to be laid. And a witch is the very thing to lay it."

JON FORTNESS,

shut away in his office, his hands to his ears, trying to keep his mind on the startling profits that Luigi had triumphantly set before him, heard that thudding like the startled beat of his own heart. He stood up violently. He at least knew what it was. It was Great-Aunt Minerva's stick pounding a tattoo of indignant protest and demand. Until now he had counted on her being asleep before the party broke loose. And she slept deeply like a child. But tonight something had happened.

He wrenched open his door. He was in time to see the incredible horde sweep past him and up the narrow stairs. He shouted at them. Suddenly a last restraint snapped so that his dangerous temper had its way with him. They were his enemies, invading his last stronghold. He wanted to kill the ring-leader of this outrage—to sweep them out and have done with them. He caught hold of Mrs. Preston, dressed in a sheet as Sappho, and tried to fling her on one side. But she clung to him and burst into a wild fit of weeping.

"I know how I seem to you—I want to kill myself. I can't. I'm so frightened. And I'm so dreadfully unhappy—if only you would kill me, Mr. Fortness."

Cousin Mabby at the head of the stairs, wild-haired, wild-eyed, was trying to stem the assault like a furiously snapping terrier. They swept past her. It was Gill who broke through the balize door, tossing the warning sign over her shoulder like a captured flag. She'd wanted to do this from the first—she'd wanted to find the secret heart of this house—and of that stubborn, self-righteous man.

But the room stopped them at last

The Road To Reno

Continued from Page 43

—the room and the old woman propped among her pillows. Their drifting stormy lives seemed to come to rest suddenly on that unshakable Victorian stability. Gill recognised her, too. She'd seen her somewhere, dressed in magnificent court robes, the three ostrich plumes rising royally from that imperious head. She was very old now—not less royal or imperious for the years.

They were quiet now—frightened of themselves. Jon Fortness had no difficulty in pushing through them.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, are you satisfied?"

Great Aunt Minerva seemed to be looking at them each in turn.

"Jon Fortness, who are these people?"

He swung on his heel. He had tried to shield her. And even in that he had failed miserably. "They're my guests, Great-Aunt—my paying guests. I got them instead of those Durhams you wanted. They pay better. Grey Timbers isn't a cattle-ranch any more. It's a dude ranch. These are the dudes."

He was insulting them—if they could be insulted. Most of all he was insulting the girl who stood a little in advance of them all—the ringleader whom he could willingly have killed. The tall hat had fallen off somewhere. In the long black cloak, with her hair wild, she looked very young and forlorn.

"Well—if they've got money," Great-Aunt Minerva said complacently—"soak 'em, Jon Fortness, soak 'em."

The house was quietening down. Like headstrong children who have at last played themselves out the party had scattered to their rooms. Jon Fortness was back in his office. He wouldn't sleep to-night. He'd sit there with that final fantastic scene repeating itself over and over again before his aching eyes like a movie picture gone mad. He'd see Mr. Krock with Mrs. Featherstaw's wig over one eye sitting on the edge of Great-Aunt Minerva's bed with Miss Carstairs and Mrs. Fetherstaw like queer angels on either side of her pillow.

The rest of them were all over the room, on the chairs, on the floor, on the tables, their faces turned to that central figure like children listening to a bedtime story. He'd see Great-Aunt Minerva with her haughty beaked nose to her champagne glass, her stray joy-loving mouth pursed in a voluptuous satisfaction.



Mrs. M.L., Liverpool, writes:

"I have been suffering greatly each period with agonising pain and came to dread the time each month, but since taking Kalzana there has been hardly any pain."

"HAT'S vintage, sir, that's vintage. I haven't tasted stuff like that since the Tonepah boom—"

She told them about the boom and how at last it had crashed as all the booms had done, leaving the ranches as high and dry as the mines. "But something always turns up. You folks began to come along. I guess you're better than silver. You don't peter out—"

They all roared delightedly. And then Mr. Krock had told her about Mrs. Kitts and how Gill Crawshaw had tossed in her winnings so that Mrs. Kitts could have another chance to get rid of Mr. Kitts. Great-Aunt had nodded approval. "Sounds like old times. You had to say that for us."

So that was how Jon Fortness' effort to shield her had ended—in laughter that pushed him on one side like someone who did not understand its language. There was some relation between these wild people and the old woman—between her and Gill Crawshaw who was as young—so different. They understood each other. It was Jon Fortness who was the intruder and the stranger to them all. He had seen Gill Crawshaw look at him gratefully, for once without malice, with a sort of pity. And suddenly he hadn't been able to stand it any more—

He tried to add up some more figures. You had to hand it to Luigi. He was painfully honest. Grey Timbers, almost overnight, had become a going concern. The Fortness brand might be extinct on the ranges. But there was money in the bank. "I don't think it's very honest of you, Mr. Fortness," she had said—"in fact, I think it's rotten."

The door had opened very quietly. She stood there, pressed against the jamb, shy and uncertain, almost afraid. Then she came right in and stood opposite him, the table between them, her face in shadow. He had never seen her like this—as though for the first time in her life she were dead sober, facing herself, bereft of all defence. It was that quiet hopeless surrender in her that disarmed him, too. Something broke in him. It was as blessed, as sweet as a sudden release from a chronic, growing pain.

"I didn't mean to do that to you," she said—"honestly I didn't."

"You didn't do a thing," he said—"not a thing that mattered."

"Yes, I did. I made a fool of you."

So she had understood. She knew where he had been hurt.

Please turn to Page 45

"Why should I suffer so?"

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"I MADE a fool of myself," he said. "And I guess I didn't have to do much. I'd meant to take care of the old lady's pride. And I didn't have to. She could take care of herself. I didn't even know what her sort of pride feels like."

She was trying hard to say something. Her face was white with effort. Her eyes were on his. No one had ever looked at him so straight. Nor had he ever looked so straight at anyone.

"I'm sorry," she said, "really, really sorry."

He knew that she had never said that before—to him or anyone else. It was all different. He stood up. He wanted her to go before whatever was rising in him broke through.

"I know—I'm—I'm sort of grateful that you are."

She waited a moment longer. Then she said, "Good night, Mr. Fortness," in a low voice. She turned and went out, closing the door after her as though he were asleep and she were afraid of waking him. He stood there, listening to her slow, tired steps till they lost themselves overhead and the house was finally at peace.

THE house watched her. It seemed to Gill that for the first time it felt a sort of kindly toleration. At least the sign "Private" had not been replaced on the green balze door and Gill guessed that that fiercely living old woman would always have resented it. She didn't want to be private. She wanted to be in the thick of things—whatever they were. She wanted people—whatever they were, too.

Cousin Mabby and Lin Wong and his live Chinese boys arrived softly about nooned to her as she passed them out into the cold winter's sunshine. The threat of snow had passed. The sky was cloudless. Every tree and shadow in the valley was sharply cut of the brilliant light. It was a dancing, burning day. Down in the barn Cockeye fussed over one of his mare's hoofs. A shadow fell across him and he looked up and started as though he had been frightened. And, after all, it was nothing but a girl.

"I couldn't sleep," she explained. "And it's such a lovely morning. I wondered if you'd let me try her out? You see, I haven't learned to sit these Western saddles—"

She smiled apologetically. "I just bump," she said.

He grinned. She looked nice, her slender body in the well-cut jodhpurs blacked against the sunlight.

"I don't blame you, ma'am," he said. "They ain't meant for people who can ride. Sure, I'll saddle her up for you."

She watched him, wondering idly, "She's your own, isn't she?"

"You bet your life. That pretty-boy Tush says I must have stole her out of a circus. But I did—"

"I wouldn't mind much if you had. If you cared all that for her you'll take care of her." Her voice took on a sudden edge. "When people pay for things they think they're theirs to do what they like with—"

Otasell stood so high he had to give her a hand up, but she was light and quick as the wind.

His beady brown eyes glittered up at her. He knew by the way she gathered up her reins that she was all right.

"You keep her out all you want, ma'am. But take her easy up them rough places. She's a thoroughbred. Not a goat."

Somehow the little encounter seemed to have sounded the day's note, a warm and friendly note. She felt as she followed the road to the outlet of the valley as though the keen air were washing her free of everything but what she was now—someone who didn't fret or batter herself against things, someone incapable of being rotten and dishonest, someone quite simple and quite good. And with every stride she became freer and happier.

Only she hadn't reckoned with the vastness and the loneliness of this country. As she had told Fortness, where she came from the little people were everywhere. You might think yourself utterly alone in the wildest, saddest wilderness and then suddenly at a bend of a path, watching you from a desolate hill top, there would be one of them. But here it was different. And after two hours suddenly she felt the difference and that it was something ominous and threatening. She was lost. And there was no one, just around the corner, to give her friendly reassurance. Otasell, who was a stranger, too, couldn't help her. The mare was frightened, coming to abrupt halts and listening

The Road To Reno

Continued from Page 44

with pricked ears to that intense, immediate silence around which the wind, stirring the tree tops, kept up an incessant murmur. But as she came out onto a sunlit clearing and saw the horseman facing her from the shadow of the great forest she was moved by something more than thankfulness for escape from death. It was the joy of life itself.

He rode towards her. Unfamiliarly he carried his hat in hand so that the sun was in his face and on his thick brown hair. She had never seen him look like this—so undefended, the bleak resentment wiped out of his eyes by a simple boundless relief.

"When I heard how long you'd been gone I hot-footed it after you," he said. "Cockeye's a fool. He doesn't know this country. And his precious mare doesn't either. It can be mean to strangers."

She tried to sound cool and unafraid. But now she was really frightened.

"It's clever of you to have found me. I'd very successfully lost myself."

"It's easy to do both," he said. He showed his strong white teeth in a flash of boyish pleasure in himself. "It's a cinch to track someone—if you just know how. There were traces of you all the way—just a few broken twigs here and you are enough."

"I'm glad I'm not a criminal," she said, smiling back at him. He wheeled around so that their horses stood shoulder to shoulder. His knee had brushed lightly against her. "Do we have to go back?" she asked. "I don't want to go back yet—"

"I don't see why. The bunch can look after their own sick-head-aches."

"I had one, too. It's gone now." "You can't be sick up here in the hills. There's a trail that goes up to a fine view. It's broad so as we can ride together. There's something I'd like to talk about—to explain—"

"You don't have to—"

"Sure, I don't. But I'd like to. I've been all sorts of a fool and maybe this wanting to explain is the darndest fool thing of all. But I guess no man likes to be thought what you think of me—"

"How do you know what I think of you?"

"I told me."

"I was angry. You hadn't been too polite, either. And besides, I wanted to understand and I know I didn't. I wanted to get behind that closed door that shouted 'private' at me—"

"Well—you did that all right," he said grimly.

"And I'm glad I did. Because now I do understand a little."

"I told you that our homes would

understand each other," she went on—"even though they were built so differently—for such different reasons. And I think my people would have understood yours. I had a grandmother who was like your Great-Aunt. But she'd have died on a bonfire rather than forswear her principles or a friend. So perhaps you and I can understand each other, too—"

She smoothed Otasell's neck with a gentle hand. "I suppose we've both tried to save what they left us. But my means got the better of my ends—"

"Maybe they always do," he said. "I'm beginning to think that if ever I get the ranch back there'll be nothing left of it—it'll be just what it's pretending to be now."

SHE turned quickly to him.

"That mustn't happen. You mustn't let it. You must keep yourselves clear of us all. You mustn't let us rot you." She added, almost to herself, "you mustn't be hurt."

"Well—I guess we all get hurt," he said. He couldn't talk to her of Bess. But he could tell her about his father and mother, how they had been killed together in an accident, leaving him, still a boy, to struggle with debt and falling prices, and a succession of droughts and deadly winters.

"It was a hard life," he said, "and there really wasn't a chance. I was just bull-headed. You couldn't blame a woman for not sticking it."

"But you do blame her," Gill said. "And I do. Fumbling isn't in our line of country."

He shifted uneasily in his saddle. His mind had been moving so simply and directly that he hadn't realised, until it was too late, that it had led him from a generalisation into the very heart of his life.

"She wasn't quitting. She was just a kid. They made a monkey of her. They told her she was a singer and had a big career. Maybe she has—"

"You're waiting for her to find out she hasn't."

"No. Not that. I'm not that mean. It's just that I gave her my word, didn't I?"

"In poverty and wealth, in sickness and health, till death do us part," she quoted ironically.

"Well," he said, "either that means something or nothing means anything."

"Her breaking her side of the contract doesn't make any difference?" "Why should it?" he asked back. "You promised to love her. Have you kept that, too?"

Please turn to Page 46

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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... and that germ-laden phlegm from croup would look like this →

(2) The grape-like clusters of bacteria are staphylococci, the chain-like formations are streptococci, and the scattered bacteria are highly infectious pneumococci (pneumonia germs), which are always present and rapidly multiply when people catch colds.



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SHE felt that she was being cruel. She had him at a disadvantage.

"I guess I don't know much about that," he said. "I haven't had time to think about it as they do in books. Bess and I grew up together. I sort of took it for granted things were all right between us."

"But they weren't." She heard with amazement the thrill of triumph in her voice. "And one day you really will love someone—and then it will be rather tragic—for you both."

"It won't happen," he said. "It just won't happen."

She smiled faintly. "One's feelings aren't like cattle—they can't be driven."

"Cattle can't be driven—not always." He was thinking of the night when his desperate herd had broken loose, wanting one thing so much they went to their death for it. "But men aren't cattle," he said,

The Road To Reno

Continued from Page 45

"They've got reason and self-control. You said we talked too much. Suppose you say a word—"

"I haven't a word to say," she returned, "not one worth saying. I haven't got an alibi. I married a man for his money, and when I didn't need his money any more I left him. I didn't keep my promise—though he had kept his. So there we are. Let's go home."

They went back by a narrow trail so that he had to ride ahead of her. Back on the dirt road they broke into a short canter. But for the last mile they walked their horses in silence, until, within sight of the Ranch House, she spoke suddenly, with a quick intake of breath like someone plunging into deep water.

"There's just one thing—it's a sort of defence. But I think I've a right to it. That first night—I behaved abominably—I mean about my

brother's death. It sounded as though I didn't care. I think I was a bit off my balance. Because he was the only thing I cared for in the world."

He said gently: "I'm glad you told me. But I think I've sort of guessed it—"

There was a strange car parked outside the Ranch House and two men stood on the steps, apparently waiting for them. The elder of the two made a mock-military salute, and Jon Fortness rode up quickly, and tossing his reins to Salt, dismounted.

"Well, Sheriff, what's the trouble? What have I been up to?"

"Nothing that I know of, son. It's not you I'm worrying about. It's a guy named Francis Belmont. Ever heard of him?"

Cockeye stood at Gill's knee.

"Did she go pretty, ma'am?" She looked at him without seeing him. She couldn't see anything. She was listening. She heard herself answer:

"Yes—she has a lovely canter—"

"He hasn't been up this way." That was Jon Fortness' voice. "Not unless he uses another name."

"I'd thought of that. I've been through your menagerie and they're O.K. The fellow's got people living somewhere near here. I'll have to give them the once over. When a man's in a jam he's apt to go home to mother—"

"Don't," Gill said. "They won't know where he is. He wouldn't go near them. He knew it would bring such frightful trouble on them—"

"The rain falls alike on the just and the unjust, ma'am." He swung round to look at her, his blue eyes sharp but not unkindly. "You're Mrs. Charles Crawshaw, aren't you?"

"Yes." She had dismounted, too, and was patting Otasell gently, steadying herself.

"You know this Belmont. You're a friend of his. My information says you came West with him."

"We travelled together as far as Reno. Then he went on—California—Mexico—I don't know where—"

He continued to look at her. He didn't believe her, but he bore her no grudge. He shrugged his shoulders good-humoredly. "Well, we'll pick him up if he's still in the State. I hope he isn't. I wish New York would keep its bad boys at home."

Jon Fortness went with him and his companion to his car. When he came back Salt and Cockeye had gone with the horses, but Gill still stood on the porch steps. It was as though she couldn't move. He stood on the step beneath her so that she looked down into his face.

"You've told your first lie, Jon Fortness. Why did you?" He was flushed, defensive, deeply shaken.

"I don't know. I guess it's natural—one always wants to hide hunted folk, whatever they've done. I'm not a policeman. And then—if you're to marry him—"

She put her hand on his shoulder. "Listen. He didn't do anything cruel—nothing that hurt anyone—or anything except one man's vanity. He was starving and he painted a picture and put a great name on it so that it would sell more easily to a millionaire who didn't know the difference—"

"I don't want to know—maybe I couldn't understand anyway. But you can't go up there to him again. They'll keep an eye on you. Sheriff Mitchell told me as much. He trusts me. If you want to get a message through—I'll go."

The tears were in her eyes.

"My heavens—why should you?"

"I tell you—I don't know." He pulled away from her so that her hand slipped from his shoulder. "I don't want you to be hurt more."

That was their last day of sunshine. Towards evening the wind shifted and an unbroken cloud crept over the mountains and came to rest in a leaden ceiling on the crest of the valley trees. The next morning Gill woke to a strange world. She realised now that it lay dead under a white pall, how full of life and movement and quiet sound the valley had been. The snow fell softly, persistently, and the silence crept closer about them, invading the house, hushing their voices, subduing their desperate unrest. By the fires that roared cheerfully in the wide chimneys they settled down to play bridge with a new toleration for each other's hitherto unpardonable methods. They discovered unexpected occupations. Mrs. Petherst dug up some petit point that she had started seven years ago on her last honeymoon and a pair of spectacles and talked seriously about life with Mr. Krock, who was all of sixty and feeling depressed and lonely.

That night three of the guests collapsed with a mysterious fever and Mrs. Kitts, who had been nursing what she had thought was a hangover, was rumored to be light-headed and crying piteously for someone who was neither Mr. Kitts nor the boy friend, but someone who was to take her to her first grown-up party. A doctor drove out from Reno and was short-tempered with fatigue and worry. He diagnosed an outbreak of an influenza epidemic that was raging through the country. If they'd stayed quiet instead of rambling through every bar in the town maybe they'd have escaped. As it was he'd send up medicines and a nurse if he could get one—which wasn't likely.

The next morning he telephoned that his hands were full and that they'd have to manage as best they could. The thing wasn't specially dangerous. And surely with that raft of women they could take care of each other.

They were outraged. But then Cousin Mabby, fighting to the last and snapping at everyone like a sick terrier, went down and after her Lin Wong and Salt. Tush, who'd gone up to town on an errand, didn't come back. The two Chinese boys, silent and scared, were kept busy in the bunk-house, and in the ranch there was no one to cook or lend a hand with Great-Aunt Minerva, who thumped furiously with her stick and wanted to know what they were all good for. In her day a touch of flu wasn't a reason for lying down; one's job. Gill, who had hardly spoken to Fortness since their last ride together, pushed open the green baize door that no longer wore its defiant signal.

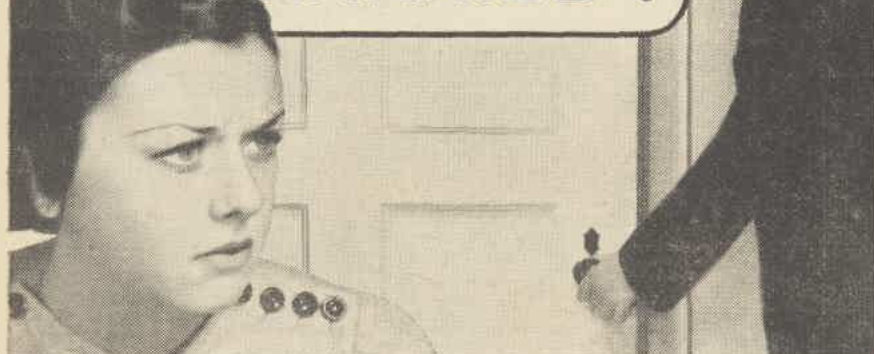
"I'm Gill Crawshaw," she said. "I'd like to do what I can."

The old woman from her bed turned her eyes in Gill's direction. "I don't know the name. But I know who you are. You're the girl who was coming to read to me. Well—you can wash me up instead. I'm helpless. But I'm sound. Just give me a hand. I won't be much trouble."

They worked together, Great-Aunt Minerva giving concise orders, Gill obeying them with silent efficiency. By the time Fortness came in they were sitting on either side of the fire and Gill was reading "The Country Wife" with a change of voice for the different characters and a bold disregard for the proprieties. She looked up into his flushed, astonished face.

To Be Continued

ALL I CAN SAY IS —
YOU'RE NOT THE
SWEETHEART I
MARRIED!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOMIE MAKER

September 3, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

By EVELYN

ARE YOU a REDHEAD?

*Learn how to make
your hair radiantly
lovely; know colors
that enhance your
personality, and
right make-up
to use*

BRUSHING is the first step in the hair-grooming routine. In addition, whenever possible, the redhead should sun her hair and let the air get at her scalp.

Sit out in the sun and run your fingers through your loosely hanging locks so that the rays may reach your scalp. And give your hair a hot oil treatment once a week.

Red hair generally needs more oil than other kinds, as it loses its lustre and fine texture more quickly if neglected.

Sometimes you may use the oil



THIS YOUNG LASS possesses beautifully burnished tresses. Proud of her hair she cares for it consistently. Are you proud of yours?

without an immediate shampooing. Dip the finger-tips lightly in the warm oil (olive oil is good) and part the hair carefully, so that the oil doesn't get into it.

Then rub it gently into your scalp, using only enough to allow for complete absorption by the scalp pores. After this, brush the hair briskly, so that any excess oil will be evenly distributed and make your hair shine.

In shampooing red hair, a liquid soap is best. The hair should be lathered and rinsed several times, and the water and shampoo solution should be gradually reduced in

temperature until it is almost cold. The final rinse should be a vinegar or lemon rinse. Then the hair should be dried with warm towels.

When shampooing red hair, however, special precautions should always be taken in the rinsing, for if any soap film is left on the hair it will make it appear sticky, dull and lifeless.

For this reason, a spray that has a good, heavy water pressure behind it is best for rinsing.

Red-headed women must be very careful in dressing their tresses. For hair of this shade does not lend itself to every type of coiffure.

A soft wave is far better than a tight, kinky wave. And straight hair is not at all advisable, usually, for few redheads can ever successfully wear their hair straight or too plain.

Red hair should always be dressed softly enough for the sun and light to play through it and bring out its radiant tones. For its burnished radiance is one of the chief beauties of titian hair!

Choose to Suit Type

THE girl with red hair and a rosy complexion generally demands colors entirely different from those suited to the redhead with fair, pale skin.

The former must not stress reds or the like, as they will over-emphasize the floridness of her coloring. She should stick to cool greens and blues, creamy white, dusky browns, capucine and ivory.

The other type, however, can wear the more colorful corals, pinkish beige, russet, emerald, dull black, violet, dark and midnight blues, flame and aquamarine tints, providing that all these colors are sufficiently subdued not to overwhelm her own delicate coloring.

Every redhead also must be careful of the shades of her cosmetics, and it is well for her to experiment before a mirror at least once a month with different shades of rouge, powder and lipstick.

The skin is never the same shade all the year round, and cosmetics must be varied accordingly.

In the daytime, the red-haired lass may generally use a rather deep, yellowish-red lipstick, which blends nicely with the color of her hair, and just the faintest touch of rouge of the same basic shade.

She may use just the least bit of make-up for daytime wear, for too much color on a redhead gives her a garish appearance.

For evening wear, however, she may put on more rouge and a bright moist lipstick. To add depth and sparkle to the eyes, she may use a lustrous green, dark blue or deep violet eyeshadow cream.

And she may apply a bit of dark brown mascara, in order to accent her orbs and to bring out the length and luxuriance of her lashes.



ABOVE you see well-cared-for titian tresses. Note the sheen which is due to regular shampooing and brushing.

AT LEFT: Here you glimpse a new and rather striking coiffure. Copy it, if you think it suits your personality!

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"I insist on
KAYSER"

LINGERIE • PURE SILK HOSIERY • GLOVES

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Baby Should Sleep in His Own Room

By MARY TRUBY KING

IF baby is one that needs no attention during the night it is best for him to sleep in a room by himself.

The very worst place is in bed with his mother, for not only may he be overlain, but he will be deprived, in his mother's bed, of the fresh air which is so necessary for him.

Yet there are still some mothers who allow their babies to sleep in the same bed with them.

The room in which baby sleeps should have a current of pure outside air flowing through it all night. Opening the window wide and having some outlet at the other side of the room, such as a fireplace, open window or open door, provides for this.

Baby's cot should, of course, be placed out of a direct draught, and protected, if necessary, by a screen about four feet in height.

It may be necessary for a baby during its first month of life to have a fire lit in the bedroom when the weather is very cold.

If this is done the air must not be allowed to become overheated, and the windows should be kept open, for it is essential that the air should be fresh though warmed.

If there is no spare room in the house where baby may sleep at night, his cot may be placed in the living-room after everybody has left it and the room has been well aired. But first, of course, the windows should be opened wide and all traces of smoke and used-up air allowed to pass out.

It is surprising what some people regard as an "open" window. Two or three inches top and bottom will not do. Such a small space merely produces a draught.

When windows are opened, they should be opened wide, both top and bottom, and no blinds pulled over them to keep out the air. The low screen will adequately protect baby from any wind that may be blowing.

Fresh Air—Vital!

ON the subject of pure night air, Sir Truby King wrote: "Nothing is more striking than the marked improvement in color, tone, condition and liveliness shown by babies when the bedroom is freely ventilated, and they are moved away from the vicinity of their parents."

"Mothers are sometimes inclined to be strongly prejudiced against allowing their babies this inestimable boon, fresh air. Let any mother try a separate bedroom for her babe for a month, and she will not go back to her old ways."

If a separate room cannot be spared for baby, on account of the smallness of the dwelling, place baby's cot on the opposite side of the room to the parents' bed, so that there is a stream of pure air flowing between the parents' and the baby's beds.

There is one exception to this rule, however. If the mother is nervous about the baby, or if the baby should be requiring attention during the night, it is permissible to place baby's cot at the foot end of the



ABOVE YOU GLIMPSE a delightful nursery—ideal for any baby. Every effort should be made by parents to provide a happily-furnished room for their little ones, no matter how small the home.

mother's bed, with baby's head at the far end of the cot from the mother.

She can then attend to baby without getting out of bed, which is an aid to sleep for herself, besides being of benefit to baby.

This, however, is only a temporary measure, and as soon as possible baby should be moved to a room on his own.

Neither should the mother yield to the temptation to have baby's cot placed at the head end of her own bed, under these circumstances. The air is purer for him at the other end.

Babies should not require night attention, but while they do it is foolish to allow them to cry themselves wide awake, which will often happen if the cot is in another room.

Wherever baby sleeps, make sure that the room is well aired before

he is put to bed for the night. It is a mistake to suppose that once the room has been aired the windows may be closed again. What one calls "a well-aired room" contains only enough air for one person for half an hour; so leave the windows open.

If baby sleeps with a net over the cot (as is necessary in warm wea-

ther on account of flies and mosquitoes), remember that any net undoubtedly excludes some of the fresh air, and on this account it is more than ever necessary to see that there is a continual current of pure air passing through the room.

The netting used should be the largest mesh possible, consistent with keeping out the mosquitoes.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age

Birth Weight

Present Weight
(without clothing)

Have you written before? (Yes or no)

Baby Welfare Clinics say:—

**Keep baby more
comfy in Bond's
"NEVABIND"
Shirts!**

See, the sleeves are cut like this so that there are no seams to chafe or bind baby under the arms. Each "Nevabind" buttons right down the front. No pushing or pulling to get this shirt over baby's head. There's reinforcing all the way down behind the buttons, finishing with a firm little tab (where this arrow points) onto which to pin baby's nappy.

Silk-and Wool, Short sleeves. All infants' sizes, 2/11 ... Silk-and-Cotton, 2/6. Also Short Sleeves, 1/11. Sold by all leading Infants' Clothing Stores.



...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME ..BY A DOCTOR..

Don't Encourage That "Tired Feeling"

PATIENT: I am constantly fatigued. Would this condition be due to some organic disorder?

IT is common to hear somebody complain of a constant "tired feeling" or "lack of pep." Of course, -this symptom may result from the lack of rest, sleep or recreation. It may accompany nervousness, indigestion, constipation, or some constitutional disturbance.

Disorders of the intestinal tract are among the common causes of fatigue in the adult.

Those who suffer from auto-intoxication, excessive fermentation, or putrefaction of the food or the waste products, or who have constipation, are sure to suffer from chronic fatigue.

Since the intestinal tract is concerned with the removal of certain waste materials, any disturbance of this part of the anatomy lays the foundation for chronic fatigue. Disturbance in this region is an underlying cause of auto-intoxication.

Undue fatigue follows any marked digestive disorder.

It is brought on by the absorption of poisons which normally are passed from the body.

It is easy to see how continued putrefaction and fermentation in the intestinal tract may lead to an excessive accumulation of poisonous substances within the body.

Then there is produced that common condition known as "self-poisoning," or auto-intoxication. It is easily corrected, but too frequently is overlooked or neglected.

Sufferers from this condition complain of headache, restlessness, fatigue, irritability, heartburn, nausea, indigestion, and many other digestive complaints.

If you suffer from any one of these disorders and are constantly fatigued, by all means consult your doctor. A thorough physical examination will reveal the cause of your discomfort.

It can be relieved by proper hygiene, diet and simple medication.

Vitamins and Their Sources

Vitamin A: Essential for growth and reproduction and resistance to disease, is found principally in cod and halibut oils, butter, milk, egg-yolk, liver, kidney, green and yellow vegetables.

Vitamin B: Stimulates appetite, promotes growth, maintains normal muscle tone; it is distributed widely in fruits, vegetables and whole grains.

Vitamin C: Important for the development and maintenance of sound teeth and good bony structure. Is found in fresh, raw fruits and vegetables; abundant in raw pineapple, tomatoes, oranges.

Vitamin D: The sunshine vitamin, directly influences deposit of calcium in tissues and hence guards against rickets in children. Is found in cod and halibut liver oils, salmon and egg-yolk. It may be manufactured by the body following direct exposure to the sun's rays.

Vitamin E: Essential for reproduction, is widely distributed in foods, notably in the germ of wheat, lettuce and vegetable oils.

Vitamin G: Essential for health at all ages, is present in fruits, vegetables, whole grain cereals, yeast, meat, glandular organs and milk.

PLANT FLOWERING SHRUBS!



Fill Your Garden Before Spring Passes Into Summer . . . Says The Old Gardener

DON'T run away with the idea that it is too late to plant flowering shrubs and trees. There is yet time before the hot weather arrives.

Trees and shrubs planted now will commence to grow immediately and will have the whole season to establish themselves before next winter.

Almost every home can find a spot where some shrubs of a flowering variety can be grown. Apart from the flowering shrub, there are many beautiful evergreens, "berrying" and foliage shrubs which add to the charm and beauty of the garden.

One of our most charming and useful shrubs which gives a wealth of color during the late winter and early spring is the deciduous magnolia.

There are several varieties of magnolia and they are all a welcome asset to the garden.

The maple is also most attractive in the spring when the foliage begins to appear; then again during the autumn it gives us a wealth of color as the leaves turn from green to gold.

Sorbus, known as the May bush, is a very old identity. Planted in its two colors, pink and white, spiraea certainly adds contrast and beauty to the garden.

Philadelphus (mock orange), being deciduous, appears a little forlorn during the winter months, but it makes up for this in the spring with its beautiful white flowers.

And what of our wattle, which heralds the spring, with its golden blossoms?

And why not have "Cherry-blossom time" here in Australia? Japan boasts of her cherry blossoms, but we could produce a mass of color in this direction if we tried.

There is the peach blossom, or, shall we say, the flowering peach, the quince, the cherry, the apple, not forgetting the prunus, with its mass of bloom and colorful foliage.

Then there are the azalea, rhododendron, the daphne, the japonica, the abutilon, of which there are many varieties.

Broom is another beautiful, perfumed shrub; also brunfelsia, which is covered in a mass of bloom, very attractive and heavily perfumed.

Camellias brighten up the garden during the winter months and cassia, with its yellow flowers, gives color.

Cotoneaster, with its red berries, which appear in the autumn, is very charming, and so is crataegus, which is an autumn berry producer.

Flowering Beauties

CUPHEA, of which there are two varieties, is very handsome, and flowers at least nine months of the year.

Dentals, called "wedding bells," flowers freely in the spring.

Frangipanni, which does not look very attractive during the winter months, certainly makes up for this when it comes into flower, and is loved by everybody. We must not forget the gardenia, everybody's favorite, or the hibiscus, of which there are many types and colors.

The lasiantha brightens up a dull corner with its attractive purple flower.

And while we are planting our shrubs we must not forget some of our own native flora.

Christmas bush, which is so beautiful and valuable at Christmas time, the waratah, the bottle brush and the boronia, especially that sweet-scented boronia megastima, are good varieties.

• THE MIRACLE THAT IS SPRING touches this garden with lovely, fragrant hands. Soon it will enchant the eyes and delight the hearts of all beholders. . . . Note the beautiful deciduous magnolia in the foreground. This is backed by a magnificent stenocarpus, commonly known as the "wheel" tree.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR FOOT TROUBLES



34. "Vaseline" Jelly well rubbed into hard corns softens them quickly and saves a lot of pain." 5/- to Mrs. Hadson of Oxford Street for a useful suggestion.



35. "During the winter months I suffer agony with chilblains, and I had nothing to soothe them like 'Vaseline' Jelly." 5/- to Miss Dugan of Commandook.

36. "When a toenail is ingrowing, just lift it up at the corner and insert a piece of cotton wool soaked with 'Vaseline' Jelly." 5/- to Mrs. Cook of Thurston Street.



37. "Whenever I get any blisters, I find that a little 'Vaseline' Jelly softens them and stops them from chafing." 5/- to Mrs. Harris, of Drummond Street.



38. "The skin came off between my toes and made them very sore. A little 'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed in between each toe was very soothing and soon healed them." 5/- to Mr. Brewster of Seaspray.

39. "I had very dry skin on my heels which used to crack until I started using 'Vaseline' Jelly." 5/- to Mrs. Sim of Richmond Avenue.



We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Cheshbrough, Dept. A19 Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trademark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.



Look for this name on the jar

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

ONION DELIGHTS...

Really, we're serious, these dishes are delicious . . . onion-lovers, at any rate, will vote them so!

YOU'VE heard the amusing saying that "onions build you up physically, but pull you down socially."

In truth, they do build you up, for, as well as being invaluable in cookery for flavoring purposes, they possess blood-purifying qualities, and should often be served.

Here are two ways to eliminate the strong flavor of onions so that after eating them you'll not be "pulled down socially."

(1) Put into cold water, bring quickly to the boil, pour that water off. Cover with cold water and then boil as required.

(2) When required for a salad: After peeling, place in cold water to which a small lump of soda has been added. Wash well before using. The soda draws out all that makes onions objectionable, without spoiling the flavor.

ONION SHORTCAKE

Four ounces shortcrust, 6 onions, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, butter, parsley.

Peel onions, cut into thin slices. Melt butter in pan, fry onions till soft, without browning. Add crumbs,

By **MARY FORBES**

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



seasoning, parsley. Stir in beaten egg. Make pastry. Roll into oblong shape, lay in greased swiss roll tin, cover with onion mixture, and bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Cut into squares. Serve very hot.

ONION SOUP

Two large onions, 1 pint white stock, 1 1/2 pints milk, 2oz. butter, 1oz. plain flour, 2 tablespoons cream, salt, cayenne, nutmeg.

Peel and slice onions, pour over boiling water, allow to stand 5 minutes, drain well. Melt half the butter, add onions, cook gently 5 minutes without browning. Add stock and cook till onions are soft, then rub through fine sieve. Melt balance of butter, add flour—stir well to remove all lumps—pour in the puree and milk and stir till it boils. Add the cream and seasonings. Serve at once with fried or toasted croutons.

ONION SCONES

Half-pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 minced onion, 1 egg, little milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add cheese and onion. Mix to stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead slightly, roll out, cut into rounds. Place on greased tin. Glaze. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Serve hot, buttered.

ONIONS AU GRATIN

One pound onions, little butter, grated cheese, breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne.

Boil onions till soft, drain and mince finely. Grease fireproof dish, cover with layer of onion, then cheese, salt, cayenne. Repeat till dish is full, then sprinkle thickly with crumbs and dot with butter. Place in hot oven to thoroughly heat. Serve at once.

ONION ROLLS

Two onions, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 egg, bacon rashers, salt, cayenne, butter.

Peel and mince onions, fry in little butter till pale brown and well cooked. Add crumbs, salt, cayenne and herbs, if liked. Bind with beaten egg. Form into small rolls. Remove rind from bacon and wrap each roll in slice. Secure with toothpick. Place on greased tin in hot oven and cook till bacon is clear. Serve very hot with brown gravy.

ONION CUPS

Six medium-sized onions, 1 cup chopped tomato, 1 cup cooked macaroni, 1 cup grated cheese, salt, cayenne.

Parboil onions, cut off tops and remove centres. Mix tomato pulp, cheese, macaroni, salt and cayenne well together and fill onions with mixture. Place in greased fireproof dish, cover with greased paper or lid, and bake till onions are tender. Serve very hot with tomato sauce.

ONION SAVORY

One pound small onions, butter, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, tomato sauce, worcester sauce, olives, gherkins, sugar, buttered toast.

Peel onions. Cut into thin slices, fry in butter till soft, without browning. Add the chopped gherkins, olives, parsley, sugar (if liked), then sauces, mixing all well together. Pile on squares of buttered toast. Serve very hot.



HERE IS SHOWN a most attractive dish, called onion and cheese mousses. See recipe below.

ONION CREAM SLICE

Shortcrust, 4 cooked onions, white sauce, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne.

Add chopped onions, parsley, salt, cayenne to the white sauce. Make shortcrust, cut in halves. Roll out one portion, lay in greased swiss roll tin, cover with the onion cream, then the other portion of pastry. Mark into squares with back of knife. Glaze with egg or milk. Bake in hot oven till pastry is a golden brown. Cut into squares. Serve hot.

PICKLED ONIONS

Small button onions. To every quart of vinegar use 1oz. white peppercorns, 10 cloves, 1 dessert-spoon salt, 1oz. ginger.

Peel onions with a silver knife. Soak in salted water overnight. Strain. Boil vinegar with other ingredients. Cool slightly, pour onto onions. Stand for 1 hour. Boil liquid again. Put onions in bottles and pour in boiling liquid. Cork tightly. Leave for 10 days before using.

ONION AND CHEESE MOUSSE

One cup cream, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup chopped cooked onion, 1 cup grated cheese, cooked peas, parsley.

Soak gelatine in cold water for 1 hour, add boiling water, stir well. When cold and beginning to set, stir in cream, mayonnaise, cheese and onion. Pour in wetted ring tin. Leave till set. Unmould onto flat dish. Fill centre with peas and garnish with parsley.



"What's that stuff?" was Johnny's remark when breakfast was served on his first visit away from home. "I want my Rice Bubbles!" Mother, frightfully embarrassed, tries to hush him up.



"What are Rice Bubbles?" asked Cousin Jim. "They're good," replied Johnny. "They SNAP, CRACKLE and POP when you pour on the milk!" "Well, Johnny, you shall have Rice Bubbles to-morrow," said Auntie Martha. "and so can Jim. I think a change would be good for him. He hasn't been looking too well lately."



"I find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles best of all for our family breakfast," said Mother. "Everyone knows rice is one of the best foods there is and Rice Bubbles are so nourishing and easily digested. They save me lots of work, too, for they're all ready to serve from the waxtite packet—fresh and crisp and delicious." Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are sold at all grocers.



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We Give Cash PRIZES for CLEVER RECIPES . . .

Join the ever-growing list of winners—enter your favorite in this popular competition

REMEMBER, it costs you nothing to enter this popular competition. You simply do this:

Write out your very best recipe—a family favorite—slip it into an envelope and send to us. Be sure your recipe is clear and complete.

Hundreds of our readers have been happy prizewinners. Why not join the lucky band?

Here are the results of this week's competition:

CHICKEN BAKED IN MILK

Prepare and cut up a 4 or 5 pound chicken as for frying, and brown pieces well in a frying pan, using a mixture of butter and dripping. Season with salt and pepper while frying. When nicely browned, remove to an oven dish. Pour in enough milk to half cover chicken. Cover dish tightly and bake in a moderate oven about 2 hours or until milk has all been absorbed and the chicken is very tender.

Turn the pieces once while baking. When done, remove chicken to a hot dish and add flour to fat and juices. Stir over a low heat for a few minutes, then add milk and cook, stirring until thick. Season to taste and let cook slowly for 10 minutes, or longer, before serving.

I always cook chicken this way and my friends ask how it is prepared and how I make such delicious gravy.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Frater, 35 Bent St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

WRAPPED BANANAS

Peel required number of bananas. Cut crosswise into halves, dip each in beaten egg and then roll in fine oatmeal seasoned to taste with pepper and salt. Fry in hot bacon fat or lard until nicely browned, and then drain on kitchen paper. Have ready 1 lb. real fillets cut moderately thin and just large enough to wrap around a banana. Place a savory banana on each fillet, roll, and tie securely. Roll each in flour and fry until brown in same fat as

bananas. Put two large rashers of bacon in casserole, place veal and banana rolls on top of bacon and another rasher over all. Make a rich, brown gravy, add to it two tablespoons sherry and pour over. Bake slowly for 1 to 1½ hours. Serve with creamed potatoes and green vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Reynolds, William St., Moonta, S.A.

WALNUT AMBER

One pound shelled walnuts, grated rind 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 eggs, 3oz. plain cake crumbs, 1 pint milk, 1oz. soft sugar, some pastry and some castor sugar.

Boil shelled walnuts for 20 minutes in salted water, then remove outer skins and simmer in milk till quite tender. Sieve, and stir into walnut puree finely-grated lemon rind, 1oz. sugar, butter, and beaten egg-yolks.

Lastly, stir in cake crumbs and flavor with vanilla essence. Then line sides and rim of pie-plate with short pastry, pour in walnut mixture, and bake in moderate oven for 1 hour. Whisk egg-whites till stiff, sweeten with castor sugar, flavor with vanilla, pile on pudding, and return to oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

SCOTCH BEEF CAKE

One and a half pounds lean beef, 2oz. suet, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon powdered herbs, 1 teaspoon chopped

parsley, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, about 2lb. mashed potatoes, brown sauce or gravy.

Chop meat and suet finely. Mix in chopped onion, parsley, and herbs, then beaten egg. Season with pepper and salt. Shape mixture into a thick oval, put in a well-greased baking-tin, cover with greased paper, and bake in moderate oven until it is cooked right through and nicely browned. Heat mashed potatoes in a saucepan and beat until quite smooth and free from lumps. Season carefully and add a small lump of butter and a little milk. Arrange on hot dish in a neat oval a little larger than the meat. Do not use all the potatoes. Lift the meat-cake carefully on to the potato bed. Pile rest of potato on top of cake and serve with brown gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Johnson, 368 Fremantle Rd., Sth. Perth.

MARMALADE COOKIES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. white sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 or 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessert-spoon marmalade.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg or eggs well beaten. Mix well. Add flour and marmalade, lastly milk. Mix thoroughly and cook in patty-tins or cake-containers in moderate oven about 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mary Barnes, 7 Hope St., New Town, Tas.



AN attractive and delicious grill: Bone chops or cutlets, grill with tomatoes and mushrooms. Serve on hot dish, rolling each chop around a mushroom.

THIS WEEK

HONEY SPECIALS

RESERVE CAKE WITH HONEY ICING
Yeast, 1oz., 2oz. castor sugar, 1½oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Beat eggs into foam, add sugar and whisk over a pan of hot water until

mixture is creamy and thick, and free from streaks of egg, then take off heat and continue to whisk for a while. Have butter warmed sufficiently to melt it, and the flour and salt sifted, add these alternately to the egg mixture, folding in lightly with a metal spoon. Put mixture into a prepared brioche mould and bake in moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes. A steam pudding mould serves the purpose. Here is the recipe for the icing:

Six ounces icing sugar, 2 dessertspoons honey, 2oz. butter, cold water, melted chocolate or coffee essence.

Put butter and honey into a pan, and stir over a slow fire till melted. Take off fire and cool slightly. Sift icing sugar and stir into mixture with 1 teaspoonful cold water, stir till the right consistency is spread. Ice cake all over with this. Keep a little back and color with chocolate or coffee. Force this through icing line and put rings around to represent a hive. Consolation prize of 2/6 to A. R. Lines, 22 Wellington St., Clayfield, Brisbane.

HONEY RICE PUDDING

One and half cups rice is cup raisins, juice 1 lemon, ½ cup honey, 1 tablespoon butter, cinnamon and chopped almonds. Boil rice in salted water till tender, drain, place in shallow pudding. Add raisins to honey, and pour over. Put a few drops of butter on top. Bake a golden brown in moderate oven. Add cream, juice, and serve sprinkled with cinnamon and a few chopped almonds.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to M. Bell, 10 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

STEAMED HONEY PUDDING

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons honey, level teaspoon each soda, and half small cup of milk, 1 large egg self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Soften butter, add honey and cream together. Dissolve soda, add milk and flour alternately, steam 1½ hours. Serve with sauce made this way:

One dessertspoon butter, 2 dessertspoons honey, 1 dessertspoon cornstarch, 1½ cups milk.

Melt butter in saucepan, and add honey; blend cornstarch with milk, and add. Stir with lemon juice, or butte add hot 1 minute. Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. J. Smith, 41 Merrylands Rd., Merrylands, N.S.W.

CURRENTY HONEY TART

Short pastry, 1 tablespoon honey, 4

tablespoons breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons currants, juice 1 lemon. Roll out pastry about ¼ inch thick. Grasp a large metal plate, and cover with pastry. Put honey into small pan with lemon juice, and warm through. Add breadcrumbs and currants, mix all thoroughly and spread over pastry. Cut any oddments of pastry into long strips, twist and lay in a lattice-work over the tart, pressing ends into the sides, and bake ½ hour in good oven.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Thomas, 50 Merriwa Street, Niddlands, W.A.

HONEY BISCUITS

Melt 1lb. honey and ½ lb. butter and mix thoroughly, add 2lb. flour, ground almonds, ½ oz. carbonate soda, pinch salt, pinch ground cloves, grated rind small lemon. Roll out to half an inch thickness and cut out. Brush tops with egg-white and sprinkle with ground almonds, bake 10 minutes.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. A. Maidment, Strathgilly, S.A.

BUTTER

GIVES THAT BETTER FLAVOUR AND MAKES FOOD MORE nutritious!

MAKE it a rule of your cooking that "any recipe which calls for fat is better made with butter," and add greatly to both the flavour and the nutritive value of the family menu. Leading health authorities and dietitians are emphatic in their recommendations of butter as a health-promoting, protective food particularly rich in the essential vitamins "A" and "D," whose function is to promote growth, build up vitality, and to ensure strong bones and teeth.



More butter in your cooking means more attractive and more nutritious food!

FREE! "THE NEW NUTRITION"

A comprehensive booklet containing interesting facts about butter and a special cooking section with tested recipes by a well-known dietitian. Send 2d. stamp to The Australian Dairy Board, 528 Collins St., Melbourne.

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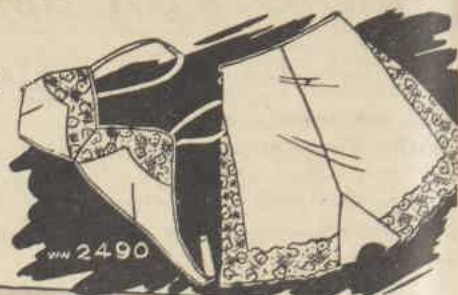
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ww2484



ww2483

ww2485



ww2486

2487



ww2488

ww2489

WEE SUIT

WW2483.—Trim shirt and trousers, a smart suit for the little chap 2-8 years of age. Sizes, 2-8 years. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6d.

SMART SHIRTMAKER

WW2484.—New style skirt and shirtmaker bodice are smart features for this new daytime frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UNUSUAL TRIMMING

WW2485.—Buttoned front and neck are spring's newest notes. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GAY FOR SPRING

WW2486.—Flared skirt, Peter Pan collar, and short puffed sleeves for a gay, workmanlike little frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

THREE-PIECE

WW2487.—Sports shorts, shirt, and skirt are provided in this pattern. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, for shirt, shorts, and skirt. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FASHION'S HIGHLIGHT

WW2488.—The newest and smartest design in "dressy" frocks for the spring season. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SPORTS SUIT

WW2489.—Smart linen suit for spring and spectator sports. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DAINTY UNDIES

WW2490.—Dainty brassiere and scanties set, lace trimmed. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1 yard for brassiere, 1-1-8 yards for scanties. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN—THREE DAINY MODES

LITTLE girls from six to twelve will love these three dainty spring styles, all made from this week's three-in-one concession pattern.

Pattern is cut in sizes 6-8, 8-10, 10-12 years. Fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our Pattern Department.

Material required, 36 inches wide:—

No. 1: 2½ to 3½ yards.

No. 2: 2½ to 3½ yards.

No. 3: 2½ to 3½ yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 4087, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 4910, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4297, G.P.O.
If calling, 198 Castlereagh Street, or Dalles House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.

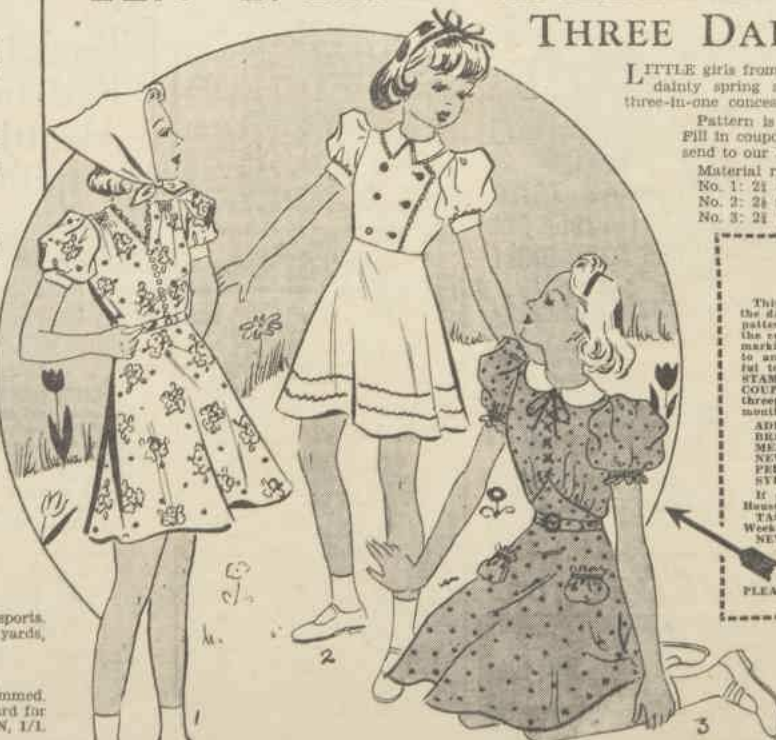
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 5.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Pattern Coupon, 2/8/38.

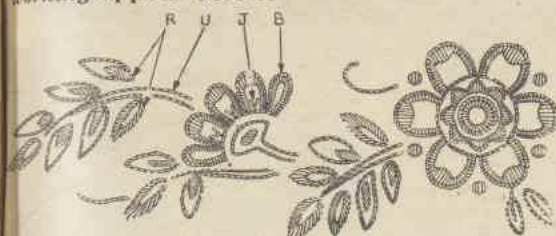


GAY Tea-Time LINENS

Needlework
Notions . . .

A NEW design for tea-cloth, serviettes and d'oyleys which you can embroider in marine-blue and ecru on cream or in any other color-scheme you fancy.

The complete set is obtainable from our Needlework Department. Instructions for working appear below.



THIS DIAGRAM showing the correct stitches to be used will guide you in embroidering the tea linens. Key to letters: R—satin-stitch, U—stem-stitch, J—fly-stitch, B—button-stitch.

BABY SET

Available
Now!

SO MANY orders have been received by our Needlework Department for this set of traced baby garments, which appeared in August 13 issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, that a further supply of garments has been cut and are now available to readers.



A CORNER of the tea-cloth showing the fascinating design for working in marine-blue and dark ecru stranded cotton. The complete afternoon-tea set is obtainable from our Needlework Department. Prices given below.

Work This Pretty Set Now!

HERE is tea-time gaiety in a fascinating set of linens that are quite simple to work.

Although originally designed to be embroidered in marine-blue and ecru on cream linen, you can change the color-scheme as you wish.

For the linens are obtainable in colors of white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green.

The complete set which is obtainable from our Needlework Department includes:

Cloth, 36 x 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 x 45 inches, 8/9.
Cloth, 54 x 54 inches, 11/6.
Serviette, 11 x 11 inches, 1/-.
D'oyley, 8 x 8 inches, 1/-.
D'oyley, 5 x 11 inches, 1/-.
Traymable cloth, 14 x 25 inches, 4/6.
Tea cosy, 13 x 10 inches, 3/6.
All postage free.

Cottons for Working

TO embroider the linens you will need 14 skeins F507 (very light marine-blue), Anchor stranded cotton, and 1 skein F610 (dark ecru), of Anchor stranded cotton.

These may be obtained from our Needlework Department for 14d. skein.

As a guide for embroidering the linens a diagram and stitch key are given on this page.

The stitches used are buttonhole, satin-stitch and stem-stitch, and the diagram will show you where these various stitches are to be placed and what color stranded cotton to use.

All edges on the linens are spoke-stitched ready for a crochet finish. Or, if you prefer, you may buy some tatting by the yard and whip it neatly on to the edges.

The color-scheme of marine-blue and dark ecru on cream is a most effective one, but you may like to try a variation of this idea such as tones of blue on yellow linen, or greens on cream or white.

Why not start on a set of these linens now and have it ready for summer luncheons, teas, or suppers.

If you are making things for your glory-box, or if you know a friend who is going to be married, one of these afternoon-tea sets would make a very beautiful gift and a most useful addition to any bride's collection of linens.



"Just sniff that Stew!"

There's "GRAVOX" in it! The delicious appetiser that turns plain stews, soups, pies, puddings, and all meats into prime dishes. "GRAVOX" makes the richest gravies, and

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS in one blending

Send 1d stamp to Klembro for a FREE SAMPLE.

Gravox
The Ideal
GRAVY MAKER
MADE BY KLEMBRO PTY. LTD. RICHMOND, VIC.

HUNGRY, YET
CAN'T EAT

Afraid to eat good food, the sufferer from Dyspepsia and Chronic Acid Indigestion makes life a burden to himself and his near companions. The remedy is simple. A small dose of TWIN SODA gives almost instant relief. Buy a 1/6 packet from your local chemist to-day, and look forward to eating what you like.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO NEEDS A Shorter Length CORSET



This comfortable PRACTICAL FRONT

Yes, here at last is a corset that's short enough to be comfortable on the short figure. It fits snugly about the hips, it clings neatly at the waist—no gaping or sagging. And the Practical Front, exclusive to Lady Ruth, gives excellent figure control. The elastic inner belt is cut on the bias so that it "lifts" the abdomen and gives a nice straight line. Lady Ruth No. 7272, sizes 24-36.

AND THIS BRASSIERE

Shaped to give gentle uplift, Lady Ruth brassiere 1974 has a particularly valuable feature—built-in shoulder for control of shoulder flesh. Back fastening. Elastic at side waist to permit free movement. 36-44.



Lady Ruth

2-188

Child protests—MOTHER LEARNS LESSON...



Keep Colours fresh and gay with **RINSO**

Use rich, lukewarm Rinso and give silks, woolsens and coloureds a gentle run-through. Squeeze and wring around for a few minutes to loosen and remove all dirt. Never rub, twist or wring. Rinse well and dry in the shade.

MIDENE is NEW—Different!



STOPS ALL PERSONAL PAIN IN 3 MINUTES

Don't suffer silent agony. This NEW Midene brings instant relief from Splitting Headaches, Periodic Pains, Sea-sickness, Neuralgia, Backache, Nerves, Colds and Influenza, Neuritis. Midene is effective and perfectly harmless. Packed in dainty new slide box containing a generous supply, sufficient for several months.

2/-
MIDENE

Patented
(M.Y. DEEN)

from all Chemists.

Remove the cause of RHEUMATISM

YOU can't do this by taking Nerve Tonics and CURE-ALL remedies. R.A.C. Tonic is expressly made for the relief of Rheumatic Ailments. It will remove the excess wastes out of your system and restore it to a normal state. If you suffer from such ailments as Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Lumbago, Sciatica or Gout, try a course of R.A.C. Tonic. It restores vitality, reduces swollen joints and assures the sufferer of renewed health. Start to-day with a course of this famous remedy. If unobtainable at your Chemist write direct to DOMINION DRUG COMPANY P.O. Box 2675 EE, Sydney.

R.A.C.

RHEUM - A - CURE (Regd.)
TONIC

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 34 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.***

CHIC JUMPER For SUMMER

SIMPLE hand-embroidery in gay colors accents its charm . . . and you'll find it's as easy to knit as it's effective to wear.

THE original garment was knitted in beige crochet thread and the embroidery was carried out in red, tapestry-blue, and nigger-brown thread.

The buttons are covered with double crochet, worked in nigger-brown thread. Edges of collar, front opening, and sleeves are finished with crochet in beige thread.

Materials: 5oz. 3-ply beige crochet cotton, or 3-ply artificial silk; 3 skeins each of fast-color cotton or artificial silk, in brick-red (or yellow) tapestry-blue, and nigger-brown for embroidery; 1 pair needles, No. 12; 1 crochet-hook, No. 15; 1 blunt darning-needle with a long eye; 6 button-moulds.

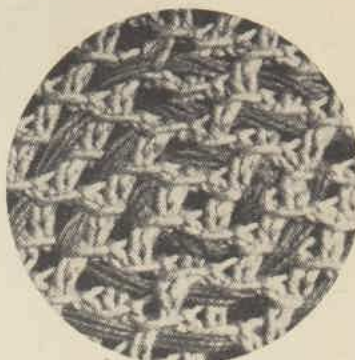
Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20½ inches; bust, 36 inches; length of sleeve-seam, 34 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; f, forward (thread forward around right needle); st, stitch; inc, increase; dec, decrease.

Tension: 12 sts. and 12 rows to 1 inch.

THE FRONT

COMMENCE at the lower edge. Using No. 12 needles and beige thread cast on 165 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), p. 1 row. Then work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 2½ inches. Change to pattern and work as follows:—



CLOSE-UP of eyelet-stitch and embroidery.

1st Row (right side): * K. 3, draw the first st. over the other two, repeat from * to end of row. This row must end with a complete pattern.

2nd Row: * P. 3, f. 1, repeat from * to last two sts., p. 1, p. twice into last st.

3rd Row: K. 1, * k. 3, draw the first st. over the other two, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

4th Row: P. 1, * f. 1, p. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

These 4 rows complete pattern and are repeated throughout.

Continue in pattern and inc. 1 st. each end of the 14th row, and every 4th row following 29 times. Then work even until front measures 13 inches. Shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows.

In casting off, the forwards are counted as sts. When armhole shaping is completed, divide sts. for neck opening as follows: With

right side of work towards you, work 87 sts. in pattern (leave remaining sts. on spare needle), turn, and, working on last 87 sts. only, work 56 rows in pattern; then shape neck by casting off 5 sts. at neck edge of next row.

Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of every 2nd row until 62 sts. remain. Work even until armhole measures 7½ inches; shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 8 times, cast off 4 sts. in last row.

Join thread at neck edge of remaining sts. and work right shoulder. Cast on 10 sts. for buttonhole band, and work 6 rows in pattern, then make the first buttonhole in the 7th row as follows:

7th Row: Work 6 sts. in pattern, cast off 4 sts., work in pattern to end of row.

8th Row: Work in pattern to last 6 sts., cast on 4 sts., work 6 sts. Work 4 rows in pattern, repeat 7th and 8th rows once. Work 12 rows in pattern, repeat 7th and 8th rows once, work 4 rows, repeat 7th and 8th rows once.

Work 12 rows, repeat 7th and 8th rows once, work 4 rows, repeat 7th and 8th rows once more. Work 2 rows; shape neck by casting off 15 sts. at neck edge of next row.

Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of every 2nd row until 53 sts. remain. Work even until armhole measures 7½ inches. Shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 8 times, cast off 5 sts. in the last row.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and beige thread, cast on 165 sts. and work exactly the same as for the front until armhole shaping is completed. Then work even in pattern until armholes measure 7½ inches.

Then shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 16 rows. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning



YOU'VE knitted hard for winter, now make yourself this smart jumper for summer wear.

of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

SLEEVES—BOTH ALIKE

Commence at the lower edge. Using No. 12 needles and beige thread, cast on 120 sts., and work in pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of the 5th row, and every 2nd row following 19 times.

Continue without shaping until sleeve measures 3½ inches; shape top by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 40 times, then Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 41 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 12 needles and beige thread, commence at the outer edge by casting on 240 sts., which should measure 19 inches. Work in pattern and cast off 2 sts. at beginning of the 2nd row and every row following 29 times. Work 1 row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulders. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Stitch the cast-off edge of collar to jumper. Work 1 row of double crochet with beige thread around the bottom of sleeves, along the edges of the front opening, and around the edge of collar. Cover the buttons with double crochet worked in nigger-brown thread. Sew the buttonhole band neatly where the 10 sts. were cast on. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

TO EMBROIDER

Embroider the rectangles with 12 strands of cotton. The collar is done through the eyelets with a darning needle as shown in the close-up of stitch. The outer line is worked with tapestry-blue, the next one with brick-red (or yellow), and the inner one with nigger-brown. Embroider the collar as shown in illustration.

Don't Let Your Clothes Get YELLOW

WHITENESS is made up of 7 colours — of which one is blue. Without blue your once-white things soon become yellow. On wash-days always add a swish or two of Reckitt's Blue to the last rinse and see how gloriously white your things become . . . as white as the whitest clouds on a summer's day!



Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-178 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Bring your crochet TO LIFE with—

COATS' MERCER-CROCHET

IN WHITE AND OVER 30 FAST-COLORS.

Your local needlework shop will show you instruction leaflets with many suggestions to make designs.

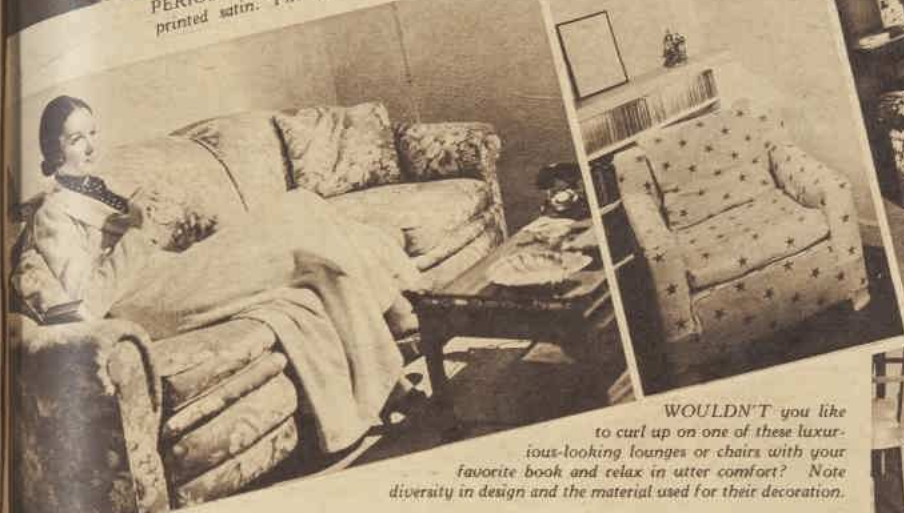
M.C.



PERIOD-DESIGN sofa, covered with lustrous rose-shaded printed satin. The small cushions are oyster-grey in color.



GLIMPSE of a charming living-room which belongs to Anita Louise, Warner Bros. star. Note design of satin-striped chair.



WOULDN'T you like to curl up on one of these luxurious-looking lounges or chairs with your favorite book and relax in utter comfort? Note diversity in design and the material used for their decoration.



IMMEDIATELY above you glimpse the gondola-shaped lounge. It is wonderfully comfortable, but with its satin covering it seems more like a show piece—not for general use!

WE SHOW YOU *Luxury* Lounges and EASY CHAIRS

By . . .
OUR HOME
DECORATOR

Richly upholstered, and beautifully sprung, they offer the perfect invitation to rest and utter relaxation

THE very attractive glimpses of lounges, davenports, and easy chairs given on this page offer homelovers a wealth of interest and inspiration.

There appears to be no set fashion in the designing of these furnishing assets, although manufacturers are always presenting us with happy variations on the main theme.

Fashion does change, however, in upholstery.

Real leather and imitation hide are no longer used on pieces for living-room use.

These coverings are more appropriate for smoke-room or study chairs, and are duly relegated to that category by modern designers.

If you feel you must do something about the upholstery of your beloved "3-piece," remember that beautiful fabrics are offering today.

These materials range from coarse, hard-wearing weaves to the lustrous damasks, brocades and satins.

Printed and solid color linens, plain and glazed (or lacquered) chintz, hold pride of place for slip covers. In this respect, the better grades of cretonnes run a good second for family living-room use.

With the mark of winter upon them many chairs would gladly take to covers in linen, chintz or cretonne.

The furnishing departments of most city stores (as well as the furnishing houses in city and country) make slip covers to order.

The cost of labor varies according to size, shape and finishing.

Whether you are clever enough to make your own slip-covers or have them made outside is purely a matter of individual decision.

Whatever your choice of material, however, make certain that its laundering propensities are good.

Dynamel that cupboard!



NO BRUSHMARKS!
Dynamel is better than enamel—it dries twice as fast!

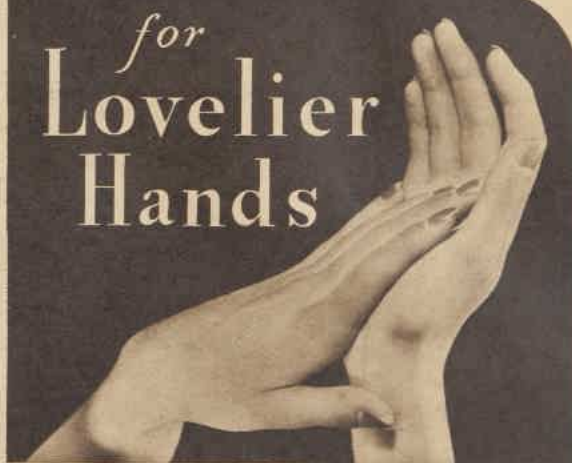
Dynamel interior of cupboard in white so that you can see where you put things.

Dynamel's mirror-smooth finish can be scrubbed with soap and water. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel. Choose from 34 lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at all paint stores.

WRITE TO ANNE STEWART ABOUT YOUR DECORATING PROBLEMS

Anne Stewart, author of "The Colorful Home," is in charge of Taubmans FREE HOME DECORATING SERVICE. Write to her in full detail for advice about any home decorating problems you have. Address your letters to Miss Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, Dept. A-45, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

for Lovelier Hands



Pond's Hand Lotion with active "Skin-Vitamin"

Great news! Pond's Hand Lotion now contains the same "skin-vitamin" ingredient as Pond's two creams. Now you can restore to your hands the precious "skin-vitamin" which is taken out by exposure, housework and washing . . . the "skin-vitamin" which aids in keeping skin soft, smooth and youthful. Apply Pond's regularly and you'll see the difference in a few days!



• Listen to "Your Cavalier" — 2CH every Tuesday, 11 a.m., 2KY every Thursday, 2.30 p.m., 3PM-LK every Tuesday, 3.30 p.m., 3AW every Thursday, 5 p.m., 4BK-AK every Monday, 10.30 a.m., 6AD-MO-PI every Monday, 10.30 a.m., 6ML-WB every Monday, 11.30 a.m.

USE POND'S EVERY TIME YOU WASH YOUR HANDS
Only 1/- a bottle, at all stores and chemists

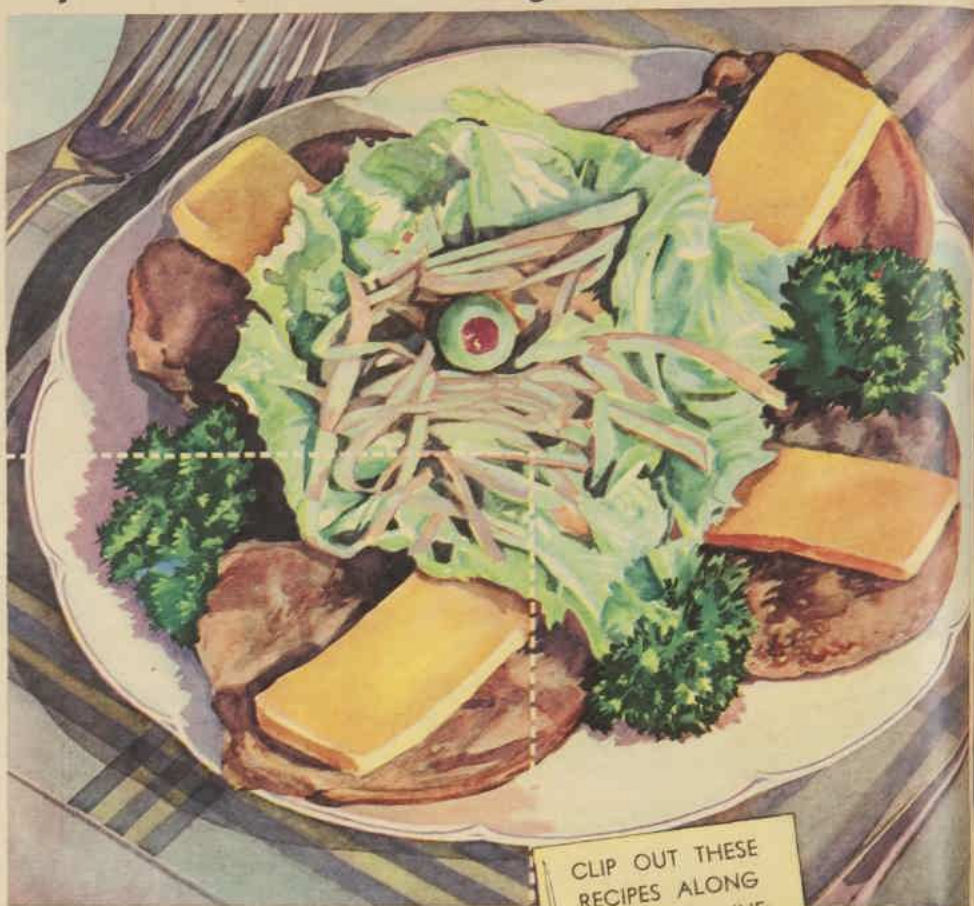
Thrifty! Easy!...with Kraft Cheese



LUNCHEON PLATTER

Cooked tongue, sliced thin; 4 oz. packets Kraft Cheddar, sliced lengthwise; shredded raw cabbage or carrot; Kraft mayonnaise; lettuce; salt; pepper.

Serve on individual salad plates. On each plate arrange four slices of tongue, radiating from the centre, with a slice of cheese on each slice of tongue. In centre of plate place lettuce cup, and fill with shredded cabbage or carrot, mixed with Kraft mayonnaise, and seasoned to taste. A delicious meal to serve in spring!



CLIP OUT THESE
RECIPES ALONG
THE DOTTED LINE

SALMON CASSEROLE

1 lb. tin salmon; 8 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar, shredded; 1/2 cup milk; short pastry or biscuit dough; salt; pepper.

Flake salmon and place in casserole. Melt Kraft Cheddar slowly in double boiler with some of the milk. Add remainder of milk slowly and stir until smooth. Blend this cheese sauce with the salmon. Line the rim of the casserole with the biscuit dough (use your own favourite recipe for this). Bake in hot oven until crust is done. Serve with garnish of pickle or gherkin. Enough for six.



IT'S EASY to make your menus appetising . . . with

Kraft Cheese. Because Kraft adds such a rich zest and flavour to everyday foods (vegetables, salmon, rice, eggs or spaghetti). Because Kraft experts have perfected the cookability of cheese. (Watch Kraft melt smooth!)

IT'S THRIFTY to serve a Kraft main dish two or three times a week . . . because Kraft cheese provides so many important food elements which are often lacking in the daily diet . . . first quality proteins, energy units, vitamin A; and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build bones and teeth. Remember, it takes a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese.

The Six Kraft Favourites



CHEDDAR: A fine mellow creamy cheddar. **OLD ENGLISH:** The tasty cheese in a packet. **PIMENTO:** Cheddar blended with pimento. **WELSH RAREBIT:** It's all ready for you to melt. **CELERY:** Mellow cheddar with crisp celery taste. **GRUYERE:** The real Gruyere flavour, at little more than half imported brand prices.

SEND FOR NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK

Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A18), Riverside Ave., Melbourne, 58 Clarence St., Sydney; or 74 Eagle St., Brisbane. (Write to address in your State, or to Melbourne; enclose 1d. in stamps). Please send me copy of new Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It."

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The world's finest cheeses
are made by **KRAFT**

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31 AUG 1938
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Always Another By ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES Spring



FREE SUPPLEMENT
TO THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY - MUST
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

Always Another Spring

By Adelaide Humphries



ANNE surveyed the last sketch of the wistful, tulie-draped bride with a critical eye. Was she wistful enough? Even brides were going a bit awry this spring, with fashions reverting to a delirium of beguiling femininity, flowers and plumes and jewels.

The world was such a harried place these days, so completely hay-wire.

Yet, for all that, it was a pretty good world, Anne decided. A lovely world, really. For she discovered, having put away her paints, covered her easel, descended in the elevator, joined the hurrying, homeward-bound throng, that spring had come, suddenly and intangibly.

Another spring, she thought, her heart swelling ridiculously. Surely this spring she and David could manage to be married. Surely to-night—for this was Tuesday—David, feeling spring, too, in his bones, would suggest that they decide upon a definite date.

Spring was her season. She had been born in April. That was why she always had told David that spring was the time they would marry.

She had told him that when he first had asked her. Seven—almost eight years ago—no, it could not be! Yes, she had been seventeen and David nineteen at that first tearful good-bye when he left for college. She had been David's "girl" for four years before that, all through high school. Half of her lifetime! Yet, all of a lifetime would not be enough to belong to David. They had waited too long as it was. They ought not wait any longer.

"Home, darling?" her mother called, coming into the hall upon hearing Anne's key in the lock. "Have a good day?" she asked, linking an arm through Anne's and urging her on into the living-room where the rest of the family was gathered.

"Good—and hectic—as usual," Anne answered, thinking, as she never failed to do, how young and sweet her mother was.

Janice and Jen, the twins, were sprawled before the fireplace in which logs crackled cheerfully, taking off the edge of late March winds. Janice lay full length on the floor. Chairs were too confining to her spirit, as well as her long, lean limbs.

Now the two girls came to life, Janice springing up, Jen putting aside her book, to make Anne welcome. The Ashtons were an affectionate family. With a little pang, Anne thought of David, who protested, a little too much she suspected, that he had not been raised to decorate his sleeve with his emotions.

"I'll bring in the tea," Laura Ashton smiled on her three girls, thinking, with that little thrill of warmth, how lovely they were, how lucky she was to have them. "Vicky's still at work in the laundry. I wonder sometimes if any other family ever has such washings, though I suppose if you had been young men with stacks and stacks of shirts . . . 'Thank goodness, you're not!' she finished.

"The fire does feel good," Anne said. "This was the best time of the day, coming home, this simple old-fashioned rite of tea that her mother insisted upon preserving.

"Do you know, my loves," Anne said over the teacups, "that spring has come again? It jumped out at me to-night when I left the store. And what do you suppose I've been sketching to-day? June brides—imagine!"

She told them about the amusing things brides would be wearing and some of the other delightful and nonsensical innovations that the couturieres and milliners promised. Anne had been the fashion artist at Ryan's, Oakdale's "biggest and best" department store, ever since she had graduated from art school. One job, one man; Anne stuck to her guns, no moss-gathering for her.

"This is one of David's nights, isn't it?" Janice asked. David came to see Anne every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings. He had been coming on those nights for longer than the twins could remember. "Aren't you two going to get married this spring?" Janice added with her amazing and often embarrassing frankness.

"I shouldn't be surprised," Anne returned, smiling. She felt so confident that her sister's question did not hold the usual sting. "Seems to me you should," Janice persisted. "I can't see the rush. But just the same I'd fix it, if things were in my way. If I wanted to marry a man, I'd take in washings, if I had to!"

"You don't even pick up your soiled clothing!" Anne laughed. But she knew what Janice meant. She had felt that way about David, too. When first they had fallen in love. As though she simply could not live without him. But time—and perhaps David himself—had subdued such burning intensity.

"Janice is in love!" Jen teased. "She's got a terrific crush on that Kenyon boy. Yes, you have, Janice! You can't fool me. You rave about him all the time, even in your sleep! You've done nothing but moon since you met him."

It was ridiculous, Anne thought, for them to talk about love and marriage. They had never faced those problems. They seemed so incredibly young. Sometimes it was impossible for Anne to realize that she had once been as young and impetuous and sure of herself. Though of course she had. The twins were almost eighteen. Anne had con-

sidered herself grown up when she was that age. David had been away a whole year—Yale—and Anne had had six months in art school. Three more years and she and David would marry, for as soon as he graduated David would enter the furniture business his father had established.

Three years had loomed an eternity then. But they had written every day and promised to think of each other every single hour, and there would be summers and vacations.

But David's father's business had gone smash along with hundreds of other established firms; he had died an old, heart-broken man, at fifty, with nothing to bequeath his widow and son except a modest insurance and a few salvaged and sound government bonds. David had left college in the middle of his final year to come home and look for a job. He had said he did not mind that, for didn't it mean he and Anne could marry that much sooner? Now they would only have to wait until he got a start, instead of three long years.

They had waited much longer than that. Years longer. Anne, making herself especially pretty for David, wondered why they had waited so long. It had taken David several years to get that start, of course—though he had been fortunate. He had started from the pigments up, in The Payne Paint Company. Now he was their star salesman, with every evidence of going up the ladder. But all this necessitated so many expenditures and problems. The first, Anne recalled, had been a car—his first car—when David was promoted to selling, and to a salary on which they could have married.

"A SALESMAN has to have a car," David had said. "You can see that, can't you, Anne?"

Being a "seeing" person, Anne could. Naturally David had to have a car, and new clothes, and a membership in the Country Club, and later the Rotarians, and still later the Masons and the Young Men's Association. David was quite a "joiner"—of worthwhile things only. Anne could see how such connections helped a fellow in business, couldn't she?

Then there had been the winter his mother had decided she must go to Florida for her neuritis and David had been obliged to contribute. "Sometimes," Anne had said, "I wonder if your mother really wants us to marry, David."

Not that Anne begrudged Mrs. Sherman her share of sunshine, though it meant another postponement of their plans, but Anne had felt for quite a while that if Mrs. Sherman would make a few sacrifices she could have shown her love for her son more effectively.

David had been hurt. "Why, Anne," he rebuked, "you know mother likes you!"

Still, she was in luck to have David. Anne thought, hurrying to open the door to his ring, to offer her lips for his kiss; he was worth waiting for any number of years, a lifetime. She never failed to feel a quickening of her pulses when David took her in his arms, as he did now, though perhaps a shade casually, even dutifully. He was so unutterably dear. So good to look at. He smelled of cologne and cigarettes and carried himself with such an air. . . .

He said, "Hi there, Tubby!" as he had every Tuesday and Thursday and Sunday evening for the past seven or eight years, calling her that because she was so smartly slender and because he imagined it teased her, and smiling into her eyes with his assured, man's amusement and superiority because he knew—too well, darn him!—the way her pulses reacted.

THEY went to a neighborhood talkie, at Anne's suggestion. She never liked David to feel he must spend a great deal when he took her out; indeed, she liked him to feel that he must not. To-night's feature was a tragedy, and Anne cried. David teased her about it. He said, as he always did, "Can't you remember that it's only a talkie?" Not seeing that had she remembered, there would have been no magic, or even—paradoxically—any reality.

Anne said she wished they had walked; the night was so inviting, so urgent. The air heralded spring, like a trumpet.

"Next time I take you out, Anne, we'll go in style," David said, holding open the door of his sedan. He was so busy helping her in that he did not look at her. Or was it that he purposely avoided meeting her eyes for fear his own would hold guilt in them?

"In style?" Anne repeated vaguely. Then, sharply, "David! You don't mean . . . you're not thinking of buying another new car this spring?"

"I'm not thinking about it. I ordered it—to-day." He got in beside her, threw the car into gear. He seemed in a hurry to get started. "It's a beauty, Anne. You'll be crazy about it. That new shade of Blue; not greenish, silvery. With light grey upholstery. Oh, it'll do us proud!"

"But you don't need a new car," Anne's voice was too quiet. That singing expectancy had stopped inside of her. "This car does very well. You only bought it a little over a year ago, David."

"A year and five months," he corrected. "You forget, Anne, how the mileage piles up now that I do some out of town selling." He had had some nearby towns added to his territory. "I got a marvellous deal, a swell trade-in allowance. If I put off buying much longer I'd be losing money."

That was an old argument. Anne did not say anything. She was doing a lot of thinking.

"You don't act very pleased," David said. He might almost have been urging her to argue.

"I can't act what I don't feel."

"Meaning you're not pleased, then?" If she'd give him a chance he could soon put himself right. He knew this from long experience.

"I hoped," Anne spoke slowly, guarding not only her words, but a rising tide of rebellion, "that you'd do something else this spring, if you had extra money. I don't believe, David, I need tell you what I hoped for."

"It isn't exactly a case of extra money," David's laugh was short. "Lord knows I wish there was some lying around! I just

told you the car was really a necessity, now that I'm travelling some. A man has to put his work before everything—you know that."

Anne did not say what she knew. "You've simply got to keep up a front," David was explaining, with a show of impatience. "If you want to get on, I mean. You've no idea what it costs when I'm on the road—entertaining, dinners. You can't land the orders unless you do. Why, a man can spend a fifty in a single evening and not know where it's gone! That's nothing, really. Not that I begrudge it when it turns the trick—and you know, Anne, I'm leading the sales records again this year. If I come out tops there'll be a neat little bonus in it for me. And then," he glanced down at her now because she still kept so silent, "I can do the things I really want to do."

Anne kept her eyes straight ahead. She had heard this argument, too.

Oh, Anne knew him so well—she should, after so many years. She was not blind to his faults, and she did not love him less because of them. If anything she loved him more.

She had determined she would be shameless, if necessary. It seemed that it was. She said now, bringing her steady gaze to meet his, "You mean, David, that if you get the bonus we can be married?"

She wished she had not had to say it for him. She wished he had not made her. But that was part of helping him.

"Right." His answer was prompt, if brief. He had pulled in before a cafe where they often stopped for sandwiches and coffee. He switched off the ignition, jumped out, came around to open the door. David never forgot his manners. "What else could I mean, Anne?" he asked. His eyes smiled down into hers, saying: See, I was right all along, wasn't I? He gave her arm a little squeeze.

He held open the door to the restaurant for her now. But Anne did not go in. She stopped suddenly, almost without her own volition.

She said, "You know what I hoped for this spring, as I have each preceding one. You spoke of time flying, David. Do you realise how many springs it has been?" What did pride matter now, or pretense? She had no shame for herself, only for him. Which, somehow, was far more bitter. "Don't you think you've asked me to wait long enough—too long, David?"

It had been her fault as much as his; she saw that now with sudden clarity. It would be her fault if she waited longer. "We ought to be married this spring, not when you get a bonus, if you get one, if something else does not come up . . ."

But you know it hasn't been my fault! David interrupted. He caught her arm, pulled her back into the shadows.

"As a matter of fact, Anne," he spoke reasonably, with complete honesty, "I knew you'd be upset about the car, think I ought to pass it up. But you can see how it is; you can see it would be much wiser for us to wait until I have the extra bonus money. Why, you talk as though I weren't as sorry as you are to have to delay our plans awhile. You talk as though I didn't want to marry you, Anne!"

"I don't believe you do," Anne said. She jerked away, turned from him, started back towards the car.

IT was all right to decide that something must be done about herself and David, but just what could she do? Anne could not think of anything feasible, much less anything drastic enough,

There was that old saying about a man not running for a street car once he has caught it. Was David too sure of her?

The new car was everything David had said it would be; certainly it "did them proud." David was so proud of it that Anne did not attempt to diminish his pleasure by making an issue of its purchase. She pretended to be as enthusiastic about it as he.

She was to be repaid for her deception. It was evident that David still felt somewhat guilty about the car and the fact that it was, in a way, responsible for another postponement of their plans. He told Anne he had something "up his sleeve."

"When I tell you what, or rather show you," he announced, "you'll be ashamed of yourself, Tubby, for having said you didn't think I wanted to marry you."

Maybe he intended to show her now. He headed the silvery-blue car towards the country.

Now he made an abrupt turn to the right bringing the car to a standstill facing a broad expanse of flat, treeless land, high on the edge of town, which to the average observer, looked like nothing but an uninhabited, graceless waste. True, there was a sign proclaiming that this was "The Westgate Improvement Development." There were small stakes pounded into the frozen ground to serve as property lines. There were narrow lanes, muddy and rutted, that one day would be streets. But it required the vision of a super-salesman to nurture this land into a suburban paradise.

"There you are!" David said. He said it as though he were responsible for this plot of ground before them, as though he, personally, had created each stone and grain of dust.

"I don't quite see what you mean," Anne managed. The lift her heart had taken gave way to a slowing, sinking process. "What do you mean—there I am?"

DAVID smiled on her in his slightly patronising manner. "I mean there we are, my dear," he corrected.

It was because he could say things like that, with such unexpected tenderness, that Anne loved him so. She knew now what was up his sleeve.

"I mean," he elaborated, watching her face so that he might enjoy her delight and surprise, "that this lot before you is ours. Or, at least, it will be."

"You didn't buy it!"

"I most certainly did." David loved to spring surprises. He was always doing it, then explaining afterwards. It was the little-boy streak in him, Anne believed, though she often could not help wishing that first he would talk things over. "At least," he made another amendment, "the down payment is made. By adding a little each month it will soon be ours, Tubby."

There was that "ours" again! If David were buying a lot on which to build their home, he must want to marry her. How foolish she had been!

"Of course," he was explaining with his best showmanship, "it doesn't look like much now. But by next spring the streets will be paved, building, zooming—and it will be worth double what we paid. I thought—now this is entirely up to you, Anne!—but I thought maybe you'd like to make it a joint affair. Stick a little in each month yourself. Then it will be all clear by the time I get my bonus and we can use that for a down payment on a house and swing a mortgage for the rest. So that when we marry we can start in our own home, as we should. Would you like that, Tubby?"

"Would I like it?" Anne's face, raised to his, showed how deeply this touched her. She felt all choked and speechless, and all objections were swept into the discard. She did not even stop to consider that this, too, was another postponement. For now they would not marry when David received his bonus at the end of the year, but when their house stood, a firm reality, on this small square of land.

"I was sure you would." David's face expressed satisfaction with his surprise. Now he had made up for the new car, justified its purchase.

"I almost forgot," he said. "Mother told me to bring you back for supper. Just tea and toast. She said you hadn't been over to see her since she got back from Florida. I think she feels neglected, Anne."

"But I phoned the day she returned," Anne objected. "I asked your mother to say when I might come. She seemed terribly busy, unpacking, getting the apartment in order. And she's only been home a little over a week, David." It was not fair for Mrs. Sherman to put Anne in the wrong. Now she would have to go to supper with David when it would have been so much more jolly to have taken him home with her.

"Mother gets especially lonesome on Sundays, you know," David reminded. They took one last look at the lot. They had got out to walk around it. Now David suggested they had better start back.

Anne supposed Sundays were lonely for David's mother, she could not play cards or go out, except to morning services at the church, which she attended. But Mrs. Sherman knew that Sunday evenings were a special time at home for Anne. She and David had gone over this before. Anne wondered how it would work out after they had married. They would have to have an understanding.

I WONDERED if you were ever coming. It's been such a long afternoon," Mrs. Sherman greeted them in the narrow, dark hall. She kissed David fondly, turned her cheek for Anne's dutiful peck. "How have you been, my dear?" she asked. Then, without waiting for an answer, she led the way on into the living-room and began immediately upon her own symptoms of health and illness, while David, having relieved Anne of her wraps, went to have a wash.

The living-room was dark, too, although the sun had not yet gone down. Mrs. Sherman kept the heavy damask curtains drawn as long as there was any light. Sunshine faded her lovely things.

"Did you have a nice ride?" Mrs. Sherman asked now. And again not waiting for more than Anne's brief nod. "Such a lovely day to be out. David, the dear boy, offered to take me, too, but I was afraid the air was still a bit damp, coming back from the south, you know. I'll have to go slowly for a while. Oh, there you are, David!" She flashed him a smile that plainly stated he was her all in this weary world. "You look tired, son—be's been working so hard, you know—take that easy chair; your father always liked it." David had started across to sit on the davenport by Anne. "Did you show Anne the lot, and how did you like it, my dear?" Anne was the beneficiary of a bright smile this time. "It does seem a bit out of the way, though David assures me with the transit service that will go through, it won't be far. And I suppose one could get used to it. Though it will seem odd, having always lived in town."

Mrs. Sherman never waited for other persons' comments.

"Undoubtedly," she was saying now, "it will become the fashionable suburb. At any rate that's what the real estate people gave you to understand, wasn't it, son?" There was no need to wait for this comment; she was so sure of it. Naturally David would not have considered the lot under any other circumstances. "And, of course, since I'll be south during the worst months the air and sunshine in the country will be just the thing for me during the others..."

What on earth was she talking about? Anne came to attention with a sharp twinge of alarm. Surely David's mother did not expect to make her home with them? Surely she was not planning to live in the house that they would build on their lot?

But apparently that was all settled. "Of course, Mother will live with us," David said. His glance met Anne's, but only for a moment. He spoke with his most authoritative, everything-is-settled air, which was a dead give-away that he did not feel so confident. "That's another reason it's better for us to wait until we can build. Then there'll be plenty of room. Naturally, Mother would be too terribly lonesome, just at first, anyway..."

"Lonesome! I'd die," Mrs. Sherman was positive of this. There was no lack of confidence in her attitude. "I've told David all along that I'd simply take to my bed if he ever left me." So David's mother was more responsible for all the postponements than Anne had ever suspected!

"We can all be so happy," Mrs. Sherman was saying now, beaming upon both of them, settling the matter once and for all, if there was any doubt as to its being settled. "I shan't mind losing my boy nearly so much now, though it is hard, anyway you look at it. David and I have been so close all these years." Her bright eyes, blue like David's, accused Anne of taking him from her, but forgave her at the same time, which was a trick of David's, too. "We'll be like little birds in a nest," Mrs. Sherman added.

Anne wanted to laugh. Wildly.

"Yes, wouldn't we?" she said.

She hoped the infection—the inference—was not lost on David. From the way the color crept up under his fair skin she did not think it was. As for his mother, she was too busy rushing on with her own line of thought to take notice as to whether Anne had answered with a yea or a nay.

WHEN Anne joined the family at tea-time that never to be forgotten Friday afternoon, her father was the first to ask where Jen was. It was no secret that Jen was his favorite daughter, perhaps because she was the most like him. He liked to have all his girls around him at this hour; he insisted that Laura was one of his girls, too.

"Oh, Jen went off somewhere with Bud-die Perkins," her twin said carelessly. "In his old truck. Let me tell you when I pick out a boy friend, if I ever decide any one person is worth going steady with—which I doubt—I shall see that he has a real automobile."

"Where did Jen go with Bud?" Mrs. Ashton interrupted her daughter. She knew from experience that Janice could go on indefinitely building air-castles. At that, the child probably would realise some of them. She had the necessary push.

Janice said her twin had not mentioned where she was going. "Come to think of it," she added, "she acted rather mysterious about it, and important. But then she's

been that way ever since I got myself a job."

The twins had graduated from high school the first of June. They had taken a commercial course. Janice had amazed the family by announcing she already had a job; she had been perusing the advertisements for months; she was to start with Brown and Bigelow, Real Estate and Mortgages. One would have thought she was to be the President of the Corporation, she had been so excited over it.

"Not that I meant it to be smarter than Jen," Janice amended now with an air of apology tinged with satisfaction. "The poor dear probably thinks, though, that she'll never land one, at least not nearly so neatly. I tell her I'll try to get her in our office, after I'm established."

Anne said smilingly, "I supposed you were established by now. Isn't it a whole week to-day since you started, darling?"

MINUS one day. No, one half day," Janice remained unaware of having been bantered. "We only work a half day Saturdays—Isn't that ducky? And just think, to-morrow I draw my first pay!"

"Don't spend it all in one place," her father advised. "No thank you, Laura," to his wife when she would have poured him more tea. "Will you take a turn with me in the yard, dear? Want to see what we're going to do with it this summer. Did you say you had had another bed laid out? How are your roses coming on?"

They all knew that he did not know one bloom from another.

Anne jumped up to go with them. She linked an arm through her dad's, and so, with one of his "girls" on either side, Mr. Ashton started his proud inspection.

"... and a border of marigolds," her mother was saying, her eyes as bright as though they were gazing upon a mass of gay perennials instead of neat rows of seed hidden in the loamy, dark earth.

It was then that they heard a shriek behind them. All three turned, startled, to see Janice, who was undoubtedly responsible for the war-whoop, running across the lawn, practically dragging Jen and Bud in tow.

"What do you think?" she gasped, trying to get her breath and at the same time put all the force and drama of which she was so fond, into her announcement. "They've gone and done it! That's where they were; that's why Jen was so mysterious—didn't I tell you she was up to something? Talk about me putting it over... she's the fast one. Not one word, not a single syllable even to me, her own twin. Though I will say I think that's the only way to do it, Jen," turning on her sister who stood silently with Bud, each wearing a somewhat dazed expression, a mixture of guilt, perhaps, and triumph.

"Whatever are you talking about?" Mrs. Ashton demanded. She spoke to Janice, but her eyes went to Jen's face. It must have answered her question. She took a step towards her, stopped, said, "Oh, Jen!" in a sort of bewildered tone, spreading her hands in a helpless gesture.

"Yes, what are you talking about?" their father repeated, fixing stern eyes upon Janice. He was not as discerning as his wife, but he knew something was up. "Why don't you learn to express yourself more coherently, Janice?" he rebuked, as a stern parent should, though sternness was so foreign to his nature that it always fell short of its mark.

"I manage to get by," Janice said, not saucily, but defensively. "I don't see how

else I can express it. They're married, Jen and Bud. They just went off and did it. This afternoon. Over the State line. How did you know you could get married in Kentucky, Jen, without being of age and all that dribble? And, for heaven's sake, don't just stand there, you two, grinning and looking foolish. Tell us about it!"

"How can they?" Anne put in quickly. She saw the distress in her mother's face, and then it struck her own heart with a sort of dull thud. Married—these youngsters—these two children. Yet they weren't children, either. Jen was eighteen; Bud twenty-one. The same ages she and David were when they first had talked of marriage. But they had only talked of it, still were only talking.

"What's that?" Mr. Ashton's voice was sharp this time. His face took on a peculiar greenish hue. He, too, took a step towards Jen; then stopped. "You don't mean . . . you can't mean . . . Jen, speak up—are you and Bud married?"

"Yes, sir, we are." Bud answered for her. He lifted his head proudly, the guilt left his eyes. He was not ashamed of what they had done, or afraid to face it. "I know we should have told you. But we supposed you knew we'd do it one day. We really hadn't planned it, or expected to do it this way, or to-day. We thought we'd have to wait. But we found we couldn't. We simply drove over to Kentucky this afternoon, sir, and were married."

"Isn't that exciting!" Janice clapped her hands. "Though I do wish you'd give us more details. And you might have taken me along for a witness, Jen. When I marry, if I ever do, that's the way . . ."

"Janice, please!" Her mother held up a restraining hand. "You should have told us," she said to Jen in a reproving tone. But now her concern was for her husband. She stepped to his side, put an arm through his. She knew that in his own inarticulate way he would feel this more than any of them. He would feel he had lost his baby, his most beloved daughter. He looked positively ill. His hands were shaking.

"I know we should, Mother dear," Jen said quietly. Her gaze did not flinch. Jen seemed positively immobile, compared to her whirlwind twin, but, as her mother had long suspected, she was capable of following her own course. "It was really just as Bud has told you. We didn't know it, either. Honestly, we didn't. We just started for a ride and got to talking and thinking and . . . Oh, can't you see? We decided we could not go on—not when we wanted and needed each other so much—hoping, putting off, for years and years. We wanted to be married now, while we're young. We're not afraid. We can work it out together. We didn't want to wait until we . . . were old."

Like me, Anne was thinking, like David and me.

"Don't scold them, please!" she said, and she put an arm around each one, her little sister, her new young brother—she liked the purposeful set of his jaw, the proud light in his eyes. "Perhaps they should have given us more warning—it was a shock, you infants! I should be most angry. I supposed I'd have twins of my own by the time you married, Jen!" Her laugh was more brittle than bright; her glance appealed to her mother and father, almost with a challenge.

"And I, for one, think this is a time for celebration. A toast to the bride and groom. A wish for their lifelong happiness—and a tribute to their courage. What do you say, Dad? Haven't you that old bottle of wine you've been hoarding for years just for

some such occasion? After all, this is an occasion," she wound up emphatically, with a salety that sounded convincing—she hoped.

"Polish up the glasses," Mrs. Ashton told Anne. "Goodness knows they'll need it; Vicky never gets around to extras. And tell her, please, to hold back dinner, and to set another place for our new son." Her bright glance met the eyes of the tall boy beside her.

She was repaid for that last thoughtfulness, that gesture of welcome. Bud's face lighted up as though an inner flame had been kindled. He responded with a look that went much deeper than words.

"That's what I'll try to be," he said gravely. "Your son, Mother dear. And I can promise you I'll be good to Jen, and take care of her."

"I'm sure you will. . . ." Anne heard her mother answer, as she went on into the house to attend to the glasses. She could run up to her room first and get a hold on herself. Silly to feel like this, sort of teary and shaken, but she couldn't help herself. She did not want to help herself much. Someone had to cry at every wedding. It might as well be she. Her mother had known it would be, she realised, with a little start. That was why she had sent her on ahead . . . what a knowing mother! If only David's were half as understanding. If only David and she had not waited all these years so that now she carried this sense of doubt, of questioning. . . .

ANNE received a letter that summer from Marty Phillips, who had been her chum at art school, urging her to spend her vacation at The Willows, the Phillips' summer home. Marty wrote:

"It's on a small island in the middle of an artificial lake. It's heavenly, really. If you need to relax, and I'll bet you do after slaving all this time in that old department store, you can bask in the sun the blessed day, or dip in the drink to cool off, or go boating or aquaplaning for exertion. There's dancing every night, and a miniature Coney Island at the park. There's always a full moon and plenty of young men to supply romance—though I'm forgetting! Maybe you'll want to bring your own young man, this David paragon, about whom I've heard so much for so many moons. I do recommend, however—for one's vacation—a little variety! But bring David, of course, if you wish and if he can manage. . . ."

Anne supposed David could manage—if she wished! They always planned their vacations at the same time. But it might be wise, for once, to make an exception.

When Anne told David she was taking the whole month of August for a vacation, and taking it on her own, without so much as an if-you-don't-mind or if-only-you-would-go-with-me, David was flabbergasted.

"But I supposed you'd plan your vacation when I took mine, as usual," he said. "I've asked for the last two weeks in July. And I've practically promised mother we'd drive her over to Zanesville again this year, for a week-end, anyway. And why a whole month, Anne? Surely not with full pay? You're always preaching economy. Won't such a vacation put you back a pretty penny?"

"It's put me back a beautiful one already," Anne said, thinking of the grand time she had had shopping these past weeks; it had really been an orgy. She had bought the green linen suit, the printed bathing toga, the playthings, and the cottons and silks and even the dream of a dancing dress. She had spent more than one week's wages on it alone.

"I suppose I could drive down for a week-end," David said, pursing his lips as though weighing the matter. "It would be a long push though—a couple of hundred miles, didn't you say? And I suppose, of course, I would have to have an invite from your hostess."

Anne did not say anything. She did not even feel guilty about not telling him that he already had been invited. She was thinking that it was miserably hot, even for July.

"Maybe I could plan it so that I could bring you home."

"I wouldn't," Anne said, with a sudden resolve that surprised herself. For here was David bringing her back before she even got started!

David's mouth fell open. Apparently to state a protest, but either he changed his mind or found himself incapable of performing it.

"You can get in a lot of golf," Anne hurried on. She was beginning to feel just a shade guilty and she knew, if David pressed her, she might relent and tell him he could drive down after her, or drop in.

"And you can take your mother to visit your relatives and get a good rest and a change from having me around all the time under your nose. You must get sick of me at times, David. As much as if we had been married all these years, instead of just engaged. They say, you know, the best advice to give young married people is to get away from one another ever so often. It's a sound divorce preventive."

"So that's what you're up to!" David looked at her searchingly, incredulously. He folded his arms across his chest. Napoleon fashion. When he set his lips tight like that he did look like his mother. Anne could not help thinking. Even his nose looked like a Ludlows'. "I knew you were up to something." His eyes were accusing. "I never knew you to talk or act this way before. You must be tired, Anne. In need of a rest. Though I'm sure I didn't know you needed one from me."

"I'm not sure, either," Anne mused. She almost winked at the big, round moon, she felt so pleased with herself, in spite of that guilty twinge.

WHEN Anne arrived at the lake resort, after a tedious and hot journey during which she had had to transfer from a train to a bus, she was dismayed to find no one on the mainland to meet her. Yet, that was exactly like Marty. She always was late: she was just as likely as not to forget that this was the day she was expecting a guest. Marty was one of those persons who never recognised the existence of calendars and clocks.

The place was absolutely deserted, the ground strewn with the hangover debris, peanut shells, papers, of a hilarious holiday. There was not even a boat on the glazed, still surface of the lake. How on earth was she supposed to get to the island? She couldn't very well swim or walk. She couldn't wait in this blistering heat all day . . .

"Hot-dog, lady?" a voice called.

Anne swung around, dropping her suitcase on the toe of her new brown and white shoes, to see a young man who had popped up, as though from a magician's sleeve, from behind a counter.

"Sorry," this young man said now. He had dark eyes with a sort of wicked, or disturbing, gleam in them, dark rumpled hair with a suggestion of a wave, a contagious, mocking grin. A sailor's white hat perched

with a debonaire mien on the extreme back of his head.

"Didn't mean to make you jump," he said. He eyed Anne's trim person, cool and fresh and spotless in the pale green linen, with open approval and admiration. "They're really very good," he assured her.

Anne said, "What?" At the moment she could not think of anything good about this place. She really was provoked with Marty. And with herself. Why on earth hadn't she been sensible and let David drive her down—which had been his last suggestion—or, better still, why had she come at all? This was a fine beginning for a vacation.

"The hot-dogs," the young man returned gravely. He fished beneath the counter and held up a long string of them. "Big, fat, juicy. With or without mustard. Best hot-dogs you ever ate, lady, honest."

"I don't care for any, thank you," Anne answered primly. She was not only hot and provoked, but the new brown and white shoes pinched and she felt as though the linen suit, regardless of its "Unchangeable" label, was commencing to wilt right on her back. "Isn't there a boat around here any place?" she asked severely. Who ever heard of a lake without a boat?

"So it's a boat you want!" the young man exclaimed. He put the hot-dogs back, giving them a fond look, as though apologizing that they had not received their just appreciation. He put his elbows on the counter, rested his chin between his hands. "What else would I want?" Anne sized him up as a young man who did not know his place, and lazy into the bargain. If he had any get-up about him he would have been on his way already hunting up a boat or something.

"I wouldn't know." His grin broadened—he certainly was fresh, the way he eyed her. "Wouldn't I do?" He did come out from behind the counter to stand before her. He put his thumbs under the straps of his white jersey slip-on. His white slacks were the most disreputable ones Anne ever had gazed upon; smeared with grease and paint stains, stranger to any hint of ever having been pressed.

"Certainly not," Anne gave him a look that showed she was not impressed and that should have put any young man in his place. "Will you please see if there isn't someone about with a boat? There doesn't seem to be anyone to meet me. I have to get to the island."

"Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water," the young man murmured. But he murmured it distinctly enough, and accompanied it with another glance, so that its significance was unmistakable.

Anne felt the color rising in her cheeks; her grey eyes flashed. She yanked at the clasp of her purse—it, too, was new, matching her shoes—she held out a coin. "There you are, boy." Her tone belonged to a Grand Duchess. She would put this young man with his hotdogs, in his place. "If you find a boat, I'll make it worth your while."

He sauntered out on the dock with a sort of shuffling gait that gave further indication of his lackadaisical make-up. Anne was certain he had never hurried in his life. He even talked with a drawl. It might have been pleasing to the ear, if it had not been so irritating.

Anne followed him with steps that were quick and decisive. Since he was the only hope in sight she did not intend to let him get away from her. "See here," she began in a tone that matched the steps, "you've got to do something. Why, there is a

boat!" One was tied at the end of the pier. It was not much of a boat—maybe a dory with an outboard motor, none too clean, a faded greyish color. But it would be better than waiting any longer in this heat, or swimming.

"So there is," the young man said as though he had not known the boat was there all the time.

"Is it yours?" Anne asked. It went with his trousers. She imagined its speed would tally up, too. She put the coin back in her purse, extracted a crisp note. "I'll give you this," she offered, "to take me to the island."

"You don't say?" The young man cocked one dark eyebrow at her. His grin was not only mocking, it was positively impudent.

"What if that isn't my price, lady?"

"What is your price?" He certainly had nerve. Probably thought he could rob her. She might have expected it. Such bargaining went with his other no-account characteristics. People who were too indolent to hustle always thought the world owed them a living.

"Well, now, let me think . . ." He scratched his head, rumbled his hair more than ever; he might have been weighing a stupendous matter. He shook his head doubtfully, almost mournfully. "A lady who doesn't like hot-dogs . . ."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," Anne interrupted. He must be insane, as well as good-for-nothing. One of the natives, no doubt. A handsome creature, in his rural splendor—it seemed a pity. But she would be insane herself if this kept up much longer. "What have hot-dogs got to do with it? And who would like them in the middle of an afternoon like this? But let's get started."

She measured the distance between the dock and the boat, wondering if she could dispense with any help. Mentally, she gathered her skirts, preparing for the leap, when splash!—and her purse, the lovely new one that matched her brown and white oxfords, fell into the water.

"Good heavens!" Anne exclaimed. She swung around on the young man, her eyes flashing. One might have thought she blamed him for this accident, and for some unknown reason—probably the heat—Anne did feel it was partly his fault. Especially now as he just stood there looking at her. "Well," she demanded, "aren't you going to do something? My purse. My lovely new purse!"

"Lucky it wasn't you," the young man observed shrewdly.

"Never mind that! What are we going to do?"

"Only one thing to do, lady, as I see it."

Well, then, why didn't he start? Instead of standing there, wearing that foolish grin, looking at her. Now he glanced at his wrist watch, a huge affair of silver and leather. He unstrapped it, taking his own good time about it, slipped it off, handed it to Anne. He dug in his disreputable slacks, emptied the pockets, gravely deposited their miscellaneous refuse in her hands. There was a ring with several keys, a small piece of paper with pencilled scribbles, a few coins, a pocket knife, a comb, and a moth-eaten rabbit's foot. "My jewels," he said. "Guard them with your life, lady." He bent as though to make a bow—plunged into the water.

"Your hat!" Anne gasped. It was bobbing gaily on top, like a tiny sailboat. Otherwise there was no sight or sound of the young man. She had not dreamed the water was so deep at the end of the pier.

Good heavens, suppose he never came up?

Suppose his head had hit bottom? With all his clothes on and even his shoes—why on earth hadn't he rid himself of them, instead of his watch, and the contents of his pockets? He was positively mad, this young man. Oh . . . thank goodness! There was a widening circle of ripples—his head, his thick dark hair, rumpled beyond all hope now, appearing above the surface, and next his eyes with their impudent gleam, then his mocking grin and broad shoulders . . .

He pulled himself up without need of assistance—and, yes, he had her purse clutched firmly beneath one elbow. He shook himself, like a puppy after a bath, stopped, shed the slacks, letting them drop in a sopping, sorry ring, stepped forth in neat navy swim trunks that apparently were almost waterproof.

"Why didn't you take them off before?" Anne scolded. "Diving in all your clothes! Scaring me out of my wits!" She would have liked to give him a good shake. She felt he needed it.

"Sorry I frightened you," he said contritely, but his grin denied it. "Wasn't time to think about clothes, with a lady in distress." He certainly did not talk like a native. "My favorite role is playing Don Quixote," he added—which cinched it.

He was not what he appeared on the surface. Anne had a growing conviction that there was more than met the eye. She accepted her purse—the inside was merely dampish—and started to hand him his possessions in exchange. Her glance fell on the scribbled slip of paper. Her own name, in Marty's unmistakable flourishing bold scrawl, leaped up at her.

"See here," she said, and again she felt the warm color creeping slowly up into her face. "What's the meaning of this? Did Marty Phillips send you to meet me? Did you know who I was all along? Have you been having a good time at my expense?"

"Why, lady!" His grin was reproachful. "You do me wrong. Did I accept your money? It hasn't cost you a penny. And I wouldn't have missed this at any price. But now, if you'll allow me—I can't give you more than my fingertips since the rest is so drenched—but let me assist you. Jump—watch your step—atta, baby!"

His fingers, even their tips, were strong and steady, landing Anne with despatch and finesse into the centre of the boat, untying the knot of rope that anchored it, with one deft twist, tossing in her suitcase before he jumped in after her.

How could she have been so taken in, so stupid? "Why didn't you introduce yourself?" she asked scathingly.

He did not answer, or turn around—he was the most deliberate person!—until the sputtering settled into a rhythmic put-put-put that seemed to suit him. Then he faced her, though his attention was given mostly to the art of clearing the pier successfully.

"You forget," he said, that you did not give me that opportunity. You gave me cold stare and refused my lovely hot-dogs. You tried to bribe me."

The color in Anne's face was a deep crimson. "You didn't give me a chance," she flared. "You popped up from under a counter and you called me 'lady' and . . ."

"Well, aren't you? A most fetching one, I'd like to add. Quite the most fetching lady I've had the pleasure of meeting in many a day. And it is a pleasure to

meet you, Miss Ashton, really it is. Whether the introduction is strictly orthodox or not.

"An extreme pleasure. I can't understand why Marty didn't tell me how fetching you were!" he finished.

"Never mind that," Anne said. He could save that line for later—maybe when there was a moon. Good heavens, the heat was affecting her! She would never forgive him.

"Couldn't Marty meet me? Did she get my wire? But of course she did, or you wouldn't be here. She did send you to meet me then, didn't she?" He was such a crazy young man that he might still be carrying on. He might not be taking her to the island at all; she had had no idea the lake was this big, stretching for what must be miles.

"She did." Her kidnapper, or escort, relieved her fears. "She could have come herself, but I persuaded her I would do much better. I practically bribed her into it, as a matter of fact. You see," he leaned forward, and the gleam in his eye became confidential—besides, it was necessary to lean forward now with the motor put-put-putting so merrily and noisily. "Marty had told me enough about you to excite my curiosity."

"I'm a curious animal, some relation to the cat, no doubt. That was why, even though I only had a hot-dog to offer you—and I felt something must be done since the brass band and flowers were missing—I kept myself incognito for a spell. I expect you're off me for life. And when I hoped to create such a staggering first impression!"

"I'm sure it doesn't matter," Anne said, with a little toss of her pretty head.

"But you might tell me your name, if it's not asking too much."

"I'll never forget my first impression of you." He made it sound like a solemn promise. "In fact, I'll treasure it till the day I die. My name? Sorry, I did forget to mention it, didn't I? It's on the paper, too." He picked it up from among the other things which he had tossed on the bottom of the boat along with the wet trousers. "It was supposed to serve as that proper introduction," he informed her.

"Are you always so proper, Miss Ashton, and so haughty? Not that I'm objecting, understand?" He wagged his head in vigorous denial; his hair lay in a decided wave now, smooth and glistening, though he had made a pass or two at it with the small comb.

"It's what makes you so fetching. That and the way your eyes flash and your cheeks flame. All my life," he told her earnestly, leaning even further forward. "I've wanted to meet a girl who could blush like my great-grandmother. All my life I've wanted to meet a real lady."

"And now that you've met one what good will that do you?" Anne inquired sweetly, and pointedly. "I'm never haughty, except to people who go out of their way to ask for it. One so seldom meets a real gentleman nowadays, you know."

"Ouch!" this gentleman said. "But, at that, I guess I deserved it. When you know me better you'll find I've really got very nice manners and . . . But aren't you going to read Marty's note now?"

"Forgive me for not coming to meet you," Anne read aloud from Marty's bold scrawl. "It's so much cooler on the island. Gill will take care of you. His full name is Giles Montgomery Tracy, III. He is crazy, darling, but perfectly harmless. You'll end up by loving him, I know . . ." Anne did not

finish. She should not have read it aloud. She said quickly, "Oh, is that it?" For what looked like an island loomed on the horizon, gliding towards them.

"That's it, all right," Giles Montgomery Tracy, III, said. "You've got to do it."

"Got to do what?"

"End up by loving me."

The island was almost on them now. Its banks were edged with huge, ancient willows, their graceful branches weeping low to touch the lapping water. There was a long pier with an enormous boat house on one side and a rustic summer house on the other. The cottage itself was completely hidden by the timber and underbrush which had been left in tangled, wild confusion and beauty.

"Yes, lady," her escort said, with that wicked gleam in his dark eyes and that mocking grin. "You have before you your journey's end, though I hope you'll find it, instead, a beginning. I hope you'll let me help you begin. Now, please!" He held up a restraining hand. "Don't try to jump out until we dock! Allow me to give you a hand and prove that I'm a gentleman."

"There's no use to run because it so happens that this is also my destination. I, too, am staying at The Willows. Something tells me I shall linger on for a while. I intend to follow you, no matter where you go, offering you such delicacies as hot-dogs, risking my life for you, until you do end up by loving me . . ."

"You'll end up by drowning both of us!" Anne scolded. They had hit the dock with a smack, thumping against its sides, then sliding out again.

"Please watch what you're doing. And if you'll lift out my bag, I can manage without a hand, thank you. And please save your line—for, of course, I know that's what it is—until another time."

"That's a bargain!" He flashed her a grin. "I'll save it indefinitely, if one day you'll listen. But it isn't a line—again you do me wrong." He docked the boat easily and expertly now, jumped out, caught the rope, offered her a hand. "It's love, lady; love at first sight. Ever hear of it? And I'm going to make love to you until you end up as Marty predicted."

THE WILLOWS

was all that Marty had promised, and more. The cottage, if one could call it that, was constructed from trees felled on the island. It was a huge, rambling, two-storied affair with a central thirty-two foot studio living-room, surrounded by a balcony off of which were the sleeping quarters.

Four negro men-servants provided service so efficient that comfort became a luxury; but the rule of the host and hostess was informality. Guests were free to follow their own whims, to entertain themselves as they wished, or join in the plans that were provided, to have meals—with the exception of dinner at eight—as they chose, picnic or buffet style, or from trays brought to their rooms.

In the big boat house there were garaged two shining speed-boats with twenty-four cylinder engines; a beautiful sloop with three hundred feet of sail, with which Marty had won more than one silver cup at the yacht races; several rowboats and two canoes.

For swimming, guests were taken to the mainland where, beyond the spillway that controlled the rising water of this lovely, ten-mile artificial lake, there was a long stretch of sandy beach—also artificially supplied—gay with cabanas, striped sun-umbrellas, ringing with shouts and laughter.

At night the amusement park came alive with a million beckoning lights and red and blue neon signs, coaxing you to ride The Dips, cool off on The Chutes, turn upside down on The Loop, get dizzy in The Pretzel, shaken up in The Dodge-Em, see yourself as others see you in The Funny House.

Before a week had passed Anne had done all of these things with Giles Montgomery Tracy, III, close at her heels.

In fact, as he had warned her, it was next to impossible to lose the young man. Not that Anne wanted to lose him. He was quite the most charming creature she ever had met, the most easy-going, the most amusing and likeable—and he did make love divinely.

Too divinely, Anne decided one evening, after several weeks had passed—nearly four, as a matter of record—when the moon was full and the water lapped softly against the sides of the summer house, like a guitar playing its sighing accompaniment to Gill's love song.

Without knowing how it happened—certainly without expectation—Anne suddenly found herself in her lovely dream of a dress with its marabou bojero in Gill's strong arms with his kiss on her lips.

"I've been wanting to do that since the minute I popped up from behind that counter and saw you standing there so cool and haughty," Gill said.

She had not known Gill would kiss her like that. She had never been kissed like that before. She had never been kissed by any man except David. And although David's kisses were very nice, they had never made her feel this way.

"I told you it was love," Gill was saying in his slow drawl that could hold such a caressing note. "I told you it wasn't a line. You believe me now, don't you, Anne?" His grin was not mocking; the appeal in his dark eyes could not be denied.

"I told you I've been waiting for you all my life," he said—as though that told and answered and settled everything.

"You don't really mean that," Anne returned, with something between dismay and delight, for she knew that she hoped that he did!

"You know I do," Gill said. He took her hands and drew her towards him again, he looked into her eyes—no, into her very self. From the pavilion, over the lake, the murmur of a love song drifted on the sweet, still air; the cadence of the clarinet, the wailing of the saxophone, the muffled, rhythmic shush-shush of the drums and gliding feet. In another moment Gill would be kissing her again.

Anne wrenched her eyes away from the look in his and all it said. She pulled away from him once more. "But you . . . must not," she said.

"Why not?" Gill asked. "Don't you remember I told you I'd follow until you ended up by feeling the same as I do? I love you, Anne. It's the real thing. It's for keeps. I want to do nothing but love you for the rest of eternity, follow you around, buy hot-dogs for you and jump into lakes."

But you know what I want, honey—I want to give my life to you, my worldly goods, all that I am. I want to marry you, Anne. To-morrow. To-night. This instant—you know that."

"But I don't! You don't. . . I can't. . ." She put her hands before her, between them, against his chest. Certainly she had not expected, in exercising those feminine wiles to come to this. "Please, Gill, you mustn't. I can't let you. You mustn't kiss me again, or talk to me like that. You mustn't mean it, even a little bit."

"I'd like to see anyone stop me," Gil said. "But I'll have to stop you. I should never have let you begin."

"You had nothing to do with that. I told you this journey's ending was only a beginning, my sweet."

"But it isn't, it can't be. Oh, why won't you listen!" For, in spite of her hands between them, holding him away, in spite of everything she tried to tell him, Gil had kissed her again.

She broke away. This time with finality. She held him off at arm's length. She was trembling. She had decided she was just as crazily mad as he was. For she did not mind him kissing her as she should have—she wanted him to!

"Gil . . . this is mostly my fault. We've been having so much fun all these weeks . . . I've been playing a sort of game with you, that may not have been quite fair."

There was nothing to do now except to be perfectly honest. And take her medicine.

"No, please . . . let me talk—and don't sit down." For Gil would have swept her into his arms again, not let her go on. "You see," Anne let him have it straight from the shoulder, "I'm engaged—to someone else."

"You must listen to me. It's been fun—loads of fun. But I didn't mean it to end like this."

"But this isn't the end, foolish child! Haven't I already told you several times about that? Have you forgotten so soon? Besides, I knew you were engaged." His grin was mocking, but his eyes were serious. "I told you that Marty had told me all about you. You've been engaged all your life, almost—and to one man. That's another thing I love you for, my sweet—your constancy."

"I'm afraid I haven't been as constant as I ought . . . or as fair to you." But it was not altogether her fault, if he had known about David.

Anne was constant enough to feel guilty now, thinking of David. David deserved the flirtation she had been having, but he did not deserve to have been forgotten quite so completely during the moment of that kiss.

Gil said, "You do like me a little bit, don't you, Anne?"

She did. There was no denying that. But liking him had nothing to do with what she was trying to impress upon him. She wished he would not look at her in that way, as though nothing she might say could make any difference.

"David . . ." she said, and made herself think of him, so that she could push Gil away with all her determination, whether she wanted to or not. Probably because she did not want to! "We must think about David. I am engaged to him. David Sherman, Gil. As you know, I've been engaged to him for years. I'm going to marry him."

"When?" Gil asked. His look held hers so that she could not turn away.

"When? Why . . . soon. The first of the year—or, at least, the following spring. . . . When David got his bonus, or when they arrived at a decision regarding the building on their lot and about his mother, and whether they should share those first precious years. When—and if—something else did not develop to make still another postponement necessary. But she could not tell this to Gil.

He said, "That should give me enough time."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that if a girl was as constant to me as you have been to your David I would have married her long ago. I would not lose one second. I'd snatch her up, carry

her away, have the knot tied before she could say Hassenpfeffer, before anyone else could beat me to it, or she could have even that second to change her mind."

Anne said, "But that's not David's way," and wished in her heart that it had been David's way.

ANNE had decided if she still were to follow her chosen path of deception that when she got home she would not tell David about Giles Montgomery Tracy, III. Oh, she would mention him, vaguely, along with the other house guests, but she would not go into detail. She would not tell David about that night in the summer-house, or that Giles had asked her to marry him—and right away! She would not say anything about having been kissed.

She had a feeling that David would not like it, even a little bit. She almost hoped he wouldn't! Her conscience did not trouble her, as maybe it should have, for, after all, David had asked for it, too. Besides, this was something that belonged to her alone; something she did not want to share. She would keep Gil a sentimental memory, a romantic interlude of her lovely vacation.

But the day after she got home this sentimental memory popped up in the material form of four dozen yard-stemmed roses, with a card which read:

"You know what roses stand for, or don't you?"

Nothing else; not even a scribbled initial. Anne did not need any initials to know from whom they came. Only Gil would send such an extravagant reminder, or add such a crazy—and heart-thrilling—note.

You might know David would arrive in the midst of all the excitement of trying to find vases big and high enough to meet the situation, a task that required the ingenuity of the entire family.

"What's up?" he asked. "Hello, everybody. Hi, Tubby. Is it an anniversary or something?"

He gave out a long whistle at sight of the roses. He picked up the card and read it aloud. "Well, what do they stand for?" he asked. He addressed Mrs. Ashton. Apparently it had not occurred to him that the roses could be for Anne.

"Everybody knows that red roses stand for love, David," Janice informed him loftily. "It goes without guessing who wants who, I'd say. You've got a rival, my lad; one who means business. You'll have to be on your toes from now on, or I miss my cue."

"On my toes?" David looked at Anne. "You mean someone sent these to you?" he demanded.

"Oh, just someone I met at the lake," Anne returned with assumed carelessness. She was unaware that her flushed face contradicted her manner. David's look accused her of letting him in for an awkward moment and of having kept something from him. "I don't see why everyone's making such a fuss about a few flowers," she added, almost crossly.

She repeated the same thing to David later on, when he demanded a more elaborate explanation. "You never mentioned this fellow," David said, "when you were telling me about your visit on our way home from the station." David had met her train the night before and had driven her home, but as it had been his night to play poker he had not stayed. Therefore there really had not been much opportunity for Anne to mention anyone.

She pointed this out to him. "Besides, there's nothing to tell," she added. She rather resented David's demanding attitude.

"Is he in love with you?" David demanded. "Doesn't he know you're engaged to me?"

Anne said, "Oh, yes, he knows that."

"Well . . ."

"Well, if he knows you're engaged," David persisted, "I shouldn't think he'd waste his cash."

"Perhaps he doesn't consider it a waste!" Just because David never sent her flowers.

"I didn't mean that." His tone held a tinge of apology. "But take that card—the fellow must have a lot of nerve!"

He certainly had. Anne thought, smiling secretly at that. Her resentment had cooled. Could it be that David was jealous. If so, that was what she wanted, wasn't it?

She and David had the living-room to themselves now. "Gil did not seem to think it so important, my just being engaged," she said. "After all, David, I'm not married to anyone yet." She had not known she was going to say that, and in the same careless tone she had adopted before. She was almost as surprised as David.

He did not attempt to hide his astonishment. "Well, I'll be darned," he said. "That's a fine way to look at it. Sounds to me as if you had deliberately encouraged this fellow, Anne."

"Does it?"

Poor David, he really looked outraged. But it might be good for him. She saw now that the thing for her to do was not to keep Gil a sentimental memory, but to use him as live bait. "I can't help it, can I," her grey eyes were amused, "if someone falls in love with me and wants to marry me, besides you, David?"

"Wants to marry you?" David squirmed on the end of the pin now. His eyes held more than accusation and injured dignity. "You don't mean to tell me he had the nerve to propose to you, knowing you were engaged? What does he think that's going to get him? That and his rotten roses."

"Why, they're beautiful roses?" Anne bent once more to bury her nose in them, and to hide her smile.

"Of course," David advised. "you'll send him packing, Anne."

"Packing?"

"On about his own business. He hasn't any intention of coming here, has he?"

"Um, he might." Gil had every intention in the world of doing just that, if she was to believe all he had said. Anne sat down on the arm of David's chair. "I couldn't very well slam the door in his face if he does come."

"One of those playboys, I take it," David commented. It was evident he had no more use for a man of that sort than for his roses.

"Oh, no." Anne's denial was emphatic. "Gil is a marvellous salesman. And he can be very serious when he chooses."

"Well, he'd better not try to sell himself to my girl," David was just as emphatic about that. He put an arm around Anne's slender waist, pulling her nearer. Her face was still flushed, her eyes bright, so that she looked prettier than he ever had seen her. Maybe it was her blue dress. Blue was his favorite color. "Did you miss me?" he asked, with the unexpected tenderness of which he occasionally was capable. "Did you think of me at all? It's good to have you back, Tubby."

"Of course I missed you" Anne bent swiftly and gave him a light kiss. Maybe because she knew she had not missed him as much as she should. "Did you miss me?" she returned. "Did you find yourself that blonde, darling, as I told you to?"

"Certainly not!" David was indignant. "I was much too busy to hunt for trouble. Besides, why should I, when I have you? And, Anne, I have a surprise for you. I met a fellow who's an architect. He's got all sorts of ideas, and since he's just starting out he's low on fees. I got him to draw up a plan for our house, Tubby. I've got it with me. In the car. Want to see it now?"

What were a few roses, David's manner said, compared to the gift he had brought her?

"You know I want to see it!" Anne was touched. She ran her fingers over David's smooth hair. It was never rumpled and out of order, like Gil's dark mop. But then, David was always smoothly shining and immaculate in every way.

He went to get the blueprints. There was quite a roll of them. "Let's spread them on the floor," Anne suggested. She had been thinking that he was taking it pretty much for granted that they would build on their lot. But she would not spoil his pleasure by going into that just now.

"It's a Georgian type," David was explaining, getting down on his knees beside her. His face was lighted with satisfaction. "This fellow—Bentley's the name—says Georgian architecture is the last word. The very smartest. And Mother thought it the most suitable to go with her things, since she's been so kind as to say we can use them—temporarily, at least."

So Mrs. Sherman was in on this, too! It seemed to Anne that that had been taking unfair advantage of her absence. "But I don't like Georgian architecture," Anne objected. "It's too cold, too formal. I wouldn't be guided by what happened to be the fad of the moment, either. I thought—when we do build, David—that a French provincial house would be nice, since it's to be almost in the country. Or something along Spanish lines, since the lot is so high and flat. It could be done in stucco, with a cunning little courtyard and fountains, walks, and maybe even a fountain . . ."

"Where on earth do you get such ideas?" David sat back on his heels. He looked at her as though he thought she had lost her mind. "A Spanish house! You don't see any of those around here . . ."

"That's why I'd like it!"

"And stucco isn't practical. Except in the South. It cracks . . ."

"It would be covered with vines. The kind that never sheds its leaves . . ."

"And filled with a flock of chattering sparrows!" David was contemptuous. "One vine on the chimney, perhaps. But Georgian houses are the thing. Anne, Bentley says undoubtedly most of the houses in Westgate will follow that style, especially if we build one first."

"Wouldn't that be nice," Anne said. "Just like a tenement. If you come home late—or stiff—and find your own carbon copy, you're in luck." She did not want to be disagreeable. But really David had taken too much on himself, leaving her entirely out. It was to be her house, too, wasn't it? It seemed, as though she should have had some say.

"I don't ever come home stiff," David reproved her. She had never noticed before that David's sense of humor had been neglected. It was brought to her attention now, no doubt, because of the last month in Gil's company. Gil believed in laughing at everything, especially one's self. "I am sure," David was saying, still kneeling and managing to look magnificently dignified

even in that position, "that Mother would never be happy in the sort of house you are talking about."

"Is it to be your mother's home, or mine?" Anne asked quietly. She had not wanted to go into that, either—especially on her first evening back home when she and David should have been so glad to be together again, instead of sitting on the floor glating at each other over a bunch of blueprints at which they had not even glanced.

"This is silly, David." Anne got up from the floor. "Quarrelling over a house we aren't going to build for ages. You know how I feel. That we should start on a simpler scale and not share our first home with anyone. Can't you see that causes trouble and unpleasantness even before it begins?"

"I can see that you are trying to be unpleasant," David said. "And I thought you'd be so pleased with my surprise." He began to roll the blueprints up; she should not have the privilege of looking at them now.

"I'm sorry about the surprise," Anne said. "Suppose we look at them another time? And talk about it another time, too, David." She did not think the solution would present itself by being put off. But she wouldn't quarrel with David to-night. Not on her first night home.

It seemed that her vacation had not settled matters, after all. Or the fact that someone else was in love with her and wanted to marry her and had sent her four dozen, yard-stemmed roses.

She and David were right back where they had started.

ON Monday Anne received a quaint chest of candy with a card that read:

Birds of a feather—if you know what that means—sweets to my sweet.

On Tuesday it was perfume, by Charlotte, done up in an exquisite crystal flagon, significantly labelled, "Of Thee I sing." Wednesday there were flowers again, gardenias, a half-dozen luscious, pearl blossoms nestling in their own waxy green leaves.

Thursday produced an enormous wicker basket piled high with fruit and tied with a huge pink satin bow. Friday a box of books; Saturday more flowers, early autumn ones in rich glowing colors. And hidden in their midst, was a tiny blue enamelled vanity case, monogrammed with her initials. On Sunday, Giles Montgomery Tracy III, in person dropped down from the skies—literally!

"I don't know how I waited this long," he said when Anne opened the door. "Haven't I been a good boy? Anne, you look more fetching than ever, done up in that pretty blue dress. You look ravishing, delectable, adorable. You're the loveliest thing I ever feasted my hungry eyes upon. I've missed you like the very dickens, but I couldn't get here any sooner. Do you still like me a little bit? Are you a little bit glad to see me? Aren't you going to ask me in?"

Naturally Anne could not slam the door in his face after such a flow of eloquence, even if she had wanted to—which she did not. She was glad to see him. Gladder than she should have been, maybe.

He was sunburned and casual and vital-looking—and extremely elegant in his brown tweeds and belted polo coat. There was no sign of a hat, either in his hand, or on top of his rumpled mop of dark hair.

She said, "Of course I'm going to ask you in!" Apparently he thought no more

of stepping into his plane and flying a hundred and fifty miles than of stepping round the corner. "And you know I'm glad to see you, Gil." Though goodness knew how David would feel about this unexpected visitor, for David was due most any minute.

"You forget one answer." Gil smiled down on her with that gleam in his dark eyes. "The first question I asked. The most important."

"You mean about having been good?" She knew that was not it. Her eyes teased him. "You've been too good, I'm afraid. Showering me with all those lovely presents. You really mustn't, you know. Let me take your coat. Come on in and meet my family . . ."

"Not until you answer my question—and you know darn well which one I meant!" He caught her arm, detaining her a moment. "Do you still like me—that little bit?" He did not wait for her answer, but gathered her to him, planted a kiss squarely and firmly on her lips.

This would be the moment that David would walk in.

"Oh, why, David . . . this is Giles Tracy—you know, I told you I met him at the Lake." Anne felt terribly guilty. It was the way David looked at them, his lips pursed together, his nostrils quivering with indignation, or dignity, or both. "And Gil, this is David. I told you about him, too, you know." After all, she wasn't David's wife, and he had no right to wear that look. There had been nothing wrong about Gil kissing her hello. It had not been like that other kiss.

Giles immediately held out a hand, flashed David a wide grin. "Naturally Anne told me about you," he said. "I've been waiting to meet you. Matter of fact, that's one reason I'm here."

David ignored Gil's hand, his smile was stiffly polite. "How do you do?" he said coldly.

"Not bad, thank you." Giles rubbed his hands together. "So that's the way you want it, Sherman? Swords drawn, glove thrown in the ring. I see you don't like my being here—or me, either, for that matter, and, to be perfectly frank, something tells me I'm not going to go crazy over you. But we'll be civilised about it. All's fair, you know. In a good stiff fight."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about." David eyed him coldly. From his expression it was evident he did not care to know.

"You will," Giles promised him, with his ready grin. He turned to Anne. "You said something about meeting your family," he reminded. "That's another reason I'm here, my sweet. I feel they should get acquainted with their future son-in-law."

David said, "It might interest you to know, Tracy, that Miss Ashton is engaged to me. Don't you think, under the circumstances, your jokes and behavior are in rather bad taste?"

"Oh, I don't know." Gil pursed his lips. "We decided on frankness, didn't we? Anne isn't married to anyone—yet. I don't mind telling you that I hope to marry her. Just as soon as I . . ."

"Please!" Anne protested. For a minute she had thought David was going to lose his head altogether. She had seen his fists clench, his involuntary lunge forward, checked by her hand on his arm. She could not let him make an idiot of himself.

"This is silly," Anne said. She linked an arm through each of the men's, gave each of them a smile. "Gil always talks this way, David. He likes to clown. You

mustn't mind him. And you mustn't blame David for jumping down your throat, Gil. He doesn't know you have a habit of making love to every girl you meet.

"Come on, you two, let's join the family. There's going to be a corn roast over the coals to-night, and sweet potatoes and clam broth. We always make an occasion of Sunday evening suppers," she explained to Gil. And to them both, "A festive, gay occasion, with everybody welcome and on the best of terms."

Gil's presence would have made an occasion of the most ordinary event. The family took to him immediately. Mr. Ashton found they agreed on politics. He made just as good an impression on Mrs. Ashton because, since her pretty blue eyes were sharp and knowing where her girls were concerned, she saw that underneath his nonsense Giles was sincerely in love with Anne.

Jen and Bud thought him quite the most amusing person they ever had met. Gil's chatter and clowning kept the quiet Jen, who had not been feeling well and therefore was more reserved than ever, convulsed with laughter.

As for Janice—well, Janice made no secret of the fact that she was completely won over by Giles Montgomery Tracy III. Indeed, she told him so in no uncertain terms.

GILES was a frequent member of the Sunday evening gatherings at the brick house during the weeks that followed.

Sometimes he flew down in his red and silver monoplane, or drove down in his car, which, to Janice's delight, proved to be a low, sleek Italian make, red and silver, too, in its smart leather upholstery of crimson, grey body and glistening chromium gadgets. In between times he phoned long distance or sent specials and air-mail letters, short epistles, illustrated with fantastic drawings from his own pen, or telegrams that must have sounded like a code to bewildered operators, as their contents contained such a mixture of ardent love messages and jumbled nonsensicality.

He did not let up, in spite of Anne's protestations, with the magnanimity of his gifts, and now quite frequently they were accompanied by a less expensive, or duplicate, for Janice, or some special remembrance for Mrs. Ashton. Apparently the florist had a standing order for fresh flowers. As for sweets, Anne would have been confined to her bed, had it not been for Janice's ability to help dispose of them.

David insisted the flower-filled house smelled like a funeral home and made him positively nauseated. He said if Anne had any respect for him, as her fiancé, she would return every package unopened.

But that was not Anne's reason for telling Gil that she could not accept any more gifts from him, on this Saturday night several months later. The reason, she told him, over the little table for two in the Silver Grill, was that it was not fair to him.

"I mean it," she said, her grey eyes serious, her pretty face becomingly flushed in the soft, rosy light. She was wearing the orchids Gil had sent, accompanied with a clip of delicate marcescites that she knew had been too expensive, which was why she was not wearing it. "You mustn't send any more presents, Gil. I can't accept them. I can't accept the beautiful clip that came with these flowers, either." She took it out of her evening bag and laid it on the table between them.

"Don't you like it?" Gil's dark eyes took

on a licked-puppy expression, so comical that Anne had to laugh.

"Of course, silly! I adore it. It's exquisite. But it must have cost a lot."

"I still can pay the dinner check," he assured her with his mocking grin which proved he knew perfectly well that that had nothing to do with it. "If you refuse my small tokens of esteem, I'll send them to Janice. She won't be so hard-hearted, I know. And if you don't pick up that clip and use it to hold my posies, I'll leave it for the waiter. Maybe his girl-friend will not treat him so cruelly."

"That's just it—why it's not fair to you, Gil. I'm not your girl friend, as you call it—never can be." Anne put the clip back in her bag for the present. She knew Gil would do just that—leave it for the waiter. She was thinking that this was the first time she had been inside the Silver Grill. She had never come here with David because the prices were so outrageous.

She had chosen it to-night, when Gil had asked where she would like to go, because she always had wanted to see if it lived up to its reputation of being as smart as any big city's night spot.

"You aren't paying any attention," Gil said. His dark eyes challenged her with that disturbing gleam in their depths, so that she had to look at him. "I've been trying to tell you, while you gathered impressions and daisies, and as I've been telling you ever since we first met, I don't give a hang whether it's fair or not. I love you, Anne. Everyone knows there's no fairness or logic in love. I'm perfectly willing to take all the risks, even if—as again I told you when we first met—I have to die for you, my child. I am not going to give up until I know you are married to someone else. Maybe not even then!"

"That's exceedingly sweet of you," Anne said. She could not help being flattered to have such a handsome young man as Gil, sitting across from her and making such ardent and eloquent love. She wondered if David would be willing to die for her. But no, David was far too practical and prosaic.

And thinking of David, that man standing in the doorway had a profile like his . . . a profile that was David's! For now he had turned, facing the dining-room, as his companion joined him and they started across the dance-square toward the tables.

Instinctively Anne drew back, averting her face, pretending to search in her bag for some trifle. She hoped David would not feel he must stop at their table. She knew how embarrassed he would be. For he had phoned her, not much more than an hour ago, to mention, rather off-hand, now that she stopped to think of it, that he would be playing poker with the boys. He had asked what she was going to do to amuse herself. And she had told him that she was expecting Gil. She had been frank.

Could that be why David had changed his mind and brought Camilla Payne to the Silver Grill? Or had he had an engagement with Camilla all along?

"What's the matter?" Giles asked. "Looking for something?" Then, glancing up, "Oh, I see. Though I don't really. Did you know they were coming here?"

Anne said, "Of course not." And was sorry she had spoken so quickly, and at the same time relieved because David and Camilla had sat down across the room. She was sorry because Gil would suspect that she had not known David would be with someone else.

That hurt—more than she could possibly have suspected—seeing David with another girl. It brought a sharp stab of pain that was almost physical. But it hurt

far more to have to doubt David, to wonder if he deliberately had tried to deceive her, lie to her. This thought brought pain that was more of the spirit, yet none the less forceful.

"Don't take it so hard," Gil said. Though he spoke lightly, his dark eyes were concerned. "I suppose David is trying to even up the score. I suspect it's really my fault. Though, to be perfectly honest, honey, I can't say I'm sorry."

Anne was furious with herself. "I'm not taking it hard, or any way," she said. "David should have the same privilege I have. It's not anybody's fault, Gil." She took a sip of the creme-de-menthe that he had ordered to top off the excellent dinner. "She is stunning, isn't she? Why, she's beautiful, really." Anne was determined to seem gay. She would not be the victim of a foolish jealousy. And Camilla Payne was beautiful—in a way.

That heart-shaped baby-face with such wide, innocent—and yet worldly—eyes; those long, lithe limbs; the amazing white-gold hair worn shoulder-length, smooth as satin, curled under in a severe page-boy roll. Her clothes were a cross between the Rue de la Paix and a burlesque's glitter, a sheath of lame, dazzling with sparkling sequins, cut in a décolletage that was breath-taking for Oakdale. And Camilla Payne, too, was wearing orchids.

Anne wondered if David could have sent them. David who did not like flowers, who had never sent Anne so much as a carnation.

"Not my type," Gil returned briefly. His appraisal of David's companion had been swift and indifferent. "I'd as soon go dancing with a tiger-lady, thank you. Now if you want to see a really beautiful lady," he leaned across the little table, "just glance to your left, please, miss."

HER eyes followed his to meet her own reflection in the mirrored walls. "See her eyes?" Gil said gravely. "Clear as a stream, honest as sunlight. See her mouth? Sweet and ardent—and the pure, lovely line from her brow to her throat. Now there, as I told you upon my first impression, and we both agreed first impressions were most important, is a real lady."

"Loveliness, my child, lies much deeper than an alabaster surface. It lies down deep within the soul. You do believe in the soul, don't you?" he wound up in a different tone with one of his usual, whimsical flourishes.

Anne nodded. Oh, yes, she believed in the soul. It was the only beauty that counted. What sort of soul did a girl like Camilla have? Or was it buried so deep that no one could find it? How well did David know her? How long—and often—had he been seeing her?

When had it begun—while Anne was away on that lovely vacation, playing and flirting with Gil, hoping to teach David a lesson? If it had begun then, she had no one but herself to blame. Which was deliciously ironic. If David forgot about such things as the soul and was taken in by all that glitter. . . .

But why was she asking herself all these questions? Why was she feeling all this panic? Just because David was sitting across the room at a little rose-lighted table, as she herself was sitting opposite some other man; just because David was so absorbed in his companion that he was oblivious to his surroundings; just because of that dull ache spreading around her heart with an almost suffocating pressure. . . .

She would be gay! "Gil, why don't we dance? The music is grand . . . this is a lively place! Can you keep your feet still?"

The orchestra, which was composed of colored musicians, was really "swinging" the current tune.

Gil was on his feet instantly. "My feet never will behave," he claimed. "And when I can hold such a gorgeous lady as you in my arms . . ." His dark eyes smiled down into hers as his arm circled her slender waist.

"Gil—you'll crush my orchids!"
"I'll buy you dozens more, Carloads, if you wish."

"But I just finished telling you you weren't to buy me any more presents!"

"Orchids aren't presents. They're tributes—and wishes. Anne, would you like to stop at that other table?"

No need to say which one. No need to tell Gil anything, it seemed. He knew that that was what she would like to do . . . was too proud to mention. Anne did not like this pretence at gaiety, this doubt and sinking into corners. Better to let David know she was here with Gil, to let him know that she knew he was here with Camilla. Then it would not matter, or mean so much.

"Hi, there!" Anne said, as they stopped at David's table; that was their special greeting, hers and David's. "We were dancing, David, and spied you. We'd like to join you a moment, if we may. You are Camilla Payne, aren't you?" She smiled down on the other girl, as David got to his feet, somewhat hurriedly to begin murmuring introductions. Anne held out her hand. "I am Anne Ashton. My sisters went to school with you, I understand. The twins, Janice and Jen—remember?"

"How do you do?" Camilla's handclasp was limply indifferent. "The twins? Oh, yes. Didn't they have red hair? Rather amazing hair, if I recall." There was something in the way she said it that implied that such hair was the sort no one could forget. There was no compliment in the implication. "Of course," she added, as though smoothing the implication over slightly. "I didn't go to school in Oakland long." Her tone was indifferent, too, and bored.

At David's signal a waiter managed to squeeze in two more chairs. The room was jammed to overflowing, growing more noisy every moment, a harsh cacophony of music and voices and laughter.

Her eyes were fringed with such long, curling lashes that Anne wondered if they possibly could be real. She fluttered them now with a sort of come-hither look at Gil. "I don't suppose you could be any relation to the Tracys of Cleveland, could you?" she asked.

"I suppose I could be," Gil returned dubiously.

"I met one of the Cleveland Tracys on shipboard," Camilla said. "Charming person. Montgomery Tracy, the steel magnate."

"I don't suppose he could have been my paternal parent," Gil suggested hopefully as though such a possibility were an improbability. Giles was having a grand time. He practically winked at Anne.

Camilla laughed; if one could call the low gurgle laughter. Her eyebrows looked amused, however; they may have been what gave her such a bored expression as they were plucked to such a thin, upturned angle.

"Tracy happens to be Montgomery Tracy, III," David said. "Undoubtedly the gentleman you met was his father, Camilla."

Camilla's eyebrows shot further upward; then came down in annoyance. The flicker of interest in her wide eyes was replaced with a stony frigidity.

"Giles likes to clown," Anne explained hastily. It seemed she always had to explain that for Gil. She thought it had been nice of David to come to Camilla's rescue.

That ache around Anne's heart was melting gradually. She was glad now they had come to David's table. He could not be taken in by such flamboyant tinsel. Camilla's glitter was only surface. If she had a soul, it was a mean, little one. Anyone could see that.

David spoke, somewhat abruptly. "Shall we dance, Anne?" The music had begun once more.

"Why not?" Anne returned. Why not, indeed! The orchestra was playing "Star-dust," her favorite piece. How many, many times, she wondered, as she followed David's lead without effort, had she and David danced to this same lovely melody. How many more times would they dance to it . . .

"The poker game was called off, at the last minute," David mumbled above her head. Then, as Anne looked up, "Why didn't you tell me you and Tracy were planning on coming to the Silver Grill? We could have made it a foursome." He had adopted his somewhat lofty air that he always used to cover embarrassment. His look of accusation was meant to put her, instead of himself, in the wrong.

ANNE said she had not known, when she talked with him over the phone, just where she and Gil would go. The ache had disappeared now. Anne loved to dance with David. Besides, hadn't he just said he would have liked to make it a foursome?

The encore left Anne and David so near the table that they returned to it. Camilla and Giles had not danced. It was evident that Gil was not going out of his way to be nice to the other girl. David may have noticed that and felt he and Anne should not dance any longer. Or maybe he felt that since he had made the necessary explanation nothing more was expected of him.

"Have you always lived in Oakdale, Miss Ashton?" Camilla asked in her bored tone, when they were all seated once more. She tapped David's arm with a little proprietary gesture as though to show that although he had danced with Anne, he was her escort. "Give me a cigarette," she commanded, to emphasise still further that she had no intention of being neglected for long. "And a light, David dear."

Anne said she had been born and raised in Oakdale, in the same brick house on Maple Avenue. She added, though it was not necessary, that she had never been out of Oakdale, except for the two years she had spent in art school.

"Not really?" Camilla's eyebrows expressed pain as well as incredulity. She bent her head for the light David offered. "I'd be bored to distraction," she murmured. "In this stupid town, if it hadn't been for discovering David. He's the only person who has made living here—this long—bearable."

"I expect Anne will agree with you on that," Gil commented, with his mocking grin. "You see—though of course David has told you—he and Anne have been engaged—oh, for years and years! Which, of course, is why Anne has been able to endure living in Oakdale."

"But you didn't tell me, David!" Camilla turned her wide stare on him.

Two spots of crimson flared for a moment in David's face. But only for a moment.

"I took it for granted that everyone knew it," he said stiffly. The look he gave Gil might have been trimmed with icicles.

"I've been engaged eleven times," Camilla said now.

"Not really!" Gil imitated her patronising inflection.

So David had not told Camilla that he was engaged. Apparently he had had no intention of telling her. Anne felt that this omission was an affront to her. She felt the old ache return with surprising suddenness and intensity, the old doubts stir and lift their heads.

"Maybe you'd care to dance again, Anne—with me?" Giles asked, pushing back his chair and getting up to come around behind Anne's. Her grateful smile, as she got to her feet, repaid. Her eyes told him that she wanted to leave.

"Aren't you going to make it a foursome?" David got to his feet, too. "We could go on somewhere together, if you liked." But his tone did not hold much urgency; his eyes avoiding meeting Anne's.

"Some other time," Anne murmured, and inclined her head toward Camilla. She managed a smile, but she felt terribly close to tears.

"Nice to have seen you," Gil added. "Funny, how one does run into people, even in Oakdale!"

He tossed Camilla a grin, nodded curtly to David. His arm circled Anne's waist, as he waited her away with an air befitting a Tracy of Cleveland—one of the steel Tracys.

That ache within Anne was replaced by a white-hot resentment and burning indignation. Was David, then, ashamed of being engaged to her? Was that why he had kept it a secret? Did he think she would play back-street for even one evening, while he bowed and scraped and made an idiot of himself at Camilla Payne's command?

Anne did not care if Camilla was his employer's daughter—or the Queen of Sheba! She was ashamed to think David would behave in such a manner, be taken in by all that glitter, even briefly. But, worse than that, she was ashamed for him, as she had been before when she first had realised that something was wrong between herself and David.

Three nights later Anne told David she thought the thing for them to do was to break their engagement, since it had reached the place where it did not seem to be much of an engagement any more. Perhaps it would be better, for a while anyway, for each of them to feel free. To make sure that they really wanted to be engaged to each other.

David said he did not know what had come over her, to talk that way after they had been engaged all these years. He said he knew it was all that fellow Tracy's doings.

"Oh, no," Anne denied that. It was his own "doings"—if David would only face it. It was the culmination of a lot of things. "I think we have been engaged too long," Anne said.

"If it's Camilla"—David thought the blame should be fixed upon someone—"that's perfectly ridiculous. Anne, Camilla doesn't mean a thing to me. I took her out a time or two while you were away, and that one night when I tried to reach you and couldn't. As a matter of fact, though you may not believe me, Camilla rather did the rushing. We met in her father's office and she rang me up several times and practically asked me to take her out. Poor kid, she was lonesome and bored, in this stupid town, as she calls it. She

seemed to think it was up to me to keep her from passing out."

Yes, Anne could believe that Camilla had done the rushing, and not just because that was what she wanted to believe.

"After all," David said, "it wasn't any worse for me to take Camilla to dinner than for you to dine with Tracy." He seemed to ignore the fact—which was what really made the difference—that he had meant to keep it from Anne, instead of telling her and being quite open and honest, as she had tried to be.

"I still think," Anne persisted, "that we had better not consider ourselves engaged for awhile." She was through with scheming and conniving. If David wanted her to marry her now he would indeed have to do the urging.

"YOU may not consider yourself engaged to me," David informed her loftily, "but I shall still consider myself bound to you, Anne. I still don't see how you can talk this way. I still feel that fellow Tracy is behind it. Why, I had something very special to tell you to-night! Something that—I hoped—would please you, since now there's no reason why we can't definitely plan to build on our lot by spring."

"There's another thing, Anne!" he finished triumphantly. "How can you talk about not being engaged when we're buying our lot together, when one more month's payment will make it ours?"

This argument was taking place in the coffee shop where they had come on that next Tuesday, after the Saturday night at the Silver Grill. Anne had made up her mind beforehand that there was going to be an argument and had known the brick house would not be the place for one.

"Another thing," David went on, not waiting for her to reply, "it's about mother. She had a letter this morning from Uncle Tom in California urging her to come out there this winter instead of going south. His wife died last year—remember my telling you?—and he wants mother to take over his house. He has three children at the rather difficult stages, adolescent, with the youngest only four, I believe. Anyway, I guess mother feels she must go. And if she does she'll stay much longer than if she went south. She may even stay indefinitely."

"Anne, don't you see," David took her hands in his—they were sitting side by side in one of the little secluded booths, as they had during so many arguments and making-ups and happy times, "that would solve a lot of things for us. We can start out alone, just as you wanted to, Tubby. Not to have to share our home just at—maybe not at all."

"And mother still says if we build we can use her things, or stay in her apartment awhile. In fact, mother suggested it. She doesn't like the idea of going so far, without knowing I'm settled. She knows I'm going to talk about it to you; she wanted me to try to settle everything to-night."

"That's kind of her."

Anne really felt that it was, even though Mrs. Sherman's reasons might be motivated partly by selfishness. Anne felt that she had been unfair to David's mother in thinking she did not want her son to marry her. But Anne was not yet convinced. She could not imagine Mrs. Sherman preading over a house occupied by three growing children—how could her nerves endure such a strain? She could not believe that such an arrangement would be permanent. And Anne still was determined that David would have to do more urging, of a more persuasive kind.

David must have sensed this. His grip on her hands tightened. "Is that all you can say, Tubby?" he asked. "I hoped it would mean so much to you. And now we're letting others—outsiders—spoil our happiness and plans. Mr. Payne told me yesterday that I could count on the bonus. It will be presented at the Christmas banquet this month. It will be a nice, tidy sum. But this isn't a very good place to talk to you—a public restaurant. Can't we go somewhere else, Anne? Won't you listen to me?"

"Yes, I'll listen," Anne said. Hadn't she always listened to David? Hadn't he always managed to make her see things his way? Didn't it look, at last, as though he was ready to do the urging, really wanted to marry her?

This was what she had wanted, wasn't it? Why she had begun all that scheming and conniving, why she had gone alone on her vacation, why she had flirted with Gil. Funny that she should not feel more elated. Oh, she felt happy about it, of course. She was to have her home, hers and David's; she was to be married, at last. But even now it had come a little too late.

David gave Anne her ring that Christmas. A small diamond set in white gold, an official seal of their betrothal. He apologised now because the stone was not larger, the setting more elaborate. But since the bonus had all been paid down on the house that they now were building on their lot that was the best he could manage.

"It's a beautiful ring," Anne said. She pulled David under the sprig of mistletoe that Janice had hung from the chandelier, and gave him a kiss for it. She wanted to make sure that David should see how happy she was. He must not suspect for a minute that she really felt a bit sad.

Not because Anne did not like the ring. But because now, having waited so long for it, she felt that it might have been better to have done without it altogether. They could have used the money for something more practical, say, some furniture of their own. Of course Mrs. Sherman was letting them use her lovely things. But Anne still felt she would have liked a few pieces, at least, that she and David had chosen. There was that darling dining-room set in Regan's front window, the quaint buffet that was like an old chest, the open-shelved cabinets for bright patterned dishes—it would have been perfect in the little Spanish house.

But they were not building the Spanish house, so it did not matter, after all. The house they were building was Georgian. From the blueprints that David had had drawn. As David said, it would have been foolish to pay for other plans when he had got these so reasonably from Bentley.

And since Mrs. Sherman was going to California in February and planning to stay six months or a year, if not longer, Anne had felt she must compromise to some extent. She was to have her first year alone with David, even if they were to begin on a bigger scale than she thought wise. In a house she had not chosen, with furnishings which would not be hers and which she did not even like.

Oh, their plans were very definite now. As definite as could be. As definite as anyone, even Anne, could wish.

They were to be married in April. The house would be ready to move into by then. Another life, so different, so long dreamed of, so eagerly awaited, would begin.

Of course Anne explained, very carefully, to Giles Montgomery Tracy, III, how definite now everything was.

She was wearing David's ring. She and

David were building their home on the lot they had purchased together. Their wedding date was set for the spring. Naturally she could no longer go out with Gil, or accept even the smallest token of his esteem; she would have to send him packing.

"I'll come to see Janice. And your mother," Gil said. "You can't stop me from doing that."

Anne said she did not want to stop him. Anne thought he might have acted a bit more heartbroken. But he told her if the worst came to the worst he would not die of it. "I'll become one of those sought-after bachelors," Gil said, with his mocking grin. "The man-about-town type, that women find so irresistible. I'll probably have to beat them off with a club. I probably shall enjoy it. Though, of course, there will be times when I'll sit before my lonely hearth and dream of my one and only love, lost to me, mayhap, forever."

He might clown, but she knew it was for her benefit. There was no mistaking the anxious look in his dark eyes.

So Gil continued to come to the house, in spite of the fact that everything was now so very definite.

The Georgian house sprang up with amazing rapidity. First it was only a hole in the hard, bare earth; then a wobbly outline of unpainted boards and meaningless divisions; next a roof miraculously brought it into focus, and then bricks were sandwiched over the rough framework, windows and doors fitted in; partitions separated rooms, one from the other—and behold! there stood the house that would weather the wind and the rain, or whatever might descend upon it.

Anne's resignation took effect and she left her position for the more urgent and trying business of selecting wallpapers and lighting fixtures, hardware and window-shades, varnishes and paints. She began to shop for linens and kitchen utensils, drapery and curtain materials, pots and pans. The girls at the store gave a shower for her, piles and piles of lovely lingerie so beribboned and lacy and delicate that Anne vowed she could never bring herself to wear such magnificence but would have to preserve it in its tissue and lavender sachet.

Time did rush by, as she had known it would, and Anne chose her birthday for her wedding day. She and David would be married in the little church that she had attended since Sunday School days. There would be a small reception afterwards at her home. The invitations were ordered from the engraver; the lists made out; the announcement given to the papers.

Oh, decidedly everything was definite now! So definite that Anne's head was dizzy and she was worn to a frazzle, both mentally and physically, for now there remained only one brief week to whiz by. Seven hurried, swift, expectant days.

On the evening of the fifth day David came, as usual, to the Ashtons' home. But Anne knew the moment she opened the door to him, before one word was spoken, from the way he stood and looked at her, from the words he did not say, that something had happened.

Fear caught her heart, binding it in a tight vice. "David," she said, "what is it? What has happened?"

"I have something I must tell you, Anne," David said.

"SOMETHING you must tell me?" Anne asked. Why was she seized with this sick apprehension, as though she must brace herself, prepare for a shock? "What is it, David?"

"I can't tell you here—in the hallway!" David objected. The high stains of color stood out in his cheeks. His glance dropped before her clear, questioning gaze. "I can't tell you—in your house. Where can we go, so that we can talk, so that I can try to make you understand?"

"We could go for a walk." The entire family was in the living-room; Jen and Buddie were staying at the brick house these past weeks, as Jen was expecting a baby and the Ashton house was close to the hospital.

"For heaven's sake, David!" Anne forced an attempt at a laugh. "Nothing can be as tragic as you look." And as she felt! "You ought to know by this time that whatever it is it shouldn't be so difficult to make me understand." She wondered how she could laugh at all, make her tone so light and confident, when she still was caught in this panic of premonition. It couldn't be another postponement—not now, with their wedding day only five days off. Oh, no! David couldn't do that to her.

"We'll take a walk, then," David said gruffly. Anne had a feeling that he was relieved to escape from the house, or walls of any kind. "You won't need a wrap," he added, as Anne got an old sweater from the hall closet. "It's a marvellous night."

If he could say that, whatever he had to tell her could not be so dreadful. Nevertheless Anne pulled on the sweater, stepped it up. She did not know why, but she felt chilly, so that she shivered slightly.

Anne linked an arm through David's as they strode along, side by side, keeping perfect step in their accustomed way. She glanced up once or twice, at his profile, since he kept silent; she remembered that other night when she had thought how stern and set, almost forbidding, David's profile could be—that night when she had told him she was going away on her vacation alone. How long ago that seemed now!

"Well, David . . . ?" She supposed she would have to help him, as she always had, when word of encouragement was needed to unloosen his tongue. "Oooh, look!" she gave a little squeal, pulled on his arm. "A black cat—don't let him cross our path. We'll have bad luck, and we certainly don't want any of that now!"

"That's only a silly superstition," David refused to stop or change his course. "Besides, how do you know it was black in the dark?" The cat had crouched low, hesitated briefly, sprung in front of them, slunk away.

"I'm sure it was black," Anne insisted with surprising stubbornness. She shivered again, though the air was warm and sweet against her face, in her hair. "What is it you feel you must tell me, David?" Better to have it over and done. It was the not knowing that always held such sharp suspense, that kept this constrained silence between them now, so that the familiar surroundings, the street, the houses, seemed strange and apart.

David said, "I don't know how to tell you. I don't know where to begin." His voice did not sound like his own.

"Why not begin at the beginning?"

"But I don't know where the beginning is. Unless . . . I guess it began with your vacation, Anne. Last summer. If you hadn't gone away as you did—remember I told you if you went away alone like that, I'd get in a jam. I warned you against it. Tried to keep you from it."

Anne's laugh was natural this time. It released the tightness around her heart. If that was all . . . A "jam" with David always had something to do with money, she could be confident of that. He had probably got in deeper than he had expected, with building the house and all the unforeseen expenditures that had entailed,

and then with the coming wedding necessitating even more . . . It amused her, too, to have David shift the blame to her vacation when he must know that he was the one responsible. That was so like him.

"Now don't begin with alibis!" she cried. "If it's a matter of filthy lucre, David, maybe I can help you out. I haven't dug clear to rock-bottom of my savings yet. And you ought to know, dear, that whatever is mine is yours."

He did not answer, or return the pressure of her arm.

"You know that, don't you?" Anne persisted. "Oh, darling, just think. A few more days and nights and we'll really belong to each other—and all our worldly goods into the bargain. Doesn't it make you all jittery inside, darling? Doesn't it seem too wonderful to come true? Are you as thrilled and happy as I am, David? Now all of these years that we have waited seem like a dream that never happened."

"Will you be still? Do you have to talk that way? Must you make it so hard for me?" David stopped so abruptly, swung on her with such fierceness that Anne could not believe she had heard him correctly, or that he had not gone suddenly and completely mad. Then she saw from the light of the street lamp the change that took place in his face, accusation giving way to remorse, fury breaking into small pieces, so that David himself looked broken and shattered, all defences and pretences shattered as well.

HIS mouth quivered, his eyes could not meet hers. His hands were clammy and cold as they caught her own. He looked positively ill. "Anne . . . I might as well tell you—right out, as you said . . . can't stand your talking that way. Anne, there won't be any wedding."

"Not for us. There can't be. Not in a few days, not next week. Not ever. Oh, Heaven! Anne, how can I do this to you?" His distress was so real that he completely forgot himself. He did look into her eyes, his own blind with pity, the grip of his hands hurting hers in an intensity of the selflessness that for the moment held him prisoner.

Then his own misery drove him on. "Anne, you'll never understand. I don't see how I can expect you to, ask you to, how can I tell you at all."

"You can tell me anything," Anne said. Even now she had to help him, as she always did. "I'll try to understand. You should know that, David," she said again.

It was Anne who started walking, more slowly, but as though by doing that she somehow could make this easier for both of them.

"I . . . I think I've known all along that something would happen," Anne said, helping him even further, since she seemed to have more strength than he since always she had been the one to lend him hers. "I knew to-night—when you first came, David. Maybe I've known it all these years. Though I don't yet know why, or what it is."

"Oh, Heaven!" David groaned once more. "You're so good, Anne, so sweet. I feel like a beast. I am a beast. Of the lowest order. I don't deserve for you to try to understand, even the least bit. I don't deserve anything but your hatred and contempt."

He was walking by her side again stumbly, falteringly, as though he were indeed ill, as though he had all he could do to manage his steps. "I don't deserve to touch your hand, to look at you. I wish you could punish me, Anne. Though Heaven knows

I've suffered enough since yesterday. Heaven knows I'll suffer all the rest of my life, whenever I think of you, of what I've done."

"You must tell me, David," Anne said. "What have you done, David? What is it?" she persisted. Then the queerest, the most unreal thing of all happened. She knew what it was, she knew what David had done—why there would be no wedding—ever—for them. She knew with such clarity, such certainty, that it was as though he already had told her, as though, whether he ever told her or not, she would know.

"You . . . you're married, David—to someone else," Anne said. So that once again she helped him, putting into words what he could not say. What he could not deny, either. His eyes, looking back into hers, spoke for him.

"It's Camilla Payne," Anne said. Again not as a question; as a certainty.

David's eyes could not longer meet hers. They held remorse and pleading, yet a certain miserable defiance. He wet his lips, mumbled a sort of assent. Now he was stricken with misery which descended upon him like a lash. This was the worst punishment of all for David, to know that he alone stood guilty, that there was no denial or help for him.

"When?" Anne said. Better to have it all. "Yesterday . . . last night, rather. After a party . . . at her house."

"Go on."

"It was a gay party," David strove to gather what remnant of courage and self-respect, what pride he could salvage from the broken pieces. "There was quite a lot of drinking—and you know I'm not used to that. There was quite a lot of ribbing, too. One thing led to another . . . all in fun, you know how such things are . . . how it is."

She was not sure that she did. Fun seemed an incongruity, entering into this. But Anne nodded her head. She was aware that someone passed them, standing as they were, without moving now, in the middle of the sidewalk with everything round them not only unreal and strange, but somehow non-existent, not mattering.

"Someone started with a dare of some sort. I forget now just what . . . not that it matters now. Then someone else took him up on it, and then someone else started another—no, several of them, practically all, in fact. They were a crowd of Camilla's friends, younger people, kids mostly . . . David cleared his throat. His voice still was gruff, unnatural, but a little of what he would have called "fight" was coming back to him.

After all, it had not been all his fault; he was not entirely to blame for everything. If only Anne would give him time enough he might be able to justify himself a little, make her see how it had been. He might even be able to justify himself to himself, regain that measure of self-esteem again. "Anyway, they dared us—Camilla and me—to get married. Right away, I mean. With the whole gang piling into cars, shouting and laughing, making a to-do out of it . . . more fun and all that. And—well, can't you see, Anne, how it would be, how it would happen?"

"Yes," Anne said—or maybe she merely nodded again. She did not suppose her voice would sound like her own, if she could find it. But she could see. She was seeing it all, every bit.

"It was in Penny's," David was explaining, as though following what she had been seeing, groping for more details to paint

up the picture, and to continue this process of justification for himself and for her. "A little burg called . . . I actually forgot the name, though I believe it was Greenfield, or Greenville. Anyway, it was just over the border, right on the edge of the town. It's plastered with a huge sign, Marriage Licences, in foot-high letters. You couldn't possibly miss it. I didn't have the least idea that such a place existed—or that we could find it, if it did. I didn't have any idea we'd be able to carry it through at all—the dare, I mean.

I don't believe any of the others—or even Camilla, did, either. Not actually, I mean. You can see that, too, can't you, Anne? Naturally no one ever expects to carry a joke like that clear through. Why, if you really expected to, or wanted to, or had any idea you could, it . . . well, it just would prove impossible!"

"Yes," Anne said. About this time, in her own voice. Joke . . . had David called it? Oh, yes. On whom? What for? Why? She wondered why she didn't begin to feel something now. Why she didn't do something. Though what was there to do, or feel? You were supposed to laugh at a joke, weren't you? Even though it might be for no reason, or about anything—even though it might be on you. You were supposed to laugh and laugh, like everything.

David laughed now. At least that was what it was supposed to be. "Sounds pretty thin, I know," he said. "Sounds unbelievable. The whole thing. I couldn't believe it myself when I woke up this morning, or rather, late to-day. My head was splitting, my throat parched—I felt terrible! You can imagine how I felt, how I've felt all day. How I feel now, in fact. I phoned Camilla and she was feeling the same way; she didn't want to talk about it, or think about it, or anything. I had to talk to someone, Anne. I had to come to you . . ."

ANNE turned from him and started walking. In the other direction. Not forward, but back—towards home. David caught up with her, tried to take hold of her arm, but she quickened her step so that he had all he could do to keep up with her.

"Anne, please . . . I know how you must feel. Don't . . . not so fast . . . give me time . . ." David always wanted more time, always . . . in everything . . . there was always that other spring ahead. He was practically panting now, trying to find that time, hold on to it—and to keep up with Anne, and talk at the same time.

They were almost running now, the quiet street echoing with the sharp impact of Anne's heels, of David's heavier tread. "Please, Anne . . . Tubby . . . you must let me make you understand! You must listen, let me explain. You must see how I feel, how I . . ."

But Anne did not stop or see or hear. It was physically impossible.

Ah, there was the house—the dear brick house that still was familiar, real. There were lights in the windows, reaching out to her, beckoning, offering shelter, comfort, solace . . . that refuge, that hiding place she must have. There was home.

Anne ran up the path, stumbled up the steps, turned at the door, her back against it, as though bracing herself. Yet, at the same time, her hand was fumbling, twisting the knob, opening it.

It was tragic, wasn't it, Anne asked herself, over and over—though David had called it a joke—for a girl to be jilted?

It branded her, as plainly as though a scarlet letter had been sewn on the front of her dress. "I am the girl the man I was engaged to decided he didn't want." Only there should have been more than one letter for her, Anne told herself bitterly. There should have been one for each of the years she had waited to marry David. Oh, yes, it certainly was tragic, if—as David had said—it had not been such a joke.

Anne was surprised that she looked just the same. She would stare at herself in her mirror, not believing that her outward appearance had not changed. Her grey eyes were just as direct and honest, though they might seem larger, due to the sooty smudges caused from lying awake, night after night, staring into the darkness; her nose was the same, too, small and straight; her mouth curved and red; her chin, dimpled yet determined.

She supposed that her heart had not broken. Apparently hearts did not do that. But it must have shrivelled up, leaving that ghastly emptiness where it should have been, that dull numbness.

It must be only the soul, then, that changed. Anne had told Gil she believed in the soul. She had looked at Camilla's and found it small and mean. Yet Camilla's soul must have contained something that Anne's had not. For David had preferred it to hers.

Anne believed that Camilla had known what she was doing, when she had taken that dare. For Camilla had known about Anne, about the wedding, only five days away. She could not have any soul at all—even a mean, small one—to have done such a thing to another woman, another girl like herself.

Anne was not the type to dramatise herself, to throw things, go hysterical, but she did lose some sense of proportion. She stayed in her room during those five days. She would not see anyone, talk to anyone; she would not open the letters that came, mostly from Gil, and which she left lying untouched on her desk; she would not leave the refuge of the brick house.

She felt that people were talking about her, laughing at her, perhaps, or pitying her, which was the hardest of all to bear. She knew that her mother, assisted by Aunt Sude, spent hours on the telephone cancelling all arrangements for the wedding that never would take place.

Anne knew what her mother and Aunt Sude and all the family, all of her friends, and maybe some who were not so friendly, were saying. They were saying the usual conventional thing, the most appropriate condolence, for Anne knew how people would talk and talk in a town like Oakdale.

They were saying that Anne Ashton should be glad—glad, mind you!—to have found David Sherman out in time. She was well rid of him.

Yes, Anne should have been glad. She should have rejoiced, sung a hallelujah. She might have managed it—it had been done before since other girls must have been jilted before her—if only she had been some other girl anyone but Anne. If only she had not been so constant during all those years so loyal, so loving, so understanding.

Anne asked herself over and over what David had found in Camilla that he had not found in her, how she had failed him where Camilla had not—Camilla so young so exceptionally pretty so amazingly bored and spoiled and selfish and with a father so tremendously important and rich. Camilla who would consider fair-play and good sportsmanship just a misnomer for bad technique where her own interests were concerned, who would snatch what she

wanted with greedy and exquisite hands.

Perhaps David was just the sort of man to be swept off balance blinded with all that glitter, for he was so ambitious in every way. He was a man who should marry his "boss's" daughter and establish himself in his work and obtain a fitting social position. Sometimes Anne had had glimpses of that David; the little-boy one as she had thought and excused him.

And how very pleased his mother would be with such a match! Such a marriage for her son would re-establish her in the sphere she had lost at the time of her husband's death, would lift her from the reduced circumstances over which she had fretted and bemoaned. Why, this might cure Mrs. Sherman's neuritis!

Undoubtedly Camilla's father would be pleased, too. After his daughter having been engaged eleven times, by her own admission, it must be something of a relief to Wadsworth Payne to have her married and settled once and for all.

THERE was an announcement in the papers. Concise and without elaboration, or explanation. But it gave the impression of satisfaction, nevertheless.

Mr. Wadsworth Payne announces the marriage of his daughter, Camilla Jane, to Mr. David Sherman. After a brief motor tour, the young couple will be at home to their friends with the bride's father at Thirteen-hundred-and-eight Woodburn Avenue.

Anne wondered if there was not to be more of a honeymoon than the brief trip to that town in Pennsylvania, the name of which David could not quite recall.

The family wanted Anne to go away. "A change will do you good, dear," her mother said.

"Wouldn't you like a little trip of some kind, say on a boat or some-such, Anne?" her father suggested tentatively, a worried gleam behind his spectacles.

"I certainly wouldn't sit about and mope if I were you!" Aunt Sude declared.

"There's plenty more fish in the stream," Uncle Frank added, with a knowing wink.

"Do get outside, if only for a walk with me," Jen put in her quiet word.

"Walk!" Janice sniffed. "I'd get around more than that. I'd go back to my job, sis, and hold up my chin and tell the whole world I didn't give a darn!"

Even old Doctor Brown insisted that Anne should go away for a while. "A change of scenery is the best tonic I can prescribe," he stated. And the minister, who would have performed the ceremony at the wedding that would never take place, came to call and advised Anne's mother to send the child away, since only Time could heal the spirit.

But Anne would not go out of the brick house. She could not tell them, for all their kindness, why; she could not explain to herself very coherently. She only knew that back of the emptiness of her heart that knowing humiliation persisted, that sense of having lost faith in herself.

JEN'S baby was born on the first of May. It was a seven-and-a-half-pound baby boy, the first boy in the Ashton family and so he was named after his proud grandfather, Edward Ashton Perkins.

Jen got along so splendidly that she was allowed to come home from the hospital after fourteen days. She was to return to the brick house until she was strong enough

to go back to her own small apartment and shoulder the added responsibility of the new baby.

Anne was never to forget that moment when the nurse, starched and stiff in her white uniform with her starched and stiff professional air, gave over her new charge into Anne's arms for her first inspection. Something happened to Anne as she looked down into that tiny red face, those wide, rolling eyes.

The baby screwed up its mouth as though it were going to let out a tremendous wail, then, instead, thrust one stubby pink thumb into the space, began to suck furiously.

That was when that something happened to Anne. It was as though a sort of thawing process began around the emptiness that should have held her heart.

That night Anne shed her first tears since the night when David had told her about himself and Camilla. Anne had not been able to cry before this. People did not cry when they were asleep in a nightmarish daze which was neither life nor death.

ANNE had a caller that next day. Vicky said the lady had given the name Miss Tracy. She said she had come a long way to see Miss Ashton, it was most important, she must see her. Tracy . . . that must be someone connected with Giles. Anne thought of the unopened letters lying on her desk. She did not see why, when she had not answered them, Gil had sent someone to see her—for, of course, Gil must have sent this caller.

At first Anne thought she would refuse to go down. Why couldn't people let her alone, why must they come prying, offering kindness and sympathy?—back of which pity lay, of course. Then she decided she would go down, though only for a few moments, get it over with.

As soon as she saw Miss Barbara Tracy, who introduced herself as Gil's aunt, Anne knew that this woman, at least, did not come offering pity or out of curiosity.

She was a big raw-boned person with a mannish air and an abrupt, frank way of speaking right out whatever was on her mind with such convincing sincerity that no one could doubt that her intentions, and her heart, were as all-embracing and open as her manner.

"So you're the young lady my nephew has been talking about ever since last summer," she began, taking Anne's hands in her own, drawing her towards the window for a closer inspection and better light. "Let me look at you, my dear. Hmm . . . Giles always did have unerring taste. You're as pretty and as sweet as he said you were. A bit peaked, perhaps, the ways girls keep so streamlined these days! But sit down!"

She waved Anne into a chair with as much assurance as though she were the mistress of the house and Anne the visitor. She sat down so that they faced each other. "You'll wonder at my presumption in calling when we had not met." It was probably Gil's presumption, Anne thought. "But I don't believe in standing on formality at any time, as you'll see when you know me better, which will be soon, I trust."

Anne felt like speaking up and saying she was not so sure about that. Why should she want to know Gil's Aunt, especially? When she felt as she did, not caring about knowing anyone . . .

"I'll come to the point right away," her visitor went right on in her firm voice, undisturbed by Anne's silence. "That will save us both time. Don't give me an answer until you've heard me out, my dear."

Anne did not know what she was supposed to answer; certainly she had no intentions of answering anything. She was glad, at least, that Miss Tracy meant to save time for them both. Not that time meant anything, any more, to Anne.

"It's this way," Gil's Aunt settled more firmly into her chair. "I'm on my way to Arizona. My brother's ranch. Have to get the place in order for him—my brother, Gil's father—has gone abroad on business."

"Incidentally, Giles has gone with him, on the pretext of business, too, I guess." Then, at least, Anne thought, Giles had not sent his Aunt to pave the way for him to come to see her. She did not feel that she could see Giles, yet.

"Before he left I begged my nephew to find me someone I could depend upon to act as a companion and sort of secretary, and he suggested I come to see you, my dear." Her visitor paused to beam on Anne.

"Giles and I are pals," she explained. "I knew well enough that anyone he recommended would fill the bill to a T. And now that I've seen you I know he was right, my dear."

What Miss Tracy did not know, Anne thought, was that she had no intention of filling any "bill" for anyone.

"There'll be a salary, of course," Miss Tracy seemed to take it for granted that the matter was practically settled. "I'm sure you'd love it, my dear. Now tell me, how soon do you think you could be ready to start?"

How soon? Why, she had no intentions of going anywhere, least of all Arizona. Yet, in spite of herself, Anne felt her resentment against this intrusion diminishing. She felt the stiff alliance with which she had armored herself, breaking up. As far from civilisation as you could get—that had an appealing sound to her ears. No curious, prying people, not even the well-meaning friends and family; no one to talk and laugh and pity her behind her back.

"There'll be enough to keep you busy," her visitor went right on, as though Anne was not supposed to answer. "And yet plenty of time for relaxation. There are horses—you ride, don't you, my dear? If not, you'll soon learn out there! And a swimming pool, fishing, tennis courts, a well-stocked library, a fine radio—oh, you won't be lonely, or even homesick. I'm sure I can promise you that."

No, Anne would not be homesick—not for Oakdale, not now. She could not be any lonelier than the emptiness in her heart. "You'd be doing me the biggest favor imaginable!" Miss Tracy nodded again to emphasise this. "I can't possibly go away out there by myself. I just have to have someone—and now that I've seen you I know you're the one I need, my dear."

That last broke Anne's silence—to be needed—to have someone say that—to have it expressed in that way, that she would be doing the favor, not offered sympathy or pity or charity. "I . . . I believe I would like it, if you're sure you want me," Anne said.

"Good!" Miss Tracy got to her feet instantly. She certainly did not believe in wasting time, or words. "I'll pick you up day after to-morrow, around noon. I'm driving through. I detest cramped trains! You tell your family I'll look after you as though you were my own chick. And now good-bye, and God bless you, my dear." She held out her hand.

Anne took it; they shook hands gravely, as men might have done, without sentiment.

Yet that last remark had seemed odd, with the mannishness and frankness of speech and appearance—but it had been a real blessing, Anne felt that.

ARIZONA, to Anne, was simply unbelievable. It was such a contradiction of towering, snow-capped peaks, massive canyons, quiet blue artificial lakes and canals, lovely fertile valleys, and then the long white roads twisting through the whining sands over the flat, hot plains of desert that stretched as far and wide as the eye could see.

Unbelievable, too, was the mixture of the old and the new. Prosperous, busy cities, huge mining camps, date and citrus farms, stupendous feats of engineering in bridges and highways and dams, and, in their shadows, a lost prehistoric world.

It was, as Gil's Aunt had said, a land as far removed from civilisation as one could find, and yet holding civilisation within its grasp. It was, as Anne had hoped, the one place in the world that made her come alive again. She could feel that slowly healing process taking place within her, that reawakening.

The painful and frightening awareness that David was lost to her forever was diminishing; not only David, but all that on which she had built and planned her life, that something within herself that she had held onto, her faith and pride. Personal equations, love and hate, triumph and sorrow, pride and fear, shivered into a nothingness in a country so magnificent.

Nothing can ever hurt me so much again, she thought. I am impregnable now, armored. She experienced a new release, a sense of freedom; she no longer belonged to David, to any other living person; she belonged now, just to herself. Almost it was as though she had been reborn, had grown wings.

"You've lost that peaked look," Miss Tracy informed her. "It's this desert air, clear as a trout stream, and the sunshine and the long rides—there's nothing like the outside of a horse for the inside of a man, you know—and the quietness, like a prayer, at night."

"And Pepita's cooking!" Anne laughed. "Don't forget that."

An old Mexican couple, Pepita and Sabas, and their daughter, Neonila, were the only house-servants at this time of the year.

The ranch covered forty square miles. There were any number of out-buildings, big barns, cattle sheds, barracks and mess halls, and what seemed like a scattered village of small guest cabins, for in season there were sometimes from fifty to a hundred guests.

Both Miss Tracy and Anne were still in riding breeches—they had ridden twenty miles that day!—and had decided not to change for dinner. Replete with Pepita's famous cooking, drugged with mountain air, weary with the delightful fatigue of sheer physical exertion, they were as content as two purring kittens. They sat curled up before the six-foot fireplace in which logs had been laid and lighted, since the nights were cool after sundown.

"You can stand a few extra pounds," Miss Tracy said. "I can't see why girls want to keep so scrawny these days. Now when I was a girl, if I do say so myself, I had a figure that would take any man's eye." She gave her knitting a little poke with her needle as though to stab home the certainty of her remark.

"I'll bet you could!" Anne smiled. It was difficult to imagine this big-hearted, raw-boned, mannish woman as a young girl with feminine curves and wiles. "Tell me," Anne asked on an impulse, "were you ever in love, Aunt Bobby?" They had become almost as good "pals" as Giles was with his aunt, and Miss Tracy had insisted that Anne must call her "Aunt Bobby."

"Hum . . ." Barbara Tracy counted off a row of stitches before she answered. "Was I ever in love? What a question? Certainly I was in love. A half-dozen times. I expect to be in love a time or two again before I pass on into a better world, my dear. I'm not a centenarian yet! And, though you may not believe this, either—" she paused to chuckle to herself—"there are plenty of men who would take a fancy to me if I'd so much as crook my little finger."

"I believe it," Anne returned. If there were any men with enough common sense, which she doubted, to realise the sterling qualities behind a somewhat forbidding and entirely deceiving front. "But I meant really in love—with one man."

"It was so real I nearly died of it," Aunt Bobby said. Her eyes took on a look farther removed than when they were disguised behind the horn-rims. She let her knitting slide down into her lap. "I thought I'd never get over it," she said. "Would you believe it—I look to my bed for four months! I went about in a coma for almost another four. Then, suddenly, I snapped out of it and found I couldn't kill myself off like that, no matter how I tried! People don't die of love—that's so much bunkum, my dear."

Yes, Anne supposed it was. She had not died of it.

"What happened to snap you out of it?" she asked.

"What happened? Why, I fell in love again, of course!"

"But I don't want to do that! I don't want to love anyone ever again, leave myself open to be hurt, humiliated . . ."

Anne had not intended to bare her wounds like that. But she was not sorry, now that she had.

"Bunkum!" Miss Tracy sniffed. She rammed the spectacles behind her ears, pulled them out to the end of her nose again, picked up her knitting. "You were made to love, and be loved, my dear. You can't trip old Mother Nature like that. You can't snap out of anything by behaving like an ostrich. The best thing you can do is fall in love again as quickly as you can."

"With one of the handsome cowboys around here?" Anne asked, her grey eyes twinkling.

"Some of them are handsome," Miss Tracy's eyes twinkled too. "In their chaps and boots, plaid shirts and kerchiefs, big sombreros. You might practice on one. But I'd suggest—for permanency—someone else if I may, my dear."

"I suppose you mean Giles?" Anne said. She knew there had been an implied significance behind those words and of course that "someone" could only be Miss Tracy's favorite nephew.

"You could do worse," his aunt said complacently. Her needles flew back and forth with amazing rapidity catching the fire-light flicking it away. "I had a letter from Giles to-day," she added after a short silence. "Posted from New York. Asking if he might come out and pay us a little visit—with your permission my dear."

"My permission . . . New York?" Anne supposed it was surprise that brought the warm glow within her. "I . . . I didn't know he could get back—so soon."

"He's been gone six weeks," Miss Tracy commented drily. "I'm glad you take the same attitude I do. That it wasn't necessary for Giles to ask permission of anyone. Especially since this happens to be his ranch. He's always been crazy about the wide-open spaces so his father deeded it to him when he was twenty-one. I sent him a wire. Giles I mean. He'll probably be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Anne's voice sounded rather faint even to her own ears.

"H ELL fly over. Expect he's on his way right now."

"You'd better think over what I said," Aunt Bobby advised. "About falling in love again. I imagine it would be rather exciting to be in love with my nephew. I don't think it's an experience I'd miss if I were a girl like you and had a chance. And I'd like to tell you one thing, my dear, though you haven't asked for it."

"You can tell me anything without waiting to be asked," Anne's glance was full of affection and respect.

"All I want to tell you is that there is more than one time and with more than one person. There, don't believe me, I know—to fall in love more than one time and with more than one person. There are so many kinds of love in fact that I doubt if I could name them all."

"But I don't want to love anyone again!" Anne protested once more. She got up and walked across the long room that was so warm and gay with its Indian and Mexican furnishings. She stood before the big windows and looked up into the dark sky. Somewhere up there Giles was flying—flying to come to her to ask her once more she knew if she would not try to learn to love him. Somewhere, under this same dark sky, though miles and miles away, was David, to whom Anne had given so many constant years.

"You want your home, your children—your man," Miss Tracy said. "You don't want to be a lonely old maid, like me, my dear. The greatest happiness on this earth is a happy marriage, don't forget that."

"You're not a lonely old maid!" Anne came up behind the other woman now, to bind to circle her neck with young, strong arms, to lay a light caress against the leathery cheek. "You're a perfect darling. I love you. You'll never know all you've done for me these past weeks! Why, do you know, I'd be half tempted to marry your nephew—if he asks me—just to have you for my very own precious aunt!"

"You could do worse," Aunt Bobby murmured gruffly.

"Take it from me," she nodded her head vigorously. "I was a silly little idiot. I could have learned to love the other man, if I'd half tried. If I had my life to live over again, I'd have more sense. Don't you ever make the same mistake, my dear. Don't you pass your chance for happiness by. Don't let it get away from you. That's the best advice I can give you, and I hope you'll never forget it."

Anne said softly, "I shan't." She knew that such advice had come from the heart. "Thank you, Aunt Bobby."

G ILES had been at the ranch for a week. He and Anne had spent many happy hours together, exploring in high, unbroken country, rough as the Alps or Andes, the winding trails where Apaches and Indian guides, prospectors and packers had followed the steep sides of canyons deep into the wilds. They fished for bass in a clear, cool lake, two

hundred feet in depth, that once had been a dry gorge peopled only by owls, rattlers and coyotes.

They gathered pinon nuts, tracked deer, startled rabbits from the scrubby underbrush. And one day Gil brought Anne a pet, a baby bobcat with tufted ears, blue eyes, and padded paws. When Anne held it in her arms it purred like any domestic kitten. They named it Agamemnon, but called it "Aggie" for brevity.

"It's been too perfect," Anne told Gil one evening toward sundown, when they were riding side by side homeward bound after another long, blissful day. "I shall wonder, when I'm back home again, if it really happened to me, Gil, if I really lived for a time in this wonderful country."

Gil said, "You like it then?" As though he had known she would, but nevertheless felt especially gratified.

"Like it! That's too small a word, too small a sentiment for such a country."

They pulled up their horses. Anne's sorrel mare, Nina, and Gil's mustang, Lightning, to dismount for a better view before they turned into the path that led to the corral of the ranch house. The sky was indeed a glory of scarlet and gold, purple and blue. Far on the horizon the mountains rose like misty sentinels rimming the valley, shielding it from the outer world, making an isolated little paradise within.

"It's like a world all one's own," Anne said.

"It needn't be lost—to you," said Gil. His dark eyes met hers significant, that disturbing gleam springing into their depths; the air had rumbled the wave in his dark hair. He had been there one whole week, but this was the first word he said to indicate why he had come.

Anne's heart contracted strangely; the color flooded her face. Now that this moment had come she was not sure whether she wanted to stave it off still longer, or not.

"One of these days," Giles went on, "I mean to settle down on this ranch for the rest of my life. It's the life I like best, the only life worth living. I'll give up the stock market and all that rot, buy about a hundred thousand head of cattle, and settle down to being a gentleman rancher. Would you like that, Anne?"

Would she? Oh, that would be a life worth living, a Utopia found! "I'd like it, yes. But you, Gil, somehow I can't picture you as a gentleman rancher, or as settling down for the rest of your life."

They had turned and were walking side by side, leading their horses. Their backs were to the sunset now, but the reflection in the east, though less spectacular and gorgeous, was just as awe-inspiring in the lush, soft pastels.

"All the rest of my life wouldn't be nearly long enough," Gil said gravely. "If you would share it, my sweet. Anne . . . maybe it's too soon to ask you again, but I've waited as long as I could, since I'm not very good at waiting, honey."

"You know that life; any other won't be any good for me, unless you'll share it. You know I love you—you should—I've been telling you ever since I first saw you, as often as you'd let me. I warned you I'd never stop."

"Anne, won't you say yes? You don't even have to say you love me; I'll take a chance on that. All you have to say is that you'll let me look after you, try to make you happy for all the rest of your life."

Anne could not say anything for a long moment. She was so moved by Gil's words, his way of phrasing them. This was no clowning, no pretence at laughter. He had

shared his heart to her, let her look upon his soul. She saw him as he really was—fine, big, selfless. She felt humble, almost ashamed.

"It wouldn't be fair to you, Gil," she told him, as she had one other time; that night in the Silver Grill.

"I'd take that risk," he insisted, as he had before. "Maybe you could learn to love me, honey. I'm not such a bad lad."

He went back to his clowning now, for her sake, she knew.

"I'm not sure that I ever want to love anyone again," Anne told Giles as she had told his aunt. She must be as fair as she could. Giles was too fine to deserve less.

"I'll take that risk, too," he said. And now he stopped, facing her, looking deeply into her eyes. "Isn't everything in life a risk, my child—even life itself? Can we ever be absolutely sure of anything, or anyone?"

"That's true," Anne said. Too terribly true. She had resolved she would meet each day, each link, as it came, accept what it brought, make the most of it. The past was lost to her; no one knew what the future might bring.

He took a step toward her, but her hand fluttered up quickly between them. "You . . . you mustn't hurry me, Gil," she said. She thought again of that kiss in the summer house; she was not ready, yet, to repeat that experience. "You must give me time to get used to the idea of being engaged—to you."

"As long as we're engaged I'll give you time, or anything you want," Gil returned promptly. "Only, my sweet, let me warn you—this is not going to be one of those long engagements!"

Then, "Look here!" he hurried on, seeing the color flood into her face. "Suppose I go ahead with my plans, about the ranch, I mean. Suppose I get everything arranged so that we could come back here next autumn. Would that give you time enough, honey? Would you like that?"

"Yes, I'd like it," Anne said. She did not say whether it would be time enough or not; she did not know. She kept her eyes on the ground as they walked on. Behind her, the man whistled impatiently, knowing that the corner—and dinner—was just round the corner. "I want to tell you, Gil," Anne was the one to hurry on now, "how much I've liked it, how wonderful it's been to have been here. I know, of course, it was all your doing."

"I haven't done anything to earn my keep, let alone the salary your aunt has insisted upon paying me. I've helped a little with the accounts she's been checking over, helped some with correspondence, but that's about all . . ."

"You've done a lot more than that!" he interrupted. "Aunt Bobby loves the ranch as much as I do. She couldn't have come alone. She's getting too old. Though, for Lord's sake, don't let her know I said that!"

They both laughed. The tension between them was broken.

Anne said: "I love Aunt Bobby. If we lived here, Giles, we could have her with us."

"We could have all the aunts in Christendom, if you wish," Giles assured her gaily. "You can have your family, too; all of them at one time, if you like, to visit." He stopped abruptly as they came to the wide steps that led to the open piazza; he put a hand on each of Anne's shoulders, looked down into her eyes once more. "You've made me the happiest man in the world, Anne." His eyes were grave. "Whether you know it or not, I'm going to make you happy, too, my sweet."

He leaned down now, placed a light caress on her wide, smooth forehead. "Goosh, but you're sweet," he said in a way that told her he had to hold on to his emotions by an effort of will. "With your hair flying all about your face and your eyes so bright—you've got the most honest eyes, Anne—but I've told you that before, too. You look like a little girl in those riding togs."

"The prettiest girl this country has ever seen. I'll bear witness. I'll bet the poor cowhands around here have nearly lost their eyesight and senses! And am I the lucky beggar? Anne, are we going to tell Aunt Bobby about us—right away?"

Right away? That seemed awfully soon, like hurrying things . . . but why not, if it would please Gil? It would please Aunt Bobby, too. "If you wish."

Anne smiled. But she held back another moment. "Gil, there's one thing more. If we announce our engagement this soon, when I go back to Oakdale you know the sort of things people will say." It was not easy for Anne to say this now to him, but she felt she must. It was the first reference she had made in any way to what had happened between herself and David.

"Let them say anything they like!" Gil's grin was mocking. "I suppose you mean they'll think you've taken me on the rebound, for spite. That I'm playing second fiddle as Janice would call it. You may tell them—for me—I'm willing to play any part in your orchestra. Only—you won't mind, will you, honey?"

"I shan't mind anything now," Anne flung back her head, proudly. It was true. She could face the world again, chin up, smiling. Giles had given that to her. He had restored her pride, her self-respect.

"What are we waiting for, then?" Gil asked. He pulled her . . . laughing . . . on up the steps, through the doorway. "We must break the big news to Aunt Bobby. Ask for her blessing!"

But Aunt Bobby must have known what news to expect. She was waiting for them in the hall. She came forward to meet them. She did not waste any time, or any words, either. She swept them both into her arms, kissing them soundly and thoroughly.

AS Aunt Bobby had said, it was exciting, being engaged to Giles. Though what she really had said was that it would be exciting to be in love with him. But love, Anne found, was something one could not summon at will. Not that she was not terribly fond of Gil, growing more fond as each day passed. But Anne still was afraid of love, wary of it.

After she had returned home Gil flew down that next week-end to bring her engagement ring. It was a big, square-cut emerald—"and an emerald insures true love, you know," he told her, with his serious eyes and mocking grin. Anne was rendered almost speechless. No girl in Oakdale, she was sure, had ever possessed such a ring. Anne thought of the little diamond David had given her, after so many years.

She had returned it, without even a line or word, by registered mail. She wondered what David had done with it. It would not be nearly grand enough for Camilla. But even Camilla had never had such a ring as the one Giles had given Anne.

Anne supposed that the Georgian Folly, which she and David had built on their lot, would not be grand enough for Camilla, either. Mrs. Ashton told Anne that Wadsworth Payne had presented the young couple with a new home for their wedding present.

It was not located in Westgate, in spite of that super-salesman's prediction that

Westgate would become the fashionable suburb of Oakdale. It was located in town, not far from Wadsworth's Folly, but the young Sherman's home was much more fashionable and up-to-date, although it was nearly as large and pretentious. It was rumored it contained six baths and eight bedrooms, not including the servants' quarters.

Anne wondered, since there was so much extra room, why David's mother had not gone to make her home with them. Anne knew that Mrs. Sherman had returned from California, which proved her prediction that she would not stay correct.

Anne ran into her on the street shortly afterwards. Mrs. Sherman stopped Anne, although Anne would have merely nodded and hurried on.

"WELL, if it isn't Anne Ashton!" Mrs. Sherman exclaimed. "How are you, my dear? Why, you're looking very well!" She did not attempt to hide her astonishment at such a discovery. As usual, she hurried on without waiting for Anne to reply. "I'm so glad I ran into you. It will save me a lot of trouble."

"You see, David—the dear boy—has been at me to call on you, or write you, or something. Not that I mean that that would be too much trouble, but this makes it so much simpler for each of us."

Mrs. Sherman was looking exceptionally well, too, Anne was thinking. More bird-like, her little eyes brighter than ever, her features more decisive and eloquent. She looked like a bird that had just swallowed a fat, juicy worm in fact.

"I believe David did think of writing you himself, but that would have been rather awkward," his mother hurried on. "It's about the lot, of course. My son gives me to understand that you had invested money in it, too, and so naturally David and I, and David's wife—such a sweet girl, Anne, you really ought to know her!—she and David are so happy!"

This last with so much unnecessary emphasis that one would be led to question its veracity. "But, anyway, the money must be returned to you, every cent that you put in. And then there's the problem of the deed, too. My son thought of putting the house up for sale, but there might be some difficulty with the lot in both your names—such a mistake, I always said; Or, if it doesn't sell, David had suggested deed-ing it over to me."

"Naturally he and his dear wife won't need it—not with such a lovely new home of their own. Camilla's father's wedding gift, you know. And now that David has been made general manager and taken into the firm and all . . ."

"This really isn't a very good place to discuss any kind of problem, is it?" Anne ventured, finding an opening. So David had been taken into the firm. How pleased he and his mother must be!

Anne wondered why all the momentous things she learned about David had to take place in the public streets. "Perhaps we could arrange to meet somewhere, another time, and talk it over? Though you may tell David, if you will please, to do anything about the house he chooses. And I am not in any great hurry for my money."

She might have told Mrs. Sherman that since she was going to marry an extremely wealthy young man with as much—or more money, in fact—as Camilla's father, she would not be in need of anything, either. Certainly not the Georgian Folly. But, of course, she did not.

"You're looking very well, too," she

tacked on quickly, practically hushing Mrs. Sherman up as she was about to begin another lengthy speech. "How is your neuritis?" That surely was as good a way as any to change the subject. "Better, I hope. Did you like California? I suspect the climate was very beneficial. I'm sure it must have been, since you're looking so well."

"No. I despised California," Mrs. Sherman managed to break in. "The climate is frightful, no matter what they say. It rained practically all the time. I suffered horribly—and my poor nerves! It was much too much for them, my brother's children, I mean, and running his house and all. But now I'm to have things nicer, at last. David has given me a very nice allowance, most generous. And dear Camilla insists I am to stay on where I am, in the apartment, since I'm quite comfortable and my things fit in so nicely."

But David's mother had told Anne she would die if her son married and left her to live alone! She had threatened to take to her bed. Maybe Camilla had threatened to take to hers, if Mrs. Sherman came to live with them. Oh, Anne saw now, how differently she should have managed her affairs. But what was the use of thinking things like that?

"I really must go," she interrupted Mrs. Sherman's eloquent flow once more. More firmly this time, with a little nod of farewell that meant she really was on her way. "I'm late now for an appointment. So nice to have seen you, Mrs. Sherman. I hope to see you again some time. Good-bye. And please remember me to David and Camilla."

Anne did not know why she tacked on that last, as she hurried on, leaving Mrs. Sherman standing, practically gaping, for once done out of the last remark.

Maybe that had been the reason. That last had been a good parting shot. "Remember me to David and Camilla." Lightly, casually. As though speaking of mere acquaintances, or people to whom she was politely indifferent and who meant absolutely nothing in her young life, as indeed David and Camilla did not—could not, rather. For there was no use in not being honest with herself.

That night Anne wrote and told Marty about her engagement to Giles. Marty was the first, besides Aunt Bobby and Anne's own family, whom Anne had told. She would tell her mother that now the newspapers could be informed. The whole world might as well know that Anne Ashton was going to marry Giles Montgomery Tracy, III.

Marty, in answering Anne's letter, wrote that Anne certainly had made a catch. "Every girl I've ever introduced Gil to has done her best to marry him," Marty's letter read. "I don't mind telling you," it went on, "that I hoped to marry him myself! Not just because he's one of the richest young men in the eligible lists, either, but because he's such a perfect darling. He's a real person. And didn't I tell you you'd end up by falling in love with him?"

Marty did not know that this last had not happened to Anne. Nobody knew that, except Anne and Giles—and maybe David. David would know, when he read the announcement of Anne's engagement in the *Oakdale* papers, that this did not necessarily imply that the parties involved were in love with each other. David, who had married Camilla on a dare; David, who knew all about that constancy of Anne's.

"Marty wants us to spend a vacation this summer at the lake again," Anne wrote Gil.

"Would you like to accept?" That was where she and Gil had met. That was where they had been so gay, playing together, pretending at love. Maybe, if she pretended hard enough, she might find it would come true for her, as it had for Gil.

"I'd like to go wherever you want to go," Gil wrote promptly. He was exceedingly busy these days getting his affairs in shape, in order to retire from the stock market and become a gentleman rancher with a thousand head of cattle as he had planned.

He wrote, later, that he could manage the month of August, if that would suit her. By that time he would have matters settled so that he could take time off. He wrote that he wished Anne would plan on September for their marriage.

"That would be long enough, don't you think, my dear?" Gil wrote. "I don't want to rush you, but, as I told you before, I'm not much good at waiting."

September seemed far enough off then; besides, it was not fair to keep Gil waiting. He had been very dear and understanding about not rushing her. She might as well agree to September, if it meant so much to him.

Anne replied that September would be all right with her. She wished she could write the sort of letter Gil wanted, a real love letter. But, as she could not, she made her answer as warm and friendly and grateful as her heart felt towards him.

"REMEMBER the time I tried to sell you a hot-dog?" Gil asked. He and Anne had spent their first two weeks on Marty's island at the lake resort. It was late afternoon and Gil was rowing; Anne, lolling in luxurious contentment in the other end of the canoe, on a quest for water-lilies. She had spied some, hidden well within a marsh, several days before, and had made him promise to help her gather a few.

"With or without mustard," Anne mused. "As though I could ever forget! And then when you dived into the lake after my purse with all your clothes on! Well, I thought I had encountered an escaped lunatic."

"Honey," breathed Gil, "what a compliment! From the bottom of my heart I thank you." He leaned well forward to make an elaborate bow from his waist and set the canoe rocking none too gently.

"Idiot!" Anne protested, clutching onto the sides. "You tried to spill us that day, too! And do watch what you're doing or you'll lose the paddle and then where will we be? Do you know the answer?"

"Stranded, like Crusoe and his Friday-man, only without the island," Gil grinned, reaching languidly for the paddle again as though he rather wished it had slipped overboard. Anne was thinking, as she had that other summer, how truly magnificent Giles was.

"Maybe we could live on fish for a time," she suggested. "With lily-pads for a salad. Oh, look, Gil, there's a perfect beauty right beside you—now do be careful and don't pull too hard!"

He plunged a hand down into the water to pluck the thick stem, laid the lovely blossom, dripping with tiny, iridescent bubbles, with the others at Anne's feet.

"One or two more," she pleaded. "If the pads aren't getting too thick for you to paddle through. Then I'll be perfectly satisfied."

"I never knew a woman could get that way!"

"One learns something new each shining hour, my boy."

"You called me 'boy' that first day," Gil let the paddle lay across his knees again,

his eyes smiling into hers. "And you tried to bribe me. Of course, I told you then and there that only your heart would do. Anne," he leaned perilously forward once more, "do you think you're beginning to love me, a little? We've got on so famously these two weeks, haven't we, honey? We've been pretty happy—at least, I have, having you mostly to myself. You've been terribly sweet. Or shouldn't I ask that yet, dearest? I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help myself. I am a lunatic when I look at you!"

"You may ask me anything," she said. He was so dear. Each day brought further proof of that. They had been happy these two weeks, as happy, as gay as that first summer, almost. "I don't have to begin," she tacked on lightly. "You know how fond I am of you, Gil darling. Maybe it is love—there are so many kinds. If it is, it's terribly nice and cozy and lots of fun. It's the best kind of love I've ever known; it's the only kind I want, I'm sure."

But apparently that kind of love did not satisfy Giles. He looked at her a long moment; shook his head. "Dear Anne," he said. "I was right—I shouldn't have asked you. Love isn't nice and cozy—and fun. Not the kind I feel for you, not the kind I want you to feel for me."

They had left the marsh now, the thick lily-pads, so that Gil sent the canoe swiftly and silently with strong, sure strokes through the calm, deep water. Anne leaned back and closed her eyes. The sun was a round red ball low in the west; the breeze was gentle in her hair. This was the time of day she loved best, peace and quiet, heartease. That should be enough, her own heart said.

That is the best kind of love, no matter what Gil thinks. She wished that this hour, this feeling of serene contentment might last forever. Why should she ask for anything more? What was the need of ecstasy—or pain? This was sufficient, this quietness, this blessed bliss . . .

But neither quiet nor bliss can last forever, even on the calm surface of a lovely artificial lake at sunset. It was broken now by an approaching hum, peculiar to aeroplanes and motorboats, increasing so in volume that Anne was jarred rudely out of the mood that her thoughts and the twilight hour had cast upon her.

She opened her eyes as the other boat dashed by, perilously close, so that its waves set the smaller craft tossing in its wake like the proverbial cork. She uttered a sharp exclamation—though not from fear—and clutched the sides of the canoe.

Gil uttered an exclamation, too, a much more forceful one. "The fools!" he said. "Coming so near. They might have spilled us!" His face flushed with anger; he had to concentrate all of his attention on keeping the canoe right side up by swinging her bow so it would ride the swells.

Anne wondered if he had heard her exclamation, and if he could hear her heart thumping now! She wondered if Gil had noticed the occupants of the other boat, and if he knew that one of them was David Sherman!

If she had not looked straight into David's eyes in that startled-split second, and seen the answering flicker of recognition in his, Anne would not have believed it herself. David . . . here—why? A dozen questions started jangling in her brain.

She felt as one does awakening, startled and shivering from a dream of falling down and down and down through endless space, a dream so forceful and real that it leaves one clinging to the precipice's edge even when the sensation of falling is over.

Now the canoe slid smoothly and quietly over untroubled water again, like a high-spirited horse that has been calmed under a master's firm hand. Anne leaned back once more, fighting to gain control of her nerves, to force the mad pounding of her heart back to normalcy.

"The darn fools," Gil muttered again. "There was an accident not long ago that happened in just that way—a speedboat passed so close that it spilled two fishermen over and both were drowned. There should be a law . . . why, Anne, it did frighten you, didn't it? I'd like to give them a piece of my mind! If they had spilled you . . ."

"They didn't!" Anne broke in. "Though if they had, you'd have rescued me, Gil—just as you did my purse!" Her laugh was forced; too gay. "Let's not talk about it, please." She shivered in her brief bathing suit; the round red ball was only a glow on the horizon now. "Let's forget it happened," Anne said.

She wondered if she ought to tell Gil that David had been in that boat. But why should she, since it was evident Gil did not know?

"You're cold!" Gil said, as though it were all his fault. "There's an old sweater tucked under the seat; slip it on, honey. I shouldn't have kept you out so long. I'll paddle for all I'm worth. And, of course, we won't talk about anything you don't want to, my child!"

For a moment his glance met hers with that disturbing gleam, so that Anne wondered if anything lay behind his studied unawareness. Had he seen David—and did he think she had not? Was he trying to keep her from knowing who the occupants of the boat had been by simulating anger?

Sometimes—often, in fact—Giles seemed to possess a sort of sixth sense where she was concerned; sometimes he practically could read her thoughts and heart. He said it was because he loved her so much, in his way that was both heaven and hell.

THAT same evening Anne found that he must have known it was David in the motor-boat. At the dinner table, amid much talk and laughter, Marty informed her guests that she had planned an impromptu party. "The Wilsons have some guests, just arrived to-day," Marty said. The Wilsons, Dot and Don, were some of Marty's closest and "crasiest" friends. "I told them to bring them along to-night and we'd throw some kind of welcoming party. I thought we might hitch the barge on their speedboat—it's the fastest on the lake, you know—and see if we could stir up some excitement."

Anne knew instantly that the Wilson's guests were David and Camilla. She knew that Gil must have known it was the Wilsons' speedboat. She knew, too, as her glance met Gil's, as he came back at their hostess with a reply so prompt it forestalled any other, that he had recognised David, and still was endeavoring to keep his knowledge from her.

"But I'd planned to take Anne to the amusement park!" Gil said. "I thought we'd find our excitement on land, and that we'd had enough water for one day. That is, of course, if you can spare us from the party, Marty." He knew the rule of The Willows, that guests were to follow their own inclinations and whims, so that his added by-your-leave was only a gesture.

"I believe I'm more in a 'party' than a 'park' mood, after all," Anne said. She was surprised at the casual tone in which she managed to say it; surprised at herself for

doing so. But what was the use of running away again, of pretending things that were so, were not? Suddenly she was determined to face this now.

She would have to face meeting David—and Camilla—one day. It might as well be now, to-night, as any other time. Maybe it would be easier than putting it off. Maybe it would be easier under cover of fun-making and hilarity, with plenty of people about, with Giles at her side.

"I think a party on a barge sounds too thrilling and novel to miss," she added. "Why not make it a costume affair, Marty? Not masquerade, but suppose everyone dressed to represent an idea of some sort."

"An advertisement, or a slogan," one of the other guests caught Anne's suggestion up eagerly, with embellishments.

"Or titles of books, or popular songs!"

"Or current movies. . . ."

"That's a great idea, Anne!" Marty applauded. "I'll send word over to the Wilsons right away. And the person who makes the most correct guesses as to what the others represent shall have a prize. No one must tell anyone else what he will be."

"Unless you have to divide into pairs, or groups to put across a suggestion," Glen Cornwall put in his word. "I know what I'll be already, if you'll be my partner, Marty. And we may need a third person, too."

"I think you ought to know who the Wilsons' guests are," Gil said to Anne under cover of the general enthusiasm which now bound the others in talk and laughter as they rose from the table to make ready for the party. He had stopped Anne at the foot of the balcony stairs.

"I do know." Her grey eyes met his squarely. "That's why I wanted to stay, if you don't mind, Gil darling. I saw it was David this afternoon. I can't see that it will do any good for me to run away. I think it's best to get this over with and done, don't you?"

"If you could be made to see that it is over and done," Gil murmured. Then, with his mocking grin, "It's always best to do that, honey. I'm with you, and I'm glad that's what you want to do."

She knew he meant that. He hoped she would realise that she never had really loved David, that there was nothing from which to run away. He hoped she would find that her old love was, indeed, over and done.

DURING the next two weeks of Anne's and Gil's stay at the lake, after the night of the party on the barge, they saw a great deal of David and Camilla, for the Wilsons and their guests formed part of this gay playground each day or evening.

It had not been as difficult as Anne had expected, meeting David that first time; and after the first time, it had not been difficult at all. But during those next two weeks Anne learned one thing; she had not "got over" David.

How could she? You could not love a person for the best part of your life, then put him out of it completely. You could not pretend that he meant absolutely nothing to you, and never had. You could not help being glad, and at the same time sorry, that he was near you, a part of your life again.

"Would you like to cut our visit short, leave now?" Anne asked Gil, after that first evening of the barge party—for it was then that Anne had discovered she had not got over David by any means. "We could, you know. And unless we do I suppose we'll

have to see a lot of the Wilsons and their guests."

"Why should I want to run?" Gil asked, with his mocking grin. But his dark eyes were serious. "I told you, honey, I was glad this happened. I meant it."

Anne hoped he would continue to be glad. But she did not believe it could be possible.

She did not know whether she still loved David or not. Maybe it was only the habit of long standing—due to that constancy of hers. Or maybe it was only pity.

During those two weeks Anne came to feel sorry for David. It was evident that he stood in need of sympathy, that he was thoroughly miserable—thanks to Camilla.

Marriage had not changed Camilla. She was as spoiled, as selfish—and as bored—as ever. At least she had been bored until she met Spence Douglas, who was also a guest of the Wilsons. From then on she had not been bored; not when she was with Mr. Douglas, which was every possible moment Camilla could manage. For she threw herself, quite openly, at Spence Douglas' head.

IT was a good-looking—if somewhat empty—head. Spence Douglas was an actor. He had had a brief Broadway success in a notoriously modern and clever play; a few lesser parts in road companies. He was waiting, or so he claimed, for Hollywood to snatch him up.

He was as much an egotist as Camilla, every bit as spoiled and selfish. He was just the sort of man to arouse her from the boredom she affected, a sophisticate, a Don Juan, an exact opposite of the conventional, serious David.

Camilla made no secret of the fact that she was bored with David. She treated him abominably. He might have been a sort of lackey she had hired to catch-and-carry. Aside from that, apparently she had no use, or time, for him. Evidently, she was more bored with marriage than she had ever been with anything else.

"I've got to talk to you, Anne—alone," David said.

It was not the first time he had said it. In fact he had as much as told Anne that was why he had come to the lake to visit the Wilsons, who were distant cousins of Camilla's, because he had hoped to have a chance to talk with her.

This time when David said this it was with such urgency and such insistence—and such misery in his blue eyes—that Anne could not put him off as she had managed to do each time before. For, although she had seen David some part of each day or evening for these past weeks, Anne had managed never to see him alone.

This was the last evening at the lake—maybe the last time she would ever see David—for to-morrow Anne was returning home. To-morrow these two weeks would be ended. At least, for Anne.

"Surely you'll listen to me, if only for a minute or so," David urged. He was dancing with Anne. It was another party. Not on a barge, but in the big open pavilion on the island.

"All right," she agreed, "but only for a few minutes, David." They could talk in the little summer house on the opposite side of the dock. Anne led the way through the willows along the bank.

It was just such a night as the one when she first had been there with Giles. The moon was round and full, the music drifted on the clear night air, the water lapped against the shore.

Anne wished, as she sat down on the curved bench, spreading her wide white net skirt carefully, that she had not remem-

bered that night. Though maybe it was just as well. She must remember to think of Giles to-night, as she talked with David. Just as on that other night last summer she had tried to remember David when she had been with Giles.

What a parallel! What a mad mix-up! How much had happened, how many changes had taken place since then!

"You look awfully pretty," David said. He had not sat down; he stood there looking down at her, much as Gil had stood that other night, too, outlined in the light from the big round moon, tall and big and strong.

Only Gil would have said something far more extravagant. Yet "awfully pretty" coming from David, was extravagant enough. It made Anne glad she was wearing a lovely new white dress, but she only said, "Do I?" and smiled up at him.

She knew, however, that she would have to help him more than that, as she always had to help David when he had something difficult to say. "That isn't what you wanted to tell me, though, is it David?" she asked.

"**Y**OU know it isn't," he said. He sat down by her now, abruptly, reached for her hand. "How can I tell you?" he said. "How can I make you understand, make you listen? You know what I want to say. I want to tell you how terribly sorry I am, how miserable I've been."

"But there's no need of saying any of that," Anne interrupted. "Not only no need, but what was the use? David ought to know that he always had been able to make her listen, always been able to make her understand."

"Then you do forgive me!" His hold on her hands tightened so that he almost hurt them. "You know how much I've suffered, paid? You know I'll go on suffering and paying all the rest of my life, I suppose. You can see, Anne, how it is. Between Camilla and me. A ghastly mistake. A marriage that started with a dare. It's been nothing but a farce ever since."

"You mustn't say that!" Anne protested. She tried to withdraw his hands. "The big square-cut emerald of Gil's ring was pressing cruelly into the tender flesh. 'It will come out all right, David—in the end.'"

She did not believe that it could, such a marriage, but she must say something to comfort him. In her sympathy for David she had forgotten her own hurt. Now it hurt her more to see David, always so proud, so confident, reduced to such bitterness. She saw now that he had suffered for his mistake as much as she had. And he must go on paying for the rest of his life, as he had said.

"You know it won't," he said. He released her hands, put his own on the sides of his head as though to stop his aching, to find some solution for his problem. "I know I don't deserve sympathy, especially from you, Anne. I know I brought it on myself, though Heaven knows I didn't mean to. I fought it, as best I could. I knew all along, Anne, that Camilla had made up her mind—heaven only knows why—to marry me. I knew all along that you were the one I should marry, the right girl for me."

"Please, David!" She could not let him talk this way! She must stop him, somehow. She should not have come to the summer-house. She must think of Gil, whose ring she wore, of Camilla, to whom David was married, whether it was a ghastly mistake or not.

"It is true, so why shouldn't I say it? Just this once—to you, Tommy."

Her heart wrenched anew at the old familiar nickname. She put out her hands in an appealing little gesture, then covered her face with them.

"That was why," David went on. "I tried to hurry you—about building the house and all. Why I wanted to make everything so definite. I knew it was only a sort of infatuation I felt for Camilla—she was so much younger, so attractive, in her way—she threw herself so at me. Like she's throwing herself at Spence Douglas now. And he's not the first one; he won't be the last. She's vain and spoiled and selfish. She doesn't care about anything but admiration and a good time—she lives on that—or about anyone except herself."

"But, David, I can't let you talk this way to me. Camilla is your wife, you must remember that." Anne got to her feet now, looking down at him. Her emotions were terribly mixed up. She was sorry for David, but she could not admire him for talking that way against Camilla.

"She's not much of a wife to me!" David said. He, too, stood up, again he caught both of Anne's hands in his own. "I know I shouldn't talk this way. But I had to talk to someone, and if I couldn't to you, Anne . . . I won't again, if you'll say you've really forgiven me. If you'll promise to be friends. You've always been such a part of my life. I've always needed you. And now I need you more than ever before, as you can see."

Yes, she could see that. It touched her more than anything he could have said to her. For Anne had to be needed. She withdrew her hands this time, but very gently. "Of course we'll be friends, David," she promised. Her eyes, always so direct, so honest, met his. He was indeed a part of her life, as he always had been.

"You mean that!" David cried. The eagerness in his eyes was a bright light. "You'll let me come to see you then—let me talk to you? You'll let me feel that you haven't gone entirely away, that I haven't lost you, altogether?"

"Of course I mean it, David," Anne said. What else could she have said? For there it was again, that old constancy of Anne's, that loyalty, that understanding.

They had always been part of each other's lives, he had said. Maybe they always would be. What if David had made a mistake? Need that sever them forever, keep her from helping him? Must he pay for it all the rest of his life? Could they not be friends?

If she had married David years ago, as she should have, and he had become infatuated with Camilla, or someone else, if he had been carried away against his own power or wish or will, would she not have forgiven him, taken him back, given him comfort, just the same?

ON the way home in Gil's car, Anne told him about David. There was no use in putting off the telling; she had to be honest with Gil, and herself; as fair as she could to everyone concerned. Maybe she was foolish; but hadn't she always been, where David was concerned?

If she had a grain of common sense she would tell Gil to drive to the nearest court-house, get a license and marry her; she would tell him to keep right on until they got to the ranch in Arizona. Then she need never see David again.

But sense has little to do with the emotions, and she had promised David she would see him, talk to him, be his friend.

"Do you still think you love David?" Gil asked. He had kept his eyes on the straight white road ahead all the while that Anne

was telling him. He did not look at her now. He drove at a speed which might have been terrifying, had she not known how well Gil could handle anything that had an engine.

She said, "I don't know." Saying it with a sort of helpless resignation. It was true. Love was so confusing, so difficult to define. She only knew that David needed her and that, somehow, she still felt bound to him.

"I do," Gil said. "It's that constancy of yours, that loyalty. It's still not love, my child. Not the kind that counts, not the kind I feel for you. The kind you'll know some day."

Maybe he was right. She had found that heartease and peace, even a love that was cosy and comfortable, were not enough. Not when you were young and eager and alive.

"Is he going to marry you?" Gil asked, still driving at that furious speed, keeping his eyes ahead.

"Marry me? Why, I . . . I don't know . . ." They had not gone that far, she and David, in their talk in the summer-house last night. How could he marry her, when he was married to Camilla?

"There's divorce, you know," Gil said. He turned a corner, swinging the long, low car with one powerful twist of his wrist.

That was an ugly word—divorce. Especially applied to herself and David. Anne was not sure that she believed in divorce. But there were exceptions, of course.

Was such a marriage as David's and Camilla's a reality? Certainly there was nothing sacred about it, nothing fine or lovely. A marriage begun on a dare, a marriage that was only a farce, as David had called it, a marriage which neither of them strove to make right.

"I—don't know," Anne said again. It seemed the only thing she could say to anything. "We didn't talk about anything like that. David just asked me to let him come to me, when he needed someone, to forgive him—to be his friend."

"And you are supposed to sit and wait for another six or eight springs, or all the rest of your life," Gil said. "By that time—maybe—David will have made up his mind. Camilla may have run off with Douglas, or some other fool. David may resign from the management of The Payne Paint Phalanx and the soft snap he has fallen heir to with all his new luxurious surroundings."

"The scandal may have died down and Oakdale have started gossiping about another headline. I may have a long grey beard and a neat set of false teeth and rheumatism in my joints. Oh, no, my sweet—" Gil slowed the car down, at least it seemed slow after the speed at which they had been travelling; he turned his dark eyes on her now—"I'm not quite sure that I know all the answers, either. But I am sure of one thing. We are going to make sure. We are going to have a showdown, my child."

"What do you mean?" Anne asked. When Gil's mocking grin settled into that determined line, when that disturbing gleam appeared in his dark eyes, she felt almost as weak and shaken as her voice sounded. For Gil had proved to her before that underneath his easy casualness, his languid movements, he did not believe in waiting on time.

"I mean we are going to get together—the four of us, David and Camilla, you and I—and have this thing out."

"But we can't do that!"

"We can't do anything else, if you really

want to be square and fair—and honest—all around."

Certainly she wanted to be all of these. But Anne was sure that what Gill suggested could not possibly be managed.

"That's what you think," Gill said with the phrase so characteristic of him. "After all, Anne, to-morrow is the first day of September. It is the month you agreed to marry me. I have all of my arrangements made to go to the ranch. You are wearing my ring. So I think it is time you left this particular matter up to me."

"If you want your ring back, Gill . . ."

"I don't ever want it back. You know that. If you ever decide you don't want it, throw it in the river, give it away. But while you wear it you're engaged to me."

"You don't want me to be friends, then, with David?" It was Anne who kept her eyes straight ahead on the long stretch of white road now.

"I don't want you to be bound all the rest of your life with that constancy of yours, my sweet. I want you to cast it away—or, if must be, find out that it's worth clinging to, what you've always believed it to be. You must find out, Anne, or you'll never be free."

"You mean," Anne spoke slowly, choosing her words, "that unless I can be free of any feeling for David, even if it is only pity, his need for me, my constancy, as you always call it—that you and I ought not to marry in September, go to the ranch?"

"That's about it," Gill said. He slowed down even more now, turned part way in his seat to look at her.

He thought she had never looked more lovely, her gray eyes so troubled and serious, the sweet curve of her cheek under the little pulled-down hat. "It's not what I want, honey. Not for myself. But I'm thinking of you. I'm willing to take any risk, as I've told you before, Anne, my beloved."

His voice was tender; there was no mockery in it now. "This is the biggest risk of all. To make you face it, whatever this is that binds you to David; make you—and David, too—decide if it's so big that nothing else counts, or if it's only habit, an illusion."

"You may be sorry," Anne said. How could she believe it an illusion when she remembered David as he had been last night, when she remembered all the years, those other springs?

"If David wants to marry you now," Gill said, "if he intends to divorce Camilla so that he can, not put it off indefinitely—we'll, then I'll step out of the picture, my sweet. I'll give up the race. Let the best man win. Hand you over to him."

If David wanted to marry her . . . She had asked herself that question many times before. It seemed an odd question now, while David was still married to Camilla. It was difficult to decide if it was wrong or right. Or how she herself felt, with all her emotions so jumbled, so confused. Yet she could not go on this way. She had to know, had to face whatever was to be, each link, each day . . .

"All right," Anne said. "Have it out, if you think that's what we should do, Gill. Make sure for all of us, if you can. There can't be anything wrong about that. It is fair, and honest. Though I don't know how you're going to do it, prove anything, find out . . ."

"You'll find out," Gill said. Now he wore his mocking grin again. His dark eyes smiled down into hers. "Leave it to me, my sweet. I'm not sure—yet—that I know how, or when, or why. But I'll manage,

somehow. Don't you know, honey, love always finds a way?"

ANNE wondered in the days that followed exactly how Gill would manage to carry out his plan. She did not hear from him, except the usual flowers that came each day, a wire saying he had to make a last hurried trip East, and then another telling her he had arrived at the Newark airport.

Anne had asked him once never to tell her when he was going to make a flight in his scarlet and silver plane, but always to let her know when he had made a safe landing. She was air-minded enough, but she could not help a feeling of anxiety when she thought of Gill flying his little ship, alone, so high in the sky. She was always relieved when she knew he was down on the ground again. Just as she felt relief now, when she received his wire.

Maybe he had decided that, after all, it would be better to let well enough alone. Let time—David's way—take its course and work out whatever destiny had in store for all of them. Maybe he had decided it was too great a risk; better to go on as they were, all four of them, Anne and Gill engaged, David and Camilla married.

David came to see Anne late one afternoon soon after she returned home. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to open the door to find him standing there, tall and fair, and somehow—in Anne's eyes—shining.

Her heart turned over, but she greeted him in the old familiar way, "Hi, there, David."

"Hi, there, yourself!" David's manner was less confident, the high spots of color stood out in his cheeks, his eyes held his little-boy embarrassment. "You said I might drop around," he reminded.

"Of course. Won't you come in?" She opened the door wide to him as she had so many, many times.

He said, "I had to come." He was more sure of himself now, adopted his old air which held a shade of arrogance. He might have known Anne would make him welcome. "I had to talk to someone," he added.

Then, after they had gone on into the living-room, he turned on her abruptly, caught both her hands. "Anne, I'm so miserable. I'm nearly out of my head, nearly crazy. I tell you I simply can't go on like this."

"Sit down," Anne said. She withdrew her hands, gently; distress for him welled up in her. Poor David, no matter what he had done, what mistake he had made, he did not deserve this. He seemed so strong, so sure of himself, but he was not able "to take it," as the phrase went. Not without someone to help him.

"Here . . ." she pulled up a chair opposite the settee. She would not trust herself to sit beside him; that would bring back too many memories, memories that came crowding close, weighing upon her. To have David here in this room with her before the merry little fire, throwing his kind light on his face and hers, bringing out the soft colors here and there in the faded, worn furnishings, lending that sense of security and peace that was a very part of home . . .

"You're tired, David," Anne said. "Tuck that pillow behind your back. Maybe you'd like a cup of tea, or a glass of sherry? Maybe you'd like to just sit and look at the fire, not talk about anything right away."

This was how she had dreamed of David coming home to her at the end of each day, shedding the outside world, forgetting all trouble and worry, sharing this twilight

hour. This was as it should have been, if only they had not waited so many springs; how it might be—if spring could ever come again for them.

"Thank you, no," David refused to be put off with tea; he wanted to talk; he had to have sympathy, his pride bolstered up; someone to listen to him. Who could do that better, give him more than Anne? If he could not come to her, where could he go?

"I tell you things cannot go on this way much longer. The way Camilla's carrying on. With Douglas I mean. She brought him back from the lake with us, you know. She's lost her head over him completely. She's throwing herself at his head in the most disgusting manner. Playing nursemaid and chauffeur, dashing here, there, everywhere. She can't do that; not in Oakdale. People will begin to talk. Think of the things they'll say!"

Anne could think of them, for hadn't she been in David's same predicament, wondering what people would be saying about her, only such a short time ago.

Apparently David had not considered that—but she must forget herself now; she must think of him. She had been able to rise above it, thanks to Gill. She had got over caring whether people talked or not. But David had always minded so much what people said about him. He could not bear criticism, let alone gossip or scandal.

"They'll think I'm a fine husband!" he was going on now, much as his mother might have done, not waiting for Anne to answer. Funny how in so many ways—just lately—David did seem to be like his mother.

"A man who can't keep his own wife in hand, who lets her make a fool of herself. And over a cheap actor. He says—this Douglas person—that he's waiting for a Hollywood contract. He'll have a long wait. He hasn't an ounce of grey matter in his pretty head. What he's doing is sponging off us in the meantime, using us for a good thing, our house and food—why, would you believe it, Camilla even furnishes his cigarettes!"

"SURELY he won't stay long," Anne ventured. She did not know what to say. It made her decidedly uncomfortable, in spite of her sympathy for him, to have David discuss his domestic affairs with her. She did not think it very honorable for him to talk against Camilla as long as she still was his wife.

"Why don't you talk it over with Camilla? Surely you can make her see how you feel about it . . ."

"How I feel!" David practically snorted. "As if Camilla would give a darn about how I felt. She doesn't care how anyone feels about anything, except herself. You can't talk anything over with her."

"Maybe if you spoke to her father . . ."

David did snort this time. "A lot of good that would do. Father Payne thinks anything his one and only daughter does is right. He'd give her the earth, if she asked for it."

"But I don't imagine he would like to think people were talking, either," Anne recalled Janice's saying that Mr. Payne had brought Camilla back from Europe in a hurry because of a Count. "No father would like that. I'm sure if you talked to him first, David, and asked him to talk to Camilla, it would help."

That was about all the help she could offer David. Yet it was rather odd she should suggest just that because if she and David were to work out their own problem

there would have to be plenty of talk. Perhaps Camilla's father would object to that, as well.

"Maybe you're right at that," David pursed his lips thoughtfully; then his face brightened. "You usually are, Tubby—nearly always, in fact. I knew if only I could come to you and talk things out . . . you don't know how it helps!"

He straightened up as though to show her that even physically he felt better. "I'll do it. Talk to Father Payne. He wouldn't want a scandal, and that's what Camilla's heading for. Douglas hasn't any principles. Of course Camilla'll realise it, one of these days . . ."

"I'm sure she will," Anne interrupted. But if she did, it would mean that Camilla would not run off with Spence Douglas, as Gil had said she might, to solve, in part at least, the problem which involved them all. Anne wondered if David had thought of that. Naturally, at the moment, he was too upset.

She must remember that David usually thought of himself first; he always needed time to help out with everything else. "I'm glad if I can be of any help, you know that, David." Yet the gladness was somehow tinged with doubt. Things were in such a muddle. How could they ever straighten out?

"Then I may come again sometime!" David asked, leaning towards her. He looked rested; he looked almost as if he had enjoyed pouring out his troubles. "You know, of course, Anne," he said, his voice growing husky, allowing emotion to override reason for a brief period, "how much you mean to me, always will. You remember the things I told you that last night at the lake."

"I remember," Anne said. "You're the only one I ever loved, ever will love, Anne."

"But you mustn't say that—yet."

"Why not? What's wrong with my saying it? Tubby, tell me—!" he got up, came over to her, looked down into her eyes— you do still care just the same for me, don't you?"

"I . . . I don't know. . . ." Anne got up, too, almost too quickly. Her heart was thumping so madly that she could not tell whether it was because she did still care—or because she was unable to decide whether she did or not.

She knew she must not let David talk this way again; not while he still was bound to Camilla, with everything so unsettled and indefinite. Gil had been right: they must get things straightened, settled. They must make sure, once and for all.

David must have felt that, too. For now he stepped back from her. Just when she had been sure he was about to touch her, take her into his arms, perhaps, when she had been afraid he might—or that he might not!

"I shouldn't ask you that," he said. "I really shouldn't expect you to have entirely forgiven me this soon. I must go now. But only if you'll promise I may come again soon. I'll want to tell you how it works out, after I've talked with Father Payne, I mean. You will let me come again, won't you, Anne?"

"If I really can be of any help to you; if you come—just as a friend," Anne said. This was not what she wanted—or was it? How could she know, when she felt so shaken and weak, so uncertain about everything?

David caught her hand and carried it to his lips, held it there, then let it drop with a gesture of despair, or resignation. Anne almost had to stifle a desire to laugh—though she had never known she was in-

clined to hysteria—but that gesture seemed so foreign to David.

Maybe he picked it up from Douglas. "As long as I know you are waiting here," he said, "I shall be able to go on. I shan't be so miserable. Darling Anne . . . why, do you know, I'm almost happy again!"

Of course Anne was glad of that, oh, very glad. But somehow David's last words continued to ring in her ears. "As long as I know you are waiting here. . . ." It had always been like that.

David had always been happy as long as he knew she was waiting. He had never seemed to want anything more. He had not cared how long that waiting had been. Would he be satisfied now, content to go on, with another period of waiting stretching indefinitely ahead, with nothing straightened out or settled, with things in this terrible muddle?

Must she start asking herself question after question over and over again, remain in this awful uncertainty, this state of confusion bordering between happiness and despair?

Was she destined to spend all of her life waiting, waiting, with no recompense, no happiness of her own, no fulfillment?

Her questions were answered, in part at least, by the telegram she received that same night from Gil:

"Arrive Saturday for showdown STOP Have invited David and Camilla and you for dinner at Silver Grill STOP Love will find a way my child STOP Courage and kisses."

Gil had not decided to use David's way, then. She might have known he would not wait on time or anything or anyone. Not Giles. He might not know all the answers, as he had said, to all her questions, but he would do the best he could to help her find some of them.

THE Silver Grill had been redecorated during the summer months and this Saturday night of Giles' dinner party was its autumn reopening. Every table had been reserved in advance; Giles' reservation was near the dance floor, yet this particular table for four was set in a small alcove that brought a certain amount of privacy.

"It's really frightfully nice of you to give a party for us," Camilla said to Gil in her bored, drawing tone. "Is there any special reason—birthday, anniversary, anything of that sort?"

Camilla was as spectacular as usual. She wore a yellow ribbon in her long white-gold hair; her dress was of gleaming yellow satin that fitted like the paper on the wall; on her bare arms she wore no fewer than a dozen wide gold bracelets, some of them quite fantastic in design.

Anne felt almost plain, by comparison, in her turquoise-blue taffeta which was really quite simple, and with no jewellery except a small necklace of seed pearls and Gil's emerald ring.

"No special reason," Gil returned, with his mocking grin and that gleam in his eyes. "Except the one you already named. The party is given especially for the four of us. For you and David, Anne and me. A sort of old-fashioned get-together, or reunion, or what-have-you."

"I understand," Camilla threw Anne a glance from her miraculously long lashes, "that my husband—and your fiancée—have had no trouble in getting together lately. David tells me, Anne, that you've let him weep on your shoulder a time or two."

"I didn't tell you that!" David protested, the high spots of color leaping into his face. Camilla shrugged her lovely shoulders,

which were completely bare with the exception of a pencil-wide strap. "Not in those words, maybe," she murmured. "But when a married man goes to see some other woman it's always to weep on her shoulder and tell how abused he is by his wife."

"I ought to know," she added. "I've had plenty of married men try it on me. I rather enjoyed it, too. As I hope you have, Anne."

"I assure you David hasn't wept on my shoulder—yet," Anne said. Her own cheeks were burning. She knew that Camilla was trying deliberately to be disagreeable, if not almost insulting. So she added politely, and pointedly, "Is Spence Douglas a married man then, Camilla?"

"Spence?" Camilla raised her eyebrow. "Not that I know of. Since it doesn't interest me particularly I never troubled to find out."

"But I thought you were extremely interested in Mr. Douglas!" Anne protested.

"Did you really?" Camilla drawled. "It must be a disappointment to you, then, to find that I'm not. David, darling, give me a cigarette." She turned to him with her characteristic air of command. David fumbled hurriedly in his pocket for his case, held it out to her, hastened to strike a match for her light.

"Anne, darling, suppose you give me this first dance?" Gil suggested. Then, as his arm circled the silver globe of her waist, "That was Scene Number One, First Act," he said.

"I don't know what you mean," Anne replied. But she did. She saw now what Gil's intention had been in getting the four of them together.

Gil hoped this would prove to Anne that David's and Camilla's marriage, though a ghastly mistake, was in no danger of going on the rocks; he thought this would prove that David had no intention of obtaining a divorce in order to marry Anne.

"You will—before the evening is over," Gil claimed. His hold tightened, his eyes smiled down into hers. "Remember, my sweet—especially if you are hurt a little—that I am doing it for your sake. I promised you a show-down, didn't I? You don't want to go on waiting the rest of your life, do you, in uncertainty, the way you are?"

No, she did not want that. But she was not sure that she was grateful to Gil for taking this particular means of showing her. She was not at all certain, either, that it would work.

"You gave her back as good as she gave!" Gil chuckled. "I didn't think you would, my child."

"I might as well," Anne said. "I've found it's best to laugh at everything—even myself."

"You need never do that." His eyes turned grave. "Do you know you're the loveliest lady in the Silver Grill to-night—no, that's wrong—in the whole world. I like that dress. I like everything about you, my sweet." He spun her around gaily, beginning to hum the tune the orchestra was playing.

"You say such extravagant things," Anne said. But she liked them. They passed Camilla and David, who were dancing, too. But apparently David was not paying Camilla any compliments.

It was quite evident that they were quarrelling. David's jaw was set, his color high, his eyes wearing that defiant, it's-all-your-fault look. Camilla looked more bored than ever.

"She doesn't know," Gil murmured close to Anne's ear, "that only English butlers are supposed to look that bored—in any play,

And did you know, my sweet, that she has broken off with Mr. Douglas? Which explains why she no longer is particularly interested in him."

"How did you know?" Anne asked. She wondered if David's talk with Mr. Payne had been the real reason.

"How did I know?" Gil pursed his lips in what might have been an imitation of David's serious manner. "The lady herself told me so, as I relieved her of her wrap, during a brief moment we had alone. I think her reason for telling me was so I would know the field was now clear. Me-thinks, alas, besides being as bored as an English butler, that the lady is a tramp."

"It's not very gallant of you to say so, especially when you are the host and when, as has been quite obvious, you've been exceedingly nice to her yourself to-night."

"Only a real lady calls for real gallantry," Gil returned. The music had stopped. He tucked a hand under Anne's arm to lead her back to their table. "Being the host, as you reminded me, of course, I am striving to be nice to all my guests. Then, too, I thought—just in case David did decide to banish Camilla, and you therefore abandoned me—I might do worse on a rebound for my aching heart."

"I think you're being rather churlish," Anne said, as she slid into her seat again. She felt Gil was carrying things a bit too far. After all, this was no laughing matter to her. She felt decidedly jittery, almost jumpy, in fact.

David asked Anne for the next dance. He said, "I hope you didn't believe what Camilla said—that I'd told her I'd cried on your shoulder. I simply told her I had dropped in to see you and that we had had a nice talk. Do you know, I believe Camilla's jealousy!" he added as though such a thought had just occurred to him. He looked as though it rather pleased him, however.

Anne said, "Most women are jealous, I guess. It was part of love, she supposed; though she did not think she had ever been exactly jealous where David was concerned."

She had been hurt when he first had deserted her about Camilla, but never jealous. She wondered if she would be jealous now if Gil really paid attention to Camilla—on the rebound, as he so ridiculously had said. She did not like all of this intrigue, this behind-the-scenes, that seemed to be taking place. First with Gil, now with David.

"Of course I didn't believe it, David," she added. And then, "But since it is evident that your wife did not like your coming to see me I don't believe you should come again." Not as long as she is your wife, she wanted to add; not until you decide what you are going to do about this muddle, David.

"But how can I talk things over with you?" David objected. It was none to easy to talk as they danced. The orchestra was not playing "Stardust" this time, but a fast piece that demanded one's full attention to keep up with.

"You can talk to me now; when we meet, sometimes." She knew that would not satisfy him. Over David's shoulder she caught a glimpse of Camilla and Gil; they were dancing together. They were not quarrelling, as Camilla and David had, or having difficulty in trying to talk, as David and Anne were now.

They did not seem to care about talking. Camilla's head was resting on Gil's broad shoulder; her eyes were closed; the expression she wore was anything but bored. Gil did not look exactly unhappy, either; he certainly seemed to be holding his partner closely enough, his own dark, rumpled head held to one side so that it almost touched the white-gold one.

Anne experienced a flash of anger—or could it be jealousy? She felt like shaking Gil, or tearing him away from Camilla. It was too ridiculous for him to carry things this far.

"We can't talk here," David said. "I wanted to tell you about my talk with Father Payne. I wanted . . ."

"Perhaps we could talk in that little alcove over there," Anne said. She did not want to dance any more, anyway. "I believe I'd like a small glass of sherry."

"You would!" David looked surprised, but he took up her suggestion with alacrity. David never refused an opportunity to talk about himself.

He began as soon as they were seated and had ordered. "I'm mighty glad I took your advice," he said. "You were right, Tubby, just as you always are. I talked things over with Camilla's father—told him just what she was heading for—a scandal, that's what, with the whole town talking, bringing disgrace on all of us."

"Father Payne looked at it just as you said he would. He said he wouldn't tolerate anything like that, that he'd talk to Camilla himself, or buy Douglas off, or whatever was necessary. As a matter of fact I think he did offer to pay the rotter's train fare to Hollywood; not that I'd do him any good, Douglas, I mean."

DAVID smirked his lips with satisfaction, took a gulp of the drink before him. "He'll never get a look-see in the movies. But anyway it seems that Camilla has come to her senses and seen him for what he was—an empty-headed tramp—just as I told you she was bound to, sooner or later; it seems she was about fed up, ready to give him his walking papers. So, thanks to you, Anne, that's that."

"Please don't thank me," Anne took a sip of her sherry. She almost felt that she might need it. If that was that, what next, she wondered. It seemed that things were straightening out almost too fast. "Then I suppose you are happy again, David?" she asked.

"Happy?" He considered this, pursing his lips. "No, I wouldn't exactly say that. Though things are shaping up for me. Father Payne is going to suggest I be made one of the directors of the company at the next meeting, besides being general manager. Anne, think of that!"

"I am thinking of it," Anne said. She was beginning to do a lot of thinking. She was beginning to wonder if anything on earth—let alone anyone—could make David willing to give up the soft snap, as Gil had called it, that marriage with Camilla had brought him. "Then, in some ways, your marriage isn't such a ghastly mistake, such a farce, as you said it was, is it, David?"

"What's that?" David almost choked. "A mistake . . . yes, of course it was—in many ways. But, naturally, there are compensations for everything."

Directorships and general managers, big houses and servants, a nice feeling of superiority, Anne ticked off in her mind. Then there was Mrs. Sherman. . . . "Did you ever tell your mother you thought your marriage might not work out?" Anne asked.

"Good Heavens, no!" David did choke over that. "Mother is so nicely settled now—and she really gets on very well with Camilla. Camilla seems to know just how to handle her, nerves and all. And, well, I just can't imagine telling Mother that!"

Anne could not imagine it, either. Mrs. Sherman's neuritis would probably return; she might indeed take to her bed if she thought she might lose the generous allowance, and "having things nice again at last."

David ordered another drink for himself. Anne had not yet finished the sherry she had. "Yes, I'm pretty well established," David said. "In business, I mean. And, well . . . socially, too, of course. I guess I might be what you call happy . . . especially now that I have you to talk to, Anne, to come to—for a friend."

"You're perfectly satisfied with that?" Anne asked. She looked directly at him as she asked it. She did not feel any shame at asking; she no longer felt jittery or jumpy. She thought she had never felt more clear-headed, more "seeing," than now. It was indeed time to face things, get them straight, call a show-down.

"Satisfied . . ." David's glance shifted. "Why, no . . . no . . . not exactly. You know that, Tubby. You know how I feel about everything. Of course I'd like to be much more than just friends with you—if you'd let me, that is." The glance he gave her now was that combination of defiance and appeal.

"You know I still feel the same about you as I always have. You know I always feel that way. Why, we are a very part of each other's life!"

He went on, even further, since Anne kept silent, making no effort to stop him. "We always will be. I couldn't get on without you, Tubby. I need you, just like I told you, more than ever now . . . I'll always need you, Tubby. I like to think of you waiting so understanding, so willing to listen and sympathise."

His profile, turned to Anne for a moment, revealed the Ludlow nose that sometimes gave him that forbidding look. He did look like his mother. Anne saw that now, among all of the other things that suddenly stood out in sharp silhouette. It was as though a veil had been removed from before her eyes. Maybe love was blind—or maybe she had never loved David.

"Go on," she said, as she had that other night when David had been unburdening himself about Camilla. Now it was about Anne. Let him say what he really had to say, all of it.

"Well, I . . . I don't exactly know how to go on." He wore his embarrassed look, but only for a moment. His old air of arrogance came to his rescue. "We both know how much we mean to each other. It seems to me, Anne, the thing to do is to be sensible—and modern—about it."

"There's no reason why we shouldn't see a lot of each other," he continued.

He leaned forward a little; there was nothing very "shining" about the way he looked now. "Even if Camilla is a bit jealous—do her good!" He laughed at this idea. "We needn't care what people think—as long as they don't talk. And Camilla will never understand me as you do, Tubby."

She doesn't take the trouble. But just because I'm married to her doesn't seem any reason why you and I should give one another up—that is, if you'll only be willing to face things as they are."

"Oh, I'm facing them!" Anne said. Her tone was light, even casual.

She was fingering the stem of her half-filled glass. Now she looked at David again, long and deliberately, as though seeing him for the first, and perhaps the last, time. Then she lifted her glass, slowly, deliberately, and tossed its contents right into David's smiling face.

She did not wait to see what happened after that. Or to hear anything more David might have to say.

She could hear him sputtering, almost blubbering, as she walked away, chin up, smiling. For Anne was not running this time. There was nothing from which to run. She saw now that there never had been.

She had had her last word with David. Just as she had hoped she might that day when she had managed the last one with Mrs. Sherman. Only this time it had not been "good-bye." It had been—or signified, anyway—"get out."

It had loosened those links for Anne, the chains of constancy and habit that had bound her to David all these years. Now she was really free, at last. And she had not even been hurt, she was only fighting—and somehow gloriously—mad.

She found Camilla and Giles still at their table. It was difficult to decide which one looked the most bored. So apparently Gil had not rebounded, yet. Apparently he was not even making the effort, while there were no witnesses.

Anne felt a little spurt of relief and joy at that. She thought he had never looked more debonaire and dark and daring, more unutterably dear, than he looked now. She saw him now, too, without that blinding veil. "Last Scene, Third Act," she said to Gil. "The play is over and, if you don't mind, I'd like to go home." She did not give any other reason; she knew that would be enough for him. She turned to Camilla. "You'll find David over in that little alcove. Perhaps you'd better go to him."

"Is he drunk?" Camilla gasped, forgetting her boredom for a moment.

"David drunk! Mercy, no, I don't imagine he's ever been more sober in his life," Anne returned sweetly. "But I still feel that it would be best for you to go to him—if you want him to cry on your shoulder, instead of on someone else's."

Since Camilla seemed unable to reply, but got to her feet to go after David without saying a word, Anne had the last word with her, too.

But there remained still one more. She was not so sure she would have the last word with Gil—the one that now was the only one that mattered, the most important.

THEY did not say anything, either Anne or Gil, for a while, after they got into the scarlet-and-silver car and left the Silver Grill. The night seemed especially lovely, hushed and tender, like a lullaby after the languid tempo of dance music and the deafening shrill night club accompaniment.

Anne leaned back, her head against the seat. She looked up at the stars, all out on display again, for Gil had the top down as the night was warm; she let the swift rush of sweet air bathe her face, cleanse her spirit.

"I wish," she said finally, stirring a little, nestling closer to Gil, "that we could keep right on going forever and ever—or at least until we got to the ranch."

She thought of the ranch and of Arizona with a feeling of nostalgia. The stars would be even brighter there, the sky darker, more vast, the air more sweet and pungent. There was something about that country that cast a spell over one, making one whole again, reborn and free.

"I wonder how Aggie, the bobcat, is," she murmured. "And Aunt Bobby, dear Aunt Bobby." She thought of the things Aunt Bobby had said to her that night when they talked about love, to advise she had given her. "Don't let even the chance for happiness slip through your fingers," Aunt Bobby had said. "Don't let it get away . . . go after it."

"Giles," Anne said, and now she sat up very straight, "will you marry me? Right away, I mean. Not to-morrow, not sometime in September, not in that other spring. . . ."

Too many springs had passed, too many years been wasted. Never again would she

wait upon Time. The present was too fleeting, too precious.

Gil did not answer right away. He slowed the car down, since he always drove at a speed that seemed near flying. He said, "Are you so afraid then that you'll change your mind still another time, my sweet?"

"No," Anne said. "I'll never change my mind again." How very sure she was of that now! "What I'm afraid of is that you might. There's that rebound, and Camilla. Do you know I was nearly crazy with jealousy when I saw you dancing with her, cheek to cheek?"

"I was not!"

"Well, head to head, then. Don't interrupt, please! I want to have the last word, once more." She knew now that jealousy was a part of love, for love was both ecstasy and pain.

There was nothing nice and cozy about it; it was not just heartsease. "Or there's Janice," she went on. "You know Janice has said all along that if I didn't hurry up and marry you, she would. Even though she has pledged herself to the gay bachelor-girl existence."

"You'll have to give me better reasons than those," Gil said.

"I'll give you as many as you want," she promised. "Though it all sums up to one, in the end. But first—well, it's broken, Giles—that chain that bound me to David all these years, that foolish constancy, that blindness, that habit—whatever you want to call it."

"I'm as free as a bird on the wing. I don't belong to anyone, except myself. Only I find that isn't what I want, either, maybe because of my talent for constancy again. I want to belong to you, darling. I want to start being constant to you from this minute on for all the rest of the days of my life."

"No other woman's husband ever to cry on your shoulder again!" Gil flashed her his mocking grin. "Think what you'll miss if you promise to be that constant, my child."

"I'll take the risk," Anne said. Now she settled still closer to his side; she slipped an arm up through his, lifted her face to him. Oh, she was quite, quite without shame or humiliation or any such feeling now.

What did they matter compared to the happiness that flooded her whole being, the singing exultance of real love? She knew that never again would the old dull ache return. Her wounds were healed; all doubt and questioning gone. For all of her questions were answered now.

"Do you know," she said to Gil, "I was not even hurt to-night. Not even a little bit. I found there was nothing could hurt me, nothing to run from at all. I found that I never really loved David. You were right about that, as you were about so many other things."

They were in the open country now, so that the stars did seem more bright, the sky more vast. Giles had not headed for home. Maybe he did intend to go on driving forever and ever. The night was too lovely to come to an end.

"I found out so many things," Anne said "about love, I mean. I found out that David loves Camilla, for one thing, though he may not know it himself."

Anne's loyalty and good sportsmanship, her efforts to help him, always to understand, and forgive, had not been able to hold David. Perhaps Camilla would hold him by her indifference, by always keeping him guessing, by her very selfishness.

Anne hoped so. She did not hold any ill-will towards Camilla or David; she did not feel anything for David now except a sort of pity and a mild contempt.

"I found all the answers, thanks to you," Anne said. Then, after another silence that seemed almost too hushed to break,

"But you haven't answered my one question yet, Gil."

Gil slowed the car down even more; the hum of its motor might have been a love song, playing just for them. He turned so that he could look at Anne, so sweet, so lovely—the wind blowing in her hair, her grey eyes so honest and direct, her curved lips so smiling. "You still haven't given reasons enough," he said. His grin was mocking, but his dark eyes were grave. "The one that sums up all the others, Anne."

"You mean that I learned to love you?" she asked. That was the one that summed them all. She looked at him, into his eyes.

She shook her head. "No, darling Giles. I haven't learned that. I couldn't learn. For you see I've loved you all this while—only I was such a little fool I didn't know it. I loved you before I ever saw you, believe it or not! I knew just exactly how you'd be—dark and debonaire and daring—and, yes, more than a little mad."

Gil swung the long, low car to the side of the road, jammed on the brakes. He turned on her again, caught her hands in his so that he almost crushed them, his grip was so demanding.

"Do you mean that?" he said. "Are you sure, my child! Do you know that you'll never change your mind, or doubt or question that again?"

"I swear by all the stars above," said Anne. It was Anne he crushed now, all the loveliness, the sweetness that was Anne. He held her so close that their hearts beat as one and all the rest of the world vanished, as if by magic.

He kissed her as he had that night in the summer-house. A kiss so thrilling, so fierce and yet so tender, that it lifted her clear up to heaven this time, instead of being just a ride on "The Dips," or in an elevator.

"There's one thing more I ought to tell you," Anne said, after quite a long while during which there had been no necessity for saying anything. "I am not a real lady, Gil, like you thought. I found that out to-night, too. A real lady doesn't throw things in a man's face, does she?"

"She most certainly should," Gil said, "if the man is not a real gentleman."

Anne gave a little sigh, as she settled deeper into his arms. "I'm glad of that," she said. "Since you're the only real gentleman I've ever met."

"But you still haven't answered my question, Gil—the only one that matters. Will you marry me? Right away, I mean. You might as well make up your mind, darling, for I'll follow you, no matter where you go. I'll keep on asking you, I'll jump into lakes and make you eat hot-dogs and never give up. You may think you're going to get away from me, but you're not, my boy!"

Gil gave a big sigh, too. He held her even closer, if that were possible; he kissed her again. "That's what you think!" he said. "As a matter of fact I wasn't really taking such a big risk when I planned the dinner party to-night, I had everything arranged, no matter how this particular show-down turned out, to run off with you, my sweet."

"To make you marry me—and right away, too—whether you found any of the answers or not. Don't you remember I told you that long ago? Don't you know, by now, that each journey's ending is always another journey's beginning, my sweet?"

"I hope this one, together, will never end," Anne said.

Which was indeed the last word for everything.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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